THE Carter Family

In The Shadow Of Clinch Mountain

BY CHARLES WOLFE

37°00′
119
Pardee
W I S E
Cranes
D I C
Lynch
Roda
Dunbar
Wise
Cranes Nest
Bond Town
Toms Cr.
160
78
Stonega
Norton
Tacoma
Andover
12
ALT 58
10
Coe-burn
Appalachia
Blackwood
Camp Rock
Flat Woods
83° 00′
Exeter
68
Big Stone Gap
ENTUCKY
High Knob
Keokee
E. Stone Gap
Scott
72
Leona Mines
Wise Lake
Dungannon
23
EF FERSON
NAT. FOR.
Wood
Clinch
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21
14
Jasper
Verdi
25
Dryden
Mabe
Ft. Blackmore
Woodway
MTN
Duffield
Sunbright
S C O T T
Nickelsv
Dot
14
Natural Tunnel
Wayland Hill
Snow-flake
71
Stickley-ville
Pattonsville
65
Maces Spr.
WELL
Clinchport
Hiltons
ckwater
12
Gate City
Fairview
Speers Fy.
Weber City
Bruno
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Lynn Gardens
Kingsport
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CLINCH
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Blountville
Church Hill
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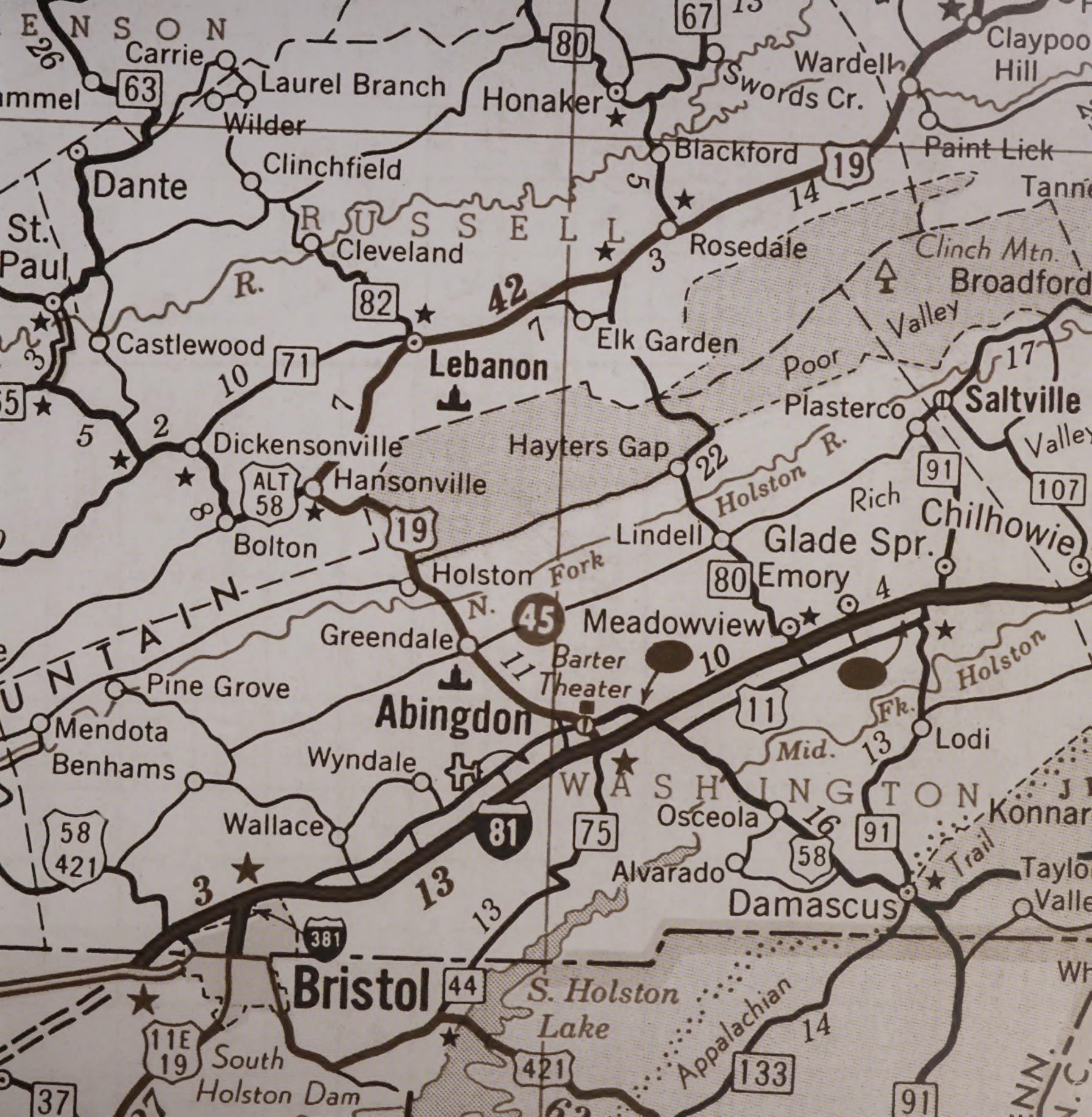
81



Carrie
Laurel Branch
Wilder
Honaker
Swords Cr.
Wardell
Claypoo
Hill
Blackford
Paint Lick
Clinchfield
Dante
St. Paul
RUSSELL
Cleveland
Rosedale
Clinch Mtn.
Broadford
Castlewood
Lebanon
Elk Garden
Poor Valley
Plasterco
Saltville
Dickensonville
Hayters Gap
Hansonville
Holston R.
Rich
Chilhowie
Bolton
Lindell
Glade Spr.
Holston
Emory
N. Fork
Meadowview
Greendale
Barter Theater
Pine Grove
Abingdon
Holston
Mendota
Benhams
Wyndale
Mid. Fk.
Lodi
WASHINGTON
Wallace
Osceola
Konnar
Alvarado
Damascus
Trail
Taylo
Valle
Bristol
S. Holston Lake
Appalachian
South Holston Dam

The music of the Carter Family was like water rippling in a sweet clear spring off Clinch Mountain here by the house where we grew up.

Day and night and especially every Saturday night Down at the Carter Family Fold, music weaves the fabric of these peoples lives in this valley.

It's still played the same way it was in 1927 right here on our front porch and at the Fold.

Many months, even years of painstaking research, collection and planning have gone into bringing you this fabulous box set of the complete Carter Family recordings, unadorned, unedited and with no known deletion of any Carter Family "Track"

It's a listening experience
you'll savor the rest of your
life.

So sit back, have a cool
drink of water from the springs
of Clinch Mountain with the Fine
Carter family.

And come see us sometime
at the Carter Family Fold just
down the road a mile from here.
The music is still alive and well.

Johnny Cash

Maces Springs Va.
May 31 2000.

To Maces Spring

A traveler coming out of Kingsport, Tennessee and into the border town of Gate City, Virginia could easily miss the turn-off; it is a narrow, two-lane blacktop that wanders over to the mountains in the east, and is currently named highway 58. Where it runs into the Kingsport highway there are two signs to help guide the traveler; one says 'To Hiltons' and the other says 'Carter Fold' with an arrow. Hiltons the traveler can find on his map, a small village beneath what the locals call Pine Ridge. But when you get to Hiltons, you leave 58 and make a swing up to the northeast on an even smaller highway, county route 614. Now you are going northeast, down a long verdant valley with the towering Clinch Mountain on your left and the rest of Pine Ridge on your right, to the south. Soon a sign appears reading 'A.P. Carter Highway.' A casual tourist might wonder about this. Who was A.P. Carter? A local politician? A legendary frontiersman? A war hero? One of those local characters who manage to get roads and bridges named after them? But any visitors who know the slightest thing about music don't have to wonder. They nod with recognition when they see the name, and many begin to hum a song that they associate with the name. They know that A.P. Carter was not a politician nor a bear hunter nor a war hero. He was more important than any of those – he was a singer and a songwriter and a song collector, and what he and his wife and his wife's cousin did in this valley some seventy years ago was to help change the face of American music.

A few miles past the sign, the traveler comes into a community called Maces Spring; on the official maps and mail routes, it is listed as 'Spring' in the singular, but all the locals call it 'Springs,' in the plural. To the left a big barn-like building stands right on the road, and it is here that the children of A.P. Carter every week stage shows to celebrate his style of music. Past the barn is a small country store, built by A.P. when he retired from music in the 1940s, and which is today a small, gem-like museum. Here the visitor can see copies of the old Victrola records from the 1920s that won the Carter Family their initial fame; here they can see the old Underwood typewriter that A.P. used to write down the words to songs he collected; here are the dresses the two women wore, and the dusky suit that A.P. used. There are no rhinestones here, no Nudie specials with stripes and piping. It is a museum as simple and unassuming as a Carter Family song.

Further down the road, and up a crooked little driveway to the top of a hill, is the Mt. Vernon United Methodist Church. It's been modernized and remodelled, but it still looks a lot like it did 90 years ago, when A.P. Carter attended here and added his odd bass voice to the singing. Like many rural churches, Mt. Vernon keeps its cemetary out behind the main building, and it is here that two of the Carters rest: A.P., who died in 1960, and his wife Sara, who died in 1979. Maybelle, who died in 1978, rests in Hendersonville, Tennessee. Back down on the road, you can see the houses they all lived in, still in fine shape, still occupied, in some cases by Carter relatives. What strikes one is how close together all these places are, all within walking distance, all tucked in the valley between two huge mountains. It is an unassuming place to be the locus of such creativity and such artistry, to be the source of such a large part of classic American music. The highway itself goes on to the east, to a hamlet called Mendota, but for musicians and lovers of music, Maces Spring is as far as it goes. Here is the wellspring; here is the energy; here are the ghosts. Here, after all, was where the journey began, where a singing trio named The Carter Family forged a music that would change the face of American culture. It was here, when the 20th century was still bright and new, that these three remarkable people forged their plans: to take the old mountain music of their fathers and mothers and cousins and uncles and make it appealing to a general audience, and adapt it to the new mass media of the age, records and radio. It is here, in the shadow of the Clinch Mountain that he wrote about in so many of his songs, that A.P. and Sara and Maybelle began their journey.

A Family Forms

They called the valley Poor Valley, though no one could remember exactly why. A.P. used to joke that it was called that because there were so many poor people in it. In the 1920s, much of the valley remained as it had been for years, lush with crops and heavy timber. People lived much as their grandparents had, an easy day-to-day life that was only starting to be impacted by the new cash economy. It was an ideal setting for the preservation of the old traditional music, a bucolic vale that called up Wordsworth's images of a bird-haunted English countryside. And yet the valley was surrounded by elements of the new 20th century technology that were making their way into the mountains. A few miles to the northwest, at Big Stone Gap and Appalachia and Norton, the coal mines were in full gear, and the young mountain boys were finding work in the mines and living in company towns. A few miles to the southwest, just over the Tennessee line, the new town of Kingsport was bringing serious industry to the region.

Robert Carter (A.P.'s father).

Kingsport was an early 'planned town,' created about 1917 by the CC & O (Carolina, Clinchfield, and Ohio) Railroad and was an early cross between a company town and a structured model city. An industrial hub from the beginning, it had acquired by 1927 ten industries and over 3,000 jobs. Many of these were at the giant Eastman (Kodak) plant, which worked on the cutting edge of applied technology, and during World War II had started the Holston Army Ammunition Plant, which became the largest such facility in the world. It was really Kingsport that was closer to the Carter homestead than Bristol or Johnson City, and in 1927 it was a new, bustling community that was paving the way for a new mountain economy.

Carters had been all up and down the valley since the Revolutionary War; there were as many as four separate families of Carters, leading to more than a little historical confusion. It does appear, though, that one Thomas Carter, a relative of A.P.'s, was in the valley by 1784 when he built Carter's Fort, an outpost on the old Wilderness Road near present-day Ryecove. On December 15, 1891, two more Carters, Robert and Mollie Carter, saw the birth of the first of what would be eight children: he was Alvin Pleasant Delaney Carter, known as Doc for short. As the boy grew, he heard his mother sing old ballads like *The Brown Girl*, and his father sing the gospel songs of the mountain churches. He was a bright, inquisitive lad, but from the start suffered from a minor physical affliction in the form of a slight palsy which made his hands shake. His mother wondered about this, and in later years told her grandchildren a story that she thought explained it. About two months before A.P. was born, she had been up on the mountain picking up apples when a sudden thunderstorm came up. Lightning began to flash, and before she could seek shelter, a bolt struck the ground right next to her. It somehow affected the unborn child – it *"marked"* him, as she said – and when A.P. was born, he had the palsy. In later years, this did affect his ability to play the fiddle as well as he might have, and on occasion interfered with his ability to keep good rhythm on the guitar.

At Nathaniel 'Tint' and Livisa Bays home, in the 'Little Valley,' 1901. (The 'Little Valley' runs parallel to Poor Valley, and is where A.P. Carter was born.)

from left (back row):
Elisha 'Leish' Carter holding Clarence Carter, Martha Bays Carter holding Ralph Carter, Will Bays, Charles & Mary Smith Bays – Charles holding Dewey, Mandy Harper, Molly Bays Carter holding Etta Carter (Etta died at age thirteen).
front row:
Walter Carter, Nancy Carter (later Hensley when she married Lilburn Hensley), Nathaniel & Livisa Nickels Bays, Robert Carter with the twins Virgie & Ezra (later Maybelle's husband), A.P. Carter, Jim Carter.

As his brothers and sisters came along, the family noted that they too seemed to have inherited at least some interest in music. By the time he was twenty, Doc had decided he needed to see something of the world beyond Poor Valley, and traveled north to Indiana, to work on a railroad crew. It was hard, dull, boring work, and in his spare time, the boy tried to write songs about his homeplace. After a year or so, he returned and decided to try his hand at selling fruit trees. It was then that he began to court a neighbor girl named Sara Dougherty, who lived some dozen miles away, near the village of Midway.

Sara was a good deal younger than A.P. – by seven years. She had been born in Flat Woods, but her mother died shortly after

Nottingham Church Singing School, conducted by Flanders Bays, 1909. A.P. 4th from left in the back row.

A.P., 1912.

her birth, and she was reared by an aunt and uncle, Melinda and Milburn Nickels, at a place called Copper Creek, over the mountain from Maces Spring. Here she got

Sara at twelve or thirteen, Nickelsville, Virginia.

A friendly look into the camera, 1906. from left: Bob, Nathan, Stephen; Mae and Sara.

interested in singing, as well as playing the banjo, the guitar, and an odd little instrument called the autoharp. (She had learned to play it from a relative named Eb Easterland, and ordered her first model from the pages of Sears-Roebuck.) One day in 1914, when Sara was barely sixteen, she was singing a song when she was interrupted by an intense, handsome young man who was selling fruit saplings.

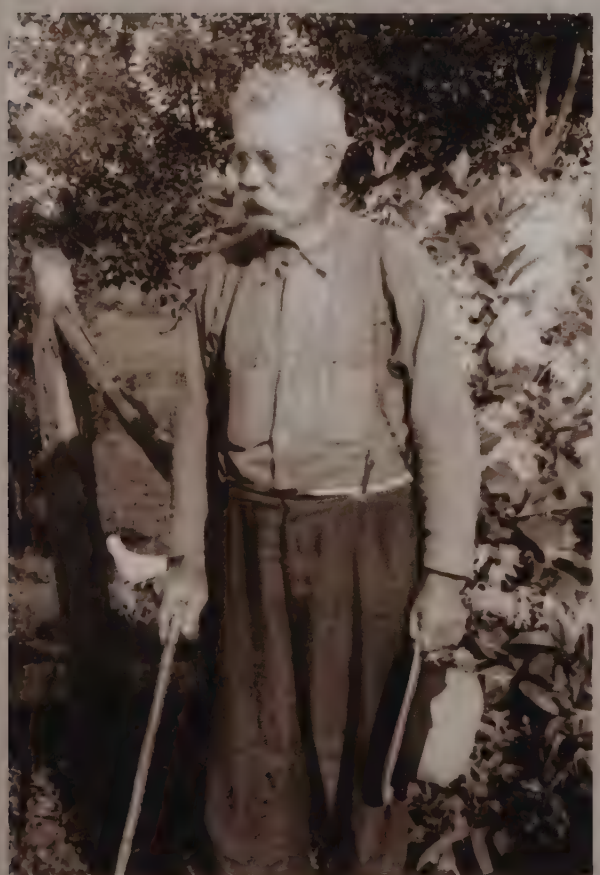
Nick (Melinda) and Milburn Nickels at their Nickelsville, Virginia home on Copper Creek. Sara's aunt and uncle who raised Sara.

Milburn Nickels' father, Doc Nickels, was a great-uncle to A.P., but this didn't faze his interest in the tall, short-haired girl. Sara was trying to make some money herself by selling mail-order dishes, and A.P. found himself ordering a bowl he didn't need. *"It turned out,"* he said later, *"that I got the dish and the girl too."* They soon began singing together at church functions, and on June 18, 1915, she and A.P. were married. A.P. built a two-room log cabin, and drove an old wagon over the mountain to carry his bride home. In later years, Sara liked to say they started housekeeping with a chest full of quilts, 12 good pullets, a milk cow named Old Brim, four cane bottom chairs, a rifle, Sara's little autoharp, and two squirrel dogs named Top and Brownie.

For the next ten years, A.P. and Sara honed their skills at singing together. Sara's voice was strong, loud, pitched impossibly high; A.P.'s was rich and rumbly and full of vibrato, forming a foundation to the harmony. A.P. also tried his hand with the fiddle from time to time, though just how good he was is a matter of debate even today. Family members who heard him described his fiddling as a 'Scots' style with a very light bow touch.

At first, he didn't even think of trying to make a living with his music, and he spent many of his days working at a blacksmith shop, as a carpenter, and with his beloved fruit trees. For a time, both A.P. and Sara worked at snaking logs out of the mountain woods and carrying them to Kingsport, where they sold them to the giant Meade Fiber Corporation, which shipped paper products all over the world. It wasn't coal mining, but it was hard, back-breaking work, and the young couple were both anxious to see if there wasn't some easier way to make a living. As the 1920s drew on, A.P. noted that the region around Scott and Wise and Russell counties was producing a number of old-time musicians

A.P. and Sara wedding photo, Nickelsville, Virginia; with Mae and Buff Hartsock to their left.



Sevier Dougherty (Sara's father), 1930s.

who were getting good enough to make records and win fame: the Fiddling Powers Family, the guitar player Byrd Moore, the banjoist Dock Boggs, fiddler John Dykes, and the remarkable Shepherd Brothers from Big Stone Gap.

In 1926, in fact, he and Sara traveled north to Norton, Virginia, to audition for the Brunswick Record Company. A.P. took his fiddle, but wanted to try out as vocalist. James O'Keefe, the Brunswick talent scout, listened politely to Mr. and Mrs. Carter sing *Anchored In Love*. He was bothered by the fact that the autoharp was so weak. He asked them to do another test recording, this time accompanied by a black piano player who was working with him on the sessions. The Carters agreed here, and did *Anchored In Love* a second time. (The pianist may have been Steve Tarter, from Kingsport, who later would record on his own for Victor in the team Tarter and Gay.) But what Brunswick really wanted was a good southern fiddler, somebody who could compete with Doc Roberts on the rival Gennett Company. Since A.P.'s nickname was Doc, and since he could play the fiddle, why couldn't they record him as Fiddlin' Doc Carter? A.P. demurred; as much as he wanted to get on records, he did not want to do so as a fiddler. The fiddle, after all, was still called *"the devil's box"* by many of his friends and relatives, and his mother was especially unhappy with him playing the instrument. They returned home, and there was no further word from Brunswick. But the seed had been planted. And the following March, Brunswick invited three of the acts from the audition – a local preacher, banjoist Dock Boggs, and fiddler John Dykes' band, to come to New York and make records. More and more, A.P. was convinced that this was something he wanted to do.

[illegible] time, the girl that would become the third member of the original Carter Family had come along.. She was Maybelle Addington, born on May 10, 1909, at Nickelsville, on Copper Creek in Scott County, one of ten children born to the owners of the local general store and mill, Margaret and Hugh Jack Addington. It had been Margaret's sister, Maybelle's aunt, who had taken in Sara and her siblings when their mother had died, and the Nickels house was only about a quarter of a mile from the Addington house. Maybelle later recalled that she had known Sara for as long as she could remember, even though she was eleven years younger and had barely started grade school when A.P. and Sara had married.

Little Maybelle – she sometimes wore big round glasses – soon took to music, though, first learning the autoharp, then the banjo, and finally, when she was all of 13, the guitar. The Addington family almost all played music, and the house was often the site of extended music parties and dances. Maybelle later recalled that she first learned to play guitar from one of her older brothers. She had been wanting a guitar for some time – they were still new in the mountains in those days, and she set her heart on one. (One of her older brothers, Doc, would later get good enough on the guitar to perform professionally for years over radio in the '30s.) She soon had a little mail-order Stella and was trying to figure out how to play a little melody on it as she kept time. Soon A.P. and Sara began to hear about her skills, and when Maybelle fell in love with and married A.P.'s brother Eck in March 1926, they wasted no time in asking her to join their singing. At first, as the junior member of the firm, shy,

Maybelle, four years old.

little Maybelle confined her work to providing rhythm guitar for A.P. and Sara's singing, but soon she was finding her own voice in the group – doing duets with Sara, adding a third voice to the singing. She had only been singing with them a matter of months when A.P. one day announced that they were going down to Bristol to make records.

In the late spring of 1927 A.P. got in touch with another talent scout, this from the Victor Talking Machine Company. A.P. had been friends with the owner of a Bristol furniture store named Cecil (Cy) McClister, whose store carried the new Victor records. One day Ralph Peer arrived in the store, asking if McClister knew of any possible musicians; he did, quite a few in fact, and three of them were the Carter Family. Peer seemed interested, and took down the information. Later A.P. dropped by and McClister told him about Peer. At first, A.P. was skeptical; he was still smarting from the Brunswick fiasco, and was convinced that northern record company executives didn't have any idea of what good southern music was. But McLister argued that this wasn't the case with Peer; he thought Peer really knew his music, and knew what hill country music should sound

Nickelsville, Virginia, 1913.
Madge Addington (Maybelle's sister), autoharp and Sara, banjo.

like. Though McClister never saw a letter from A.P. to Peer, he felt certain that the two had corresponded, and set up a time to record. Peer and his crew were scheduled to set up a temporary studio in Bristol during the last week in July in 1927; he would hear Mr. and Mrs. Carter then.

The idea for Ralph Peer's famous exploring trip to Bristol did not spring full-blown from the head of the New York music industry. Peer was aware that as recently as ten years before collectors like Britisher Cecil Sharp and American collector John H. Cox had already explored Virginia and West Virginia looking for old songs, and Victor itself had even released a series of folk dances 'supervised' by Mr. Sharp himself. Peer had discovered the commercial appeal of blues in 1920, when he was with Okeh and had recorded Mamie Smith's *Crazy Blues*. A native of Kansas City, Peer had grown up in his father's record and gramophone store, where he learned the business end of music. While with Okeh, he also reorded Fiddlin' John Carson in Atlanta in 1923, creating the first vocal country record and setting off a stampede by companies to find new 'hill country' or 'old time' talent. In the three years prior to Bristol (1925-7), early country music record sales were starting to ring up impressive numbers. Vernon Dalhart's *Wreck Of The Old 97* b/w *The Prisoner's Song* actually sold close to a million copies starting in 1924. As early as 1925, Columbia Records had started its 'Old Familiar Tunes' series, and rival Okeh had that same year begun its 'Old Time Tunes' – reflections of how quickly the record companies were moving to cash in on the new fad. Tennessee banjo player Uncle Dave Macon began recording for Vocalion in 1924, and by the time of the Bristol sessions had done dozens of successful records. Columbia had seen a best-seller in 1925 with Vernon Dalhart's *Death Of Floyd Collins*, which sold over 300,000 copies, and another in 1926 with a gospel song by the Georgia group Smith's Sacred Singers, *Where We'll Never Grow Old*, which sold 277,000 copies in a few months. Early recording stars were emerging; Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers, Riley Puckett and Bob Nichols (Clayton McMichen), Charlie Poole, Uncle Dave Macon, The Leake County Revelers, Kelly Harrell, and Ernest V. Stoneman were all established recording artists before the Bristol session. Nor was the idea of going into the field and recording at temporary studios all that new; Okeh had traveled to Atlanta in 1923, and to Asheville and St. Louis in 1925; Columbia had been to Atlanta and New Orleans in 1925; Victor had been to New Orleans and Houston in 1925. When Ralph Peer quit Okeh and went to work for Victor in the spring of 1926, he was following a tried and true procedure in setting up more field sessions. By March 1927, four and a half months before the Bristol trip, Peer had made his first Victor field trip to Atlanta, Memphis, and New Orleans. Thus the Bristol session was hardly an innovation, nor unexpected; nor did it discover a type of music that had never been recorded before. What it did do was to tap into a rich vein of the motherlode of genuine old-time music *"the real thing,"* as later commentators would say.

Ralph Peer

One Hot Day In Juli

late turned out to be July 31, 1927. By then the dog days of August were about to set in. The creeks and streams in the valley were starting to run a little drier than usual, and the old oaks and maples and yellow poplars up on the mountain were still several weeks away from showing their fall colors. The only air conditioning was to be found in movie theaters in distant towns, and only the foggy mornings along the Holston River brought any relief from the heat. The main road through the valley was still what maps of the time liked to call an 'all-weather' road – which meant it was gravel-rough, hot, and dusty.

Early that morning A.P. was outside his hillside house checking over the car he had borrowed for the occasion. Like most of the long-time residents, he had built his house up on the side of Clinch Mountain, a good half mile from the road, not because he was antisocial, but because he could be closer to the springs and fresh water and cool places to store milk and butter. He was thirty-six that day, and had taken on the look that later publicity photos would immortalize: that of a tall, thoughtful, almost somber young man who often wore his hair in a sort of cowlick.

His wife Sara came out of the house still dubious. *"Aw shaw,"* she had said. *"Ain't gonna pay us that much money to hear us sing."* But A.P. held his tongue; Mr. Peer had said there was money to be made in records. Just last week an article in the 'Bristol Herald Courier' said that one of Peer's musicians recording there that week, Ernest Stoneman, had earned some $3,000 in royalties just last year. To a harried A.P., constantly scrabbling to keep his growing family fed, this was an impressive figure – especially in a county where the average farm income was a mere $648 a year.

Sara had seen A.P.'s schemes before, though. They had been married twelve years by now – they had celebrated their anniversary just eleven days before. Now there were three children on the scene – Gladys (born in 1919), Janette (1923), and baby Joe, barely seven months, and still nursing. A.P. had wanted all of them to come along, but Sara had drawn the line at how many could fit into the back seat of the car. Janette was left with A.P.'s mother. Now Sara came out, carrying her little eight-bar autoharp she had ordered mail-order from Sears-Roebuck, as well as their Martin guitar. She was a lean, tall woman, her short hair coifed in a flapper-looking page boy cut, today wearing a plain sleeveless dress. To strangers, she seemed a sober, almost taciturn mountain woman who seldom smiled and saw life with a detached sense of irony; those who knew her better saw beneath that facade, and saw a young mother with an easy laugh, a sense of humor, and a remarkable ability to cook. *"My mother was the most beautiful woman I ever knew,"* recalls Janette years later.

With her was little Maybelle; she and her husband had recently moved higher up on the mountain, and she had spent the night with Sara and A.P. so they could practice the songs one more time, and so she would be ready to go early this morning. The problem was that she was seven months pregnant with her first child, and her husband had some real qualms about her going on a long, bumpy, hot trip. *"Uncle Ezra thought Daddy was crazy to try such a thing,"* remembered daughter Gladys. *"Daddy pleaded with him to let Maybelle go and promised to clean out a new ground of corn for him which the weeds had almost taken. Uncle Eck finally agreed."*

When Maybelle got to the car she looked a little puzzled. *"Must I take my guitar?"* she asked A.P. *"Well, if you're gonna make a record, you better take your guitar,"* A.P. snapped. Sheepishly, Maybelle went back in the house and got her little Stella guitar and climbed in. The plan was to get to Bristol by nightfall, stay with A.P.'s sister Virgie Hobbs, who lived there, rest up, clean up, rehearse, and get to the recording site later on Monday. It turned out that Virgie's husband, Roy, also a musician, also planned to try out at the session. They

Hilton, Virginia, early 1920s. Robert Carter, Jim Bays, Roy and Virgie Hobbs, Molly Carter, Sara and Sylvia Carter.

backed out on the road, drove down past Neal's Store, the general store which also functioned as the Maces Spring post office, and turned on Jett Gap Road. Here they passed the old Friendly Grove school where A.P. had attended as a child and passed within sight of the old log cabin where A.P. had been born. Finally they got to the broad, green, swift-flowing Holston River, and followed the road right into the water; the nearest bridge was 20 miles away, and fording a river was not that much of a challenge for the old high-slung roadsters. They angled down the river and came up

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The New Orthophonic Victrola

the road as it emerged from the south bank. Within minutes they were on the old highway 411 (now 421) and driving toward Bristol.

Waiting for them in Bristol was Ralph Peer, who had been keeping busy. Along with two

engineers, he had arrived in town the week before. After renting the second floor of an old hat company at 408 State Street – the town's main thoroughfare, which also served as the Virginia-Tennessee state line – the men constructed a temporary recording studio. (Though the address is often given as 410, the official Victor session sheets made out at the time clearly read *"408 State Street, Second and Third Floors."*) Here they had built a wooden platform in the middle of the room, and hung old quilts around the walls to hold down the echo. The recordings were not done on tape, but on heavy wax discs, with a stylus that transferred the sound signal to wax. A pulley and weights had been set up to provide power for the turntable, since electricity in these early days was often subject to power surges and failures, and the turntable needed to be at a constant speed. In the middle was the device that had made the whole expedition possible:

408 State Street

the new electric carbon microphone that engineers at Western Electric had just perfected. Before this, recordings were made by the 'acoustic process,' dating from the days of Thomas Edison, where performers sang into a giant horn. With the new mike, vocal and instrumental ensembles could come into their own, and softer instruments like the fiddle and guitar could be heard with a wonderful new clarity.

Peer was here to make money. He had signed with Victor, the label of Caruso and Sousa and Paul Whiteman, the Cadillac of labels, and he was on the hunt

...h talent. When a local reporter ...hy he was in Bristol, he explained: *"In no section of the South have the pre-war melodies and old mountaineer songs been better preserved than in the mountains of East Tennesse and Southwest Virginia, experts declare, and it was primarily for this reason that the Victor Company chose Bristol as its operating base."* In fact, Peer had good evidence to back up his theory. Since 1924, the region around Bristol had yielded a good dozen musical acts that had gone north to record. Like A.P., he knew about the success of Dock Boggs and John Dykes (who recorded as Dykes Magic City Trio). From Dungannon in A.P.'s Scott County came a string band headed by Cowan 'Fiddlin" Powers. From Bristol itself came fiddler Charlie Bowman and a string band headed by the Roe Brothers, as well as a pair of vaudeville singers called The Johnson Brothers. These hills, indeed, were alive with the sound of music.

During his first week in town, Peer had recorded numerous sides by the family and friends from Galax, Virginia of Ernest Stoneman. (Later known as 'Pop' Stoneman, he would keep his family together through the 1960s, and even have his own TV series.) He recorded a group of feverish Pentecostal singers led by a preacher named Ernest Phipps, a street singer named Blind Alfred Reed who sang a ballad about a train wreck that had occured barely two months before, and several assorted string bands. All told, he had recorded some 45 sides during his first week there. His gamble was paying off, but he wondered about the tall, intense fellow he had met last spring and invited to come: ...r. He looked at his notebook. "Mr. and Mrs. A.P. Carter of Maces Spring, Virginia." Where was he?

The rocky all-weather road wasn't improving much, and what was a 25-mile trip was turning into an ordeal. The old thin tires were taking a beating from the rocks and gravel as the heavily loaded car bounced over them. The first blowout came not long after they had forded the Holston. A.P. got out his wallet, extracted a rubber patch, and dug out the jack and air pump. He found the tear, glued the patch on it, reinflated the tire, and got back in the car, hot, sweaty, frustrated.

They pushed on. Sara was trying to hold baby Joe, who seemed to be wanting his lunch; Maybelle said little as the bumps continued, but was wondering if there might soon be more than one baby in the car. Little Gladys took it all in with wonder. *"Dirt roads all the way, creeks to cross, and poor Daddy had three flat tires. It was so hot the patches melted off about as fast as he could put them on the tubes."* The last time he was out crouched over his tube, other cars began to pass and honk at him. He shouted back at them, and when he got back in the driver's seat exclaimed, *"I wish I had some rocks to throw at them."*

Finally the outskirts of Bristol came into view. It was the first time here for Gladys – *"me thinking I had gone to the end of the world."* In fact, Bristol was far from the sleepy mountain village it was later described as; its population that day, counting both the Virginia and the Tennessee side, was around 15,000, making it probably the largest town in Appalachia. Combined with the other nearby towns of Johnson City (population 13,000) and Kingsport (6,000), the Bristol tri-cities triangle had a population of over 34,000. Bristol could boast two fairly nice hotels, two newspapers, an active Kiwanis club, and a clutch of civic boosters that were already looking for ways to exploit the recording sessions. To help get some free advertising, Peer got chummy with the editor of the local paper, a young man who liked to dabble in stocks. Peer knew that the RCA corporation was about to take over Victor, and passed this bit of insider information on to the editor. Suddenly long front-page stories began appearing – including the one A.P. had read – and the editor found himself with some lucrative Victor stock. These mountaineers also knew how to scratch each other's back, it seems.

The Carters got to Virgie Hobbs' home sometime about dusk – tired, dirty, aching, hot, thirsty, and hungry. A.P. had hoped to rehearse that night, but the two women simply said no; they were soon off to bed. A.P., though, stayed up most of the night, pacing the floor, running over songs in his head, retuning the battered instruments. The next morning he walked down State Street and climbed the stairs to see Peer. By chance, that morning had been set aside for auditions, so he went back to get Sara and Maybelle. Soon all three were singing in front of a dead microphone. Sara recalled, *"We sang over several of our songs for Mr. Peer to listen to. And he picked out, I guess, the ones he wanted."* Peer had not been impressed when he first saw the family. He wrote years later: *"They wander in. He's dressed in overalls and the women are country women from way back there – calico clothes on."* The Carter children today insist this is exaggeration – that their folks would have dressed as well as they could for an

important day like this. A.P. did, in later years, tell Bill Clifton that he was a little intimidated at seeing so many other aspiring recording stars in the waiting room, many of them dressed in what he called *"show clothes."* One legend about the session has the Carters, so embarrassed by their ragged clothes, sneaking around to the back of the building and going in through the fire escape.

But if they weren't dressed in show clothes, Peer forgot all about it when he heard them – especially with Sara's powerful voice. *"As soon as I heard Sara's voice,"* he recalled, *"that was it. I knew it was going to be wonderful."* He had already set up a pair of string bands for the afternoon, but he asked the Carters to come back after supper – around 6:30. They would try some actual recording then. And try to have six songs worked up. Though Peer seldom did more than two sides with a new, unknown group, he felt confident that this group might have more to say.

That evening, as the sun was starting to go down behind the western mountains, they again climbed the stairs to 408 State Street. Eight-year-old Gladys was left outside to care for Baby Joe, who was not happy about being taken from his mother. *"I was out on State Street trying to keep quiet the maddest baby in Bristol,"* she recalled. Peer's wife, Anita, sensed the problem and tried to help. She bought dish after dish of ice cream for the squalling child. They also amused him by letting him toss pieces of street trash into the little Beaver Creek that ran through the city. *"There was no loose trash on State Street that day, when the session was finished,"* Gladys recalled.

Inside, up on the second floor, the Carters gathered in a semi-circle around the microphone. Since Sara played her autoharp in a flat position, she needed to sit down to put it on her lap. Peer suggested they all sit so he could get a balance between the guitar and autoharp. This bothered A.P., who was fond of standing while singing, and wandering about, *"bassin' in"* at the right time. The first song on the docket was *Bury Me Under The Weeping Willow.* The Carter arrangement had no 'kick-off' or instrumental introduction – the guitar and autoharp started playing at lively tempo, almost that of a modern bluegrass band. The two women began singing, with Maybelle's bright teenage voice prominent. After the first chorus, A.P. came in to add some bass to the strident mountain harmony. Maybelle took the first guitar break, picking a sketch of the melody on her bass strings, playing so hard that some of her strings actually slapped against the guitar.

After two takes of *Willow*, the attention moved to one the Carters called *Little Log Cabin By The Sea.* Sara took the lead, and A.P. added the 'echo' effect on the refrain *("by the sea")*, a common feature with many gospel quartets of the time. (Some called this echo effect *"afterbeats."*) Again, Maybelle was already using the style that would be someday called *"the Carter lick"* as she took two guitar breaks – breaks where her little cheap Stella muffled and blurred the notes. More old-time church singing was echoed in *The Poor Orphan Child*, the next one cut. Though mainly a duet between Sara and A.P., it too was full of *"part singing,"* with A.P.'s normally baritone voice soaring up into the tenor reaches. Finally, all three voices returned for a song that would become a Carter Family standard, *The Storms Are On The Ocean.* Known to many singers in the South as *Who's Gonna Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet?*, it was the only one of this night's songs that was an honest-to-God Old World folk ballad. At one time it was a great long story song called *The Lass Of Loch Royal* but when it got to the mountains, only the lyric sections survived, and the story got dumped.

Peer had heard four songs, all of the sacred or sentimental type, and none of them like anything he had heard before. He had heard sophisticated, carefully worked out harmony singing, and some of the *"high lonesome sound"* that would in later years characterize the music of Bill Monroe and The Stanley Brothers. He was, in short, impressed. At the time, he was starting his own song publishing company (Southern Music), and part of his deal with Victor was that he could buy songs from those he recorded. He loved the idea of finding *"new"* old-time songs that he could copyright, and the Carters seemed to have these. He took A.P. aside and explained things to him: if A.P. would put his name on the songs as composer, Peer would buy them for a token sum – usually one dollar a song – and then A.P. could get song royalties in addition to record royalties.

Peer had asked them to return Tuesday morning to cut two more songs. Sara and Maybelle did, but for some reason A.P. did not; the recently discovered Victor session sheets contain a prominent note: *"Mr. Carter not present."* Since both these tracks were to be solos by Sara, they didn't really need him – and there was that tire to find. Also, Sara was not exactly happy the way things were going. The first song up was

Single Girl, Married Girl. "I didn't want to sing that song," she remembered. *"I didn't like it. And I told Mr. Peer, 'I don't like that and I don't want to sing that,' and he said, 'Oh, sing that.'"* Why did she not like it? Perhaps its detailed account of married life, with the *"baby on her knee,"* was striking too close to home for a frustrated middle-aged mother who had just celebrated her 29th birthday 10 days earlier. She had no problem with the last song, *The Wandering Boy*, another she had known all her life.

By 10:45 the Carters were finished, and got ready to go back to Maces Spring. They had no way of knowing then how much the six sides they left behind would change their own lives, as well as the face of southern music. Or that later greats like Johnny Cash would proclaim that these Bristol sessions were *"the single most important event in the history of country music."* They were just hoping to see a little of the found money that was going to stars like Ernest Stoneman from the Victor company. And they were just hoping to make it back home in better shape than they had arrived.

That, at least, was not to be. The weather was just as hot, but recent rains had swollen the creeks they had to ford. Sara remembered: *"We was all right until we come to this river. We had to ford it, you know. It wasn't very deep, but we got out in the river, and the old car went dead, and we got stuck. So we just got out and waded out, and we pushed, and we finally got the thing pushed out to the bank. We didn't get our instruments wet. It wasn't up into the car, so we didn't get none of our instruments damaged or nothing. So we got out on the bank and let the thing dry off a while, and we dried ourselves off a while .... but we made it home, never thought no more about it. Never dreamed about the record business turning out what it did."*

Peer, for his part, spent the rest of the week recording other local acts, including an ingratiating young man from Asheville named Jimmie Rodgers. Then he carefully packed up his big wax masters and sent them to Victor's pressing plant in Camden, New Jersey. Back in Maces Spring, A.P. set to hoeing the plot of land he had promised to clear for his brother. As he toiled away in the hot August sun, he wondered whether or not the whole thing had been worth it.

The Sunny Side

Within a month of the Bristol sessions, Peer began releasing records from the session under the slogan, 'New Orthophonic Victor Southern Series Records,' and the first releases were advertised prominently in the Bristol newspapers. Ernest Phipps' Pentecostal numbers, Ernest Stoneman's rural skits, and Blind Alfred Reed's ballads were all issued in mid-September. In October, six more records were issued, including those by Jimmie Rodgers and those by Carter cousins Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Baker. Still, though, came no Carter Family records. In spite of all his enthusiasm for Sara's voice, Peer seemed in no hurry to release it on disc. A.P. was beginning to fear a replay of the Brunswick incident. Sara later recalled, *"I guess I didn't know anything about the music business then. I thought it was automatic; the records would just be in the stores a few weeks after we sang into the microphone."* Finally, on November 4, the first Carter Family disc saw the light of day: catalogue number 20877, *The Poor Orphan Child* and *The Wandering Boy*.

A.P. first got word of it when he heard from Cecil McClister that he needed to drop by his store. When A.P. walked in, McClister handed him a copy of the new disc, shiny and pristine in its Victor sleeve. He showed A.P. a letter he had received from Peer saying the sales so far were good; in the Atlanta area alone it had sold 2,000 copies in the week it had been out. And McClister admitted that of the 200 copies he had ordered for his own store, only a few remained. A.P. stood staring down at the disc, turning it over in his hand as if it were a horseshoe, and then quietly mentioned to McClister that they didn't have a Victrola at Maces Spring, and could he listen to it in the store? McClister agreed, but suggested that the Carters might want to get at least a small record player someday soon.

On December 2 came the second, *Single Girl, Married Girl* and *The Storms Are On The Ocean*. It was this one, according to Sara, that *"tipped it off,"* and that sold more than the other two releases. Sara recalled: *"The very one I didn't want to sing, and it sold the most."* Just how many it sold is not known, but it must have been enough for Victor to offer the trio an expenses-paid trip to their Camden, New Jersey studio that May. This VIP treatment was something rarely accorded old-time artists, and it suggests that Peer and his colleagues thought it was worth the effort. In two days, the Carters completed 12 new sides, and set in motion a schedule of regular recording sessions that would extend unbroken throughout the Carter career.

Peer and A.P. soon found that they understood each other. They were almost

exactly the same age – A.P. was about six months older, since Peer had been born on May 22, 1892. A.P. grasped exactly what Peer was doing in acquiring song copyrights for his publishing company, and quickly saw the advantage of this. Probably by the time of the second session, A.P. had seen the need to 'harvest' mountain songs and rearrange them to make them more palatable for a general public; both he and Peer looked on the songs as an untapped cash crop from the mountains, like tobacco or ginseng – except much easier to harvest.

The Peers and the Carters even got together socially. Once when Peer and his wife Anita announced they were planning to visit Poor Valley and take some publicity pictures, A.P. became worried that he did not have a garage to protect Peer's big touring car. *"Daddy got in high gear and had to get a garage up,"* remembered daughter Gladys. He drafted some of his neighbors, and a team simply went to work and constructed one in a few days. Peer soon arrived, but his car was too long to get all

the way into the garage. Chagrined, A.P. brooded for days after his guests left. Eventually, the building became a cowshed. On another occasion, when the family had gone to Camden for a recording session, Peer set up a radio appearance over a New York station. He sent his limousine and chauffeur to take them to their hotel, and when he was unexpectedly called away, asked his wife to show them the sights of New York.

Over the years, Peer came to trust totally A.P.'s judgement on what songs the group would record; none of the children can ever recall him turning down any of the songs the family had *"worked up."* For years later, even after he had left Victor Records, Peer continued to act as manager for the Carters. And for their part, Maybelle and Eck named their youngest daughter, Anita, after Peer's wife when the baby was born on May 31, 1933.

Through 1928 and 1929, Carter record sales exploded; hit after hit came out, and many were routinely selling over 100,000 copies. Of Victor's eight highest selling releases in 1929, five were by the Carters; their sales total that year exceeded even that of Jimmie Rodgers. And the money did indeed roll in, and A.P. was scrupulous to divide it in three exact ways. He did buy himself a new Chevrolet car, allegedly with the composer royalties on just one song, *The Foggy Mountain Top*. It was just as well, because both sides of the family were growing. Sara and A.P. had had three children, all born before the Bristol sessions. On September 12, a little over a month after the session, Maybelle gave birth to the baby she had been carrying in Bristol, a girl named Helen.

Hiltons, Virginia, 1929 – Maybelle, Sara and A.P.

[illegible] followed in June 1929 by June, [illegible] in May 1933 by Anita. Thus at the very time the Carter women were starting to be heard on Victrolas around the country, they were awash in diapers, breast feeding, playpens, toddlers, and baby-sitters. (One of the favorites in the latter category was A.P.'s mother, Mollie, who still lived near A.P.'s house, and would come over and tend to the kids while A.P. and Sara took off with Maybelle.) There is no way to tell how much this burgeoning family scene impacted their overall career; unlike their counterpart Jimmie Rodgers, who was able to sign deals with big-time vaudeville shows and even Hollywood films, the Carters had to play regional dates. Thus while Rodgers stayed in deluxe hotels, the Carters went home with rural fans who invited them to spend the night and *"take supper."* And while Rodgers' name was on theater marquees, A.P. was still tacking up his own posters to barns and trees. *"Look!"* the posters read, *"Victor Artist A.P. Carter and The Carter Family ... Admission 15 and 25 cents."* We also were assured: *"The Program is Morally Good."*

As the demand for new material increased, A.P. began his legendary song-hunting trips. At first, these were confined to places like nearby Russell County, and sites in eastern Kentucky; later they were expanded into North Carolina and Tennessee. At shows people would give A.P. 'ballets' – written or printed pieces of paper with song lyrics on them. Many of these were indeed folk ballads, and more than a few could be traced back to Britain; but many were also 'decayed' pop tunes [illegible] the 19th century. These were songs [illegible] by professional songwriters and sold through sheet music or through the small penny songsters that were so popular during the Civil War. Many, such as *Wildwood Flower*, got loose and went into oral tradition for several generations before A.P. encountered them. He had no way of knowing their provenance, and was not really able to draw a clean line between them and the older traditional songs. And except for one or two occasions, Ralph Peer, at the center of the current publishing business, did not either – even though some of the songs were still technically in copyright.

Among the songs Peer knew least about were gospel songs. From the beginning, A.P. had been exposed to this type of music. His uncle Leish had actually taught singing schools in the valley, schools taught out of the seven-shape note songbooks that were so popular during the time. Though this songbook tradition had its birth in northwestern Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley, by 1910 it was centered in the James D. Vaughan Music Publishing Company in Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. All three Carters had grown up with these little paperbacked books, and could read enough out of them to sound out a melody. Joe Carter recalls that his father had *"a lot"* of the old Vaughan books and that he often led singing at the Mt. Vernon United Methodist Church in the Valley. And though the Carters added a lively guitar rhythm to many gospel songs, many of the vocal parts they sang were remarkably close to the arrangements in the book. Overall, about a third of the Carter repertoire was gospel. In his later years, A.P. explained to an audience: *"Country people have always been sacred and sentimental people. They've*

The Carter Family, 1929/1930. Maybelle, A.P., Sara.

always tried to do all the good they can, and will as long as they can." A surprising number of earlier gospel songs came from the pages of the old Vaughan songbooks.

A.P. had no trouble taking down the words to songs he found, but he was bad at remembering melodies. Sara and Maybelle, who were left to work out the harmony and the guitar turn-arounds, were becoming frustrated. Then, probably in the summer of 1928, A.P. stumbled onto a solution. He was visiting the home of an African-American friend in nearby Kingsport, and met a blues guitar player and singer named Lesley Riddle. Riddle had been around Kingsport for much of the '20s, and was part of a black music community there that included Brownie McGhee, the team of Tarter and Gay, who recorded for Victor, and others. Riddle had lost his leg in an accident, and was often found playing on street corners and in the local train stations. A.P. took a liking to him and soon invited him to come out to Poor Valley and visit with the Carters, and to try some music together. Riddle was glad to oblige, and proceeded to instruct Maybelle on how to play the slide guitar. *"They were just like home to me,"* Riddle recalled. Sara herself stated, *"Maybelle learned a lot of her pickin' from him – like that 'Cannonball Blues.'"*

Riddle also began to help A.P. hunt for songs. In addition to driving and serving as a companion, he would memorize the melodies to the old tunes and then bring them back to teach to Sara and Maybelle. *"I was his, what'd you call, Pol-Parrot,"* he explained in later years. *"I was his tape recorder."* This arrangement lasted some six years, during which the Carters expressed their gratitude by buying Lesley a wooden leg (albeit it was a used one). But Riddle eventually got the call to become a preacher in the Pentecostal Church, and he first ministered a church in Kingsport, then went to North Carolina, and by 1942 moved north to Rochester, New York. He died in 1980.

Worried Man Blues

The continued income from royalty checks allowed the Carters to endure the early hard times of the Depression. Though they didn't spend lavishly, each of them indulged in special whims or desires. A.P. developed a passion for saw mills, and he would routinely drive up into the mountains to buy some old mill and drag it down to Poor Valley with his new car. He did make money from these, harvesting the thick woodlands. Sara and Maybelle got themselves motorcycles, and learned to ride them in the big front yard of the Carter homestead. *"Mom had an Indian model,"* recalls June Carter. *"It would be worth a lot of money if it were around today."* After they saw a friend have a head-on collision with a truck, they both put up their machines.

But soon the Carters themselves were feeling the Depression. Record sales that had once topped 70,000 were starting to sell as few as 500 copies, and while Victor continued to record them throughout the early 1930s, most of the money now came not from composer royalties but from the lump sum fees of $50 or $75 a side Victor paid them at each session. Furthermore, personal changes in the Carters' lives were making it hard to even keep the group together. For a time, A.P. went north to find work in the auto factories of Detroit. Maybelle's husband Eck got a job as a railway mail clerk on the train that ran from Washington to Bristol, and by 1931 had had to relocate his family in Washington, D.C. For a time, A.P. feared the Carter Family would be reduced to a studio group, getting together only for recording sessions. On occasion, when Sara or Maybelle could not come on a show date, he would enlist his sister Sylvia as a replacement.

By far the biggest challenge came when Sara herself decided to call it quits, both with A.P. and with singing. Friends had sensed that the marriage was in trouble for some time; A.P. was not an easy man to live with, and was given to taking off at the drop of a hat on a *"song collecting trip,"* leaving Sara to care for and feed the kids. And Sara had never been all that enthusiastic about the music, even though her voice was the centerpiece of the group. Even today the family is not sure exactly what precipitated Sara's leaving. Her niece June explained: *"Aunt Sara was a woman hard to explain. She was tall, buxom, blackeyed, and always beautiful. She was a thorobred."* We do know that things came to a head in the spring of 1933, when she finally decided to move back over the mountain to Copper Creek. The children remained with A.P., and with his mother when he was gone somewhere. Sara did not at once file for divorce – that would have been almost unthinkable in her rural mountain culture – but she did enforce a prolonged separation. Later on, the kids moved back to stay with A.P., though Sara routinely came to visit on the train. *"And any time one of us got sick, she was there at once,"* recalled Janette. *"And she stayed until she got us well."*

A.P. didn't quite know what to make of this. The annual June recording session was coming up, and he was needing Sara's help in working up the new songs. To his chagrin, Sara refused to come over and practice, and announced she would not be going up for the session. When A.P. explained this to Ralph Peer, the A&R man went into a mild panic, and wrote Sara himself, begging her to reconsider. Sara was adamant, though; she wanted nothing to do with any of it. Desperate, Peer then enlisted the aid of his wife Anita, who had befriended both Maybelle and Sara. Anita wrote to Sara: *"Of course, it is really none of my business, but I just wondered if there was anything I could do to help things along. I realize it would be distinctly awkward for both you and A.P. to work together again, but on the other hand, 'The Carter Family' has become well known, and there is a chance to make some money, even in these days of depression."* Anita herself had gone through a divorce, and could sympathize with Sara's stance. *"Even if you never live together again, you could get together for professional purposes like the movie stars do. Practically all of them are divorced or should be."* The various appeals finally worked, and Sara agreed to continue to sing with the act, and to make the recording session.

Scrapbook

Maybelle, Gary and A.P.

A.P.'s birthplace, Scott County, Va.

A.P.

A.P. and Sara's homeplace (Miles and Gladys moved here in 1940).

Visiting in Aland's County,
Virginia, 1929/1930.
Sara, A.P., Sylvia, with Janette.

Visiting in Aland's County, Virginia, 1929
Sara, A.P., Sylvia, with Janette.

At home, 1929.
from left: Janette, unidentified, Maybelle, Robert, A.P., Sara.

Maybelle and Eyes's home, Abbott, Virginia, 1930
from left: Joe, Janette, Arthur
Sylvia, Grant, Robert, Sara, A.P., Janet, Maybelle with Sara.

Jack and Molly's home, Hiltons, Virginia, 1939.
from left Jim, Molly, Nelson

Pit Mayhew and Egra's home, Hiltons, Virginia, 1939.
from left Gladys, Anita, Molly Carter.

The Addington family gathering at Maybelle and Ezra's home, Hiltons, Virginia, 1936.

At Maybelle and Ezra's home, Hiltons, Virginia, 1937.
from left: Sylvia, Gladys, Maybelle, Blanche, and June.

WOPI Jamboree, Bristol, Tennessee, 1940.
from left (front row): Anita, June, Helen, A.P., [illegible]

Mayfield & Lynn's homeplace, Melbourne, Virginia

Kendal, Virginia 1920
Sara with her first daughter Gladys

Sara with her sister
Mae Dougherty Kendall, 1920.

At home, Hilltons, Virginia, 1936.
Gladys, Joe and Janette.

At Maybelle and Ezra's home, Hiltons, Virginia, 1936.
Gladys, Joe and Janette.

Joe and Janette, 1939.

Janette Carter at age sixteen,
San Antonio, Texas, 1939.

Joe Carter at Milan and Gladys's home,
Mendota, Virginia, 1939.

Sara, San Antonio,
Texas, 1940.

Sara in Texas, 1940.

Sara, San Antonio,
Texas, 1940.

Sara

Bristol, Tennessee, 1942.
Sara with her grandson, Donald Bell.

ca. 1944
Sara with her first grandchild, Ila Mallard.

Sara

from left: Janette, Joe, and Gladys.

A Meeting In The Air

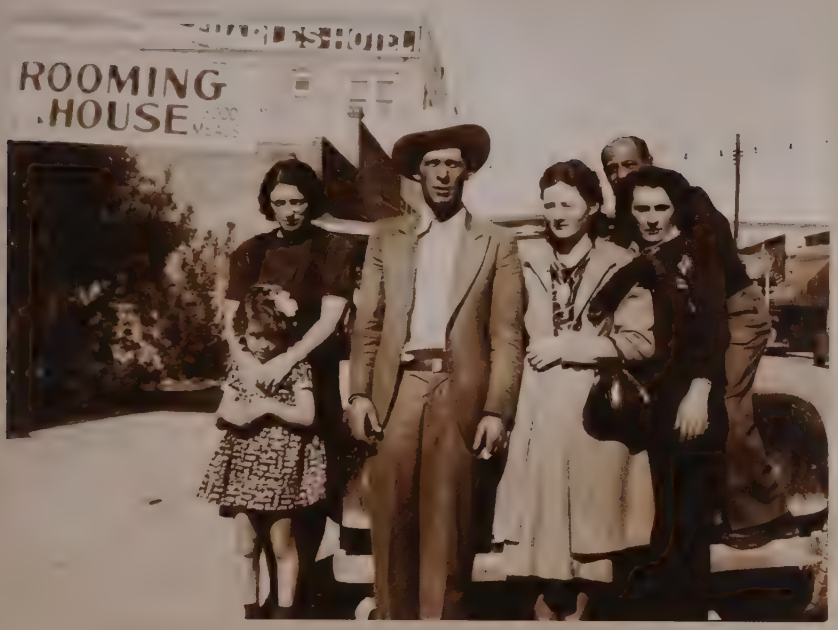
By 1934 Ralph Peer was being forced out at Victor, but he continued to serve as the personal manager for the Carters. Whether the family was unhappy with his replacement, Eli Oberstein, or whether Peer just felt they could do better elsewhere, he got them a deal with the American Record Company, and with a transcription radio service. In early May 1935 they spent a long week in New York, at the Broadway studios of ARC, recording 40 songs in six days. Many of these were remakes of their old Victor hits, but others were new, fresh songs and arrangements, such as one that became a classic, *Can The Circle Be Unbroken*. Some of the remakes have a stiff, mechanical feel to them, and sound like the Carters were more worried about getting the recording exactly correct than giving it any spirit. Tempos are slower, songs are pitched lower, and some of the singing is listless. However, ARC was a good company to be with in the depths of the Depression. Through their various 'stencil' labels like Banner, Oriole, Romeo, and the Sears label Conqueror, ARC spread the Carters' music all over the country – and on records that sold for as little as 25 cents each. The ARC group eventually morphed into Columbia, and then into CBS/Sony.

The following year, 1936, Peer negotiated a contract with yet another record company, Decca. Over the next two years, the Carters would record some 60 sides for their new label. The song-finding system that A.P. had devised was running smoothly; his own song-writing abilities were honed to a wonderfully fine point, and Sara and Maybelle were creating new material as well. The Family was also at the very peak of their musical abilities; Maybelle had developed into one of the music's finest lead guitarists, and years of singing had sharpened their harmony singing to an awesome level. There was a drive and an emotionalism in the new sides that had been lacking for some time in earlier Carter records. And Decca's New York studios, where the Carters were brought for the majority of the Decca sessions, were state of the art, and captured the trio's stunning guitar work as well as it did their vocals. Many fans consider the Deccas to be the high point of their recorded work, even though a great many of them have never been widely circulated on LP or CD.

The best deal Peer got them, though, came in 1938, when he signed them to a contract with a company called The Consolidated Royal Chemical Corporation of Chicago, which made products called 'Kolorbak' (a hair dye) and 'Peruna' (a type of tonic). Peer knew that as nice as records were, the only way the Carters would get a living wage out of their music was radio – big-time radio with big-time audiences. In the summer of 1938, he called A.P. with what he thought was the best deal yet. Consolidated would hire them to work six months, from October to March – the coldest and cruelest months in the mountains – on the border radio station at sunny Del Rio, Texas.

They would then have six months vacation to return home, take other engagements, make records, or whatever. The salary: $75 each, per week, including even the vacation time. And the company would throw in a brand new Chevrolet car to help get the

XERA, Villa Acuna, Mexico
from left: A.P., Maybelle, Sara, unidentified.



San Antonio, Texas, 1938. from left: Maybelle with Anita, unidentified (3x), Sara.

family down to Texas. Best of all, if they wanted to, the family could take their kids along.

The full story of why stations like XERA had their studio on the north side of the Rio Grande and their transmitting tower on the Mexican side is too complicated to go into here. (For an excellent account of it, as well as a collection of the XERA transcribed shows the Carters did while there, see the CD reissue series "The Carter Family On Border Radio" (Arhoolie) and the notes by pioneer Carter scholar Ed Kahn.) Suffice it to say that the stations were broadcasting at power levels that were illegal in the US, and that these powerful signals carried across most of the country, especially at night.

The Carters signed on, and in October drove their new Chevrolet down to Texas. The very night they arrived, they were asked to make out a list of songs they could do on the spot, and then rushed into the studios. They found one of their assignments was to appear on a two-hour live show that started at 8:10 and was called 'The Consolidated Chemical Radio Hour.' It was the start of a grueling rollercoaster of work; the family soon found out that big-time professional radio was not easy or relaxed. Their contract called for them to broadcast twice a day six days a week; afternoons were taken up with rehearsals, and some mornings were given over to cutting transcription discs for the station to play on the early morning shows. One hard morning's work could yield enough programs to allow the Carters to sleep in on certain days. *"You hardly had any time to yourself,"* Maybelle recalled.

It was much harder than any of them had expected, but they soon found it was doing wonders for their reputation. One way they could tell came about when announcer Harry Steele would come on at the end of their shows and remind the listeners to send in box tops from Consolidated Products to get a free gift or a Bible. (The rumor that the station once offered an autographed picture of Jesus Christ has never been confirmed.)

The purpose was to build a mailing list, and get some idea of the listening audience. Soon the Carters were gathering some 25,000 box tops a week. And their programs were indeed getting out. June Carter recalls that the signal was so strong that you could hang a tin can on any barbed wire fence in Texas and hear the Carter Family. And when they finished their first season in Del Rio and returned home to Virginia, they found 5,000 fan letters waiting for them. (One of them was from a young singer in California named Woody Guthrie.) Their record sales were also booming, and it was becoming obvious that the Carters were becoming America's singing group. Consolidated would have been stupid not to sign them for another season.

During this second stay at Del Rio, from October 1939 to March 1940, the Carter children were not only invited again, but were actually worked into the show. (After all, it was an era of child stars on radio, such as Little Jimmie Sizemore and Shirley Temple and Jackie Cooper.) Only June had doubts about singing on the air; finally Maybelle took her aside and explained, *"If you're gonna be on the world's largest radio station with us – we'll need some kind of miracle!"* They got it, and June became not only a good singer, but a brash and funny young comedienne.

For other members of the family, though, things were becoming as uncertain as the

XERA Radio Station, Del Rio, Texas, 1939. from left: A.P., Janette, Bill Rhinehart, Sara, Maybelle; front row: Helen, Anita, June.

By March 1941, XERA was off the air, and the colorful era of border radio was coming to an end. It also meant, for all practical purposes, an end to the original Carter Family. A.P. would return to Poor Valley, never to remarry, never to recapture the fame he had had on records and on the radio. He would try again, though. In late 1941 he wangled a last gig over WBT Charlotte, but it only lasted 20 weeks. It did attract the attention of 'Life' magazine, who planned to do a cover story on them. A.P. was excited; here was the kind of national publicity that could boost them into the big time. The photographers came and filled up waste baskets with burned

war clouds that were beginning to gather in Europe. The break between Sara and A.P. did not heal, and now became permanent. On February 20, 1939 Sara married again, to A.P.'s cousin Coy Bayes, at Brackettville, Texas. Sara's new husband was preparing a new home for them in distant California, and until it was ready she boarded with Maybelle and her daughters. A.P. lived with his and Sara's children in Alamo Heights. Though he still arranged songs with his customary genius, he began to take less and less interest in choosing repertoire for the radio shows. For a time, he got involved in directing a choir for a local Methodist church, sometimes even arranging old Carter Family songs for them.

1940
from left: Doc Addington (Maybelle's brother), Sylvia, Maybelle, Carl McConnell; front row: Anita, June, Helen.

flash bulbs, and hopes soared. But then war news crowded the story off the cover, and, eventually, out of the magazine itself. (Years later these photos were rediscovered in the 'Life' files and printed in a special issue devoted to country music.)

In the mid-'40s A.P. tried to make it as a soloist, traveling to various stations with an armful of old Carter Family records and doing shows in which he introduced the records and reminisced about the songs. To get a little money, he sold by mail songbooks, pictures, and a little pamphlet he had put together about '100 Bible Questions and Answers.' In 1952 he talked Sara into coming back for a series of recordings on the independent Kentucky-based Acme label, with Janette and Joe helping out. Though the records were good, they were commercial failures, and A.P. wound up his performing days by going occasionally down to Bristol and appearing on some of the new bluegrass shows that were starting up. He passed on November 7, 1960, after watching his *Worried Man Blues* by the Kingston Trio climb the charts. His life had ended in the same place it started: his personal circle remained unbroken.

Sara would retire from the business and go to California. Except for the 1943 Charlotte gig and the 1952 Acme session, she would remain there, happy with her new life with Coy. By 1967 she was being sought out by younger musicians who saw Carter Family music as a sort of holy grail of the folk music revival. It turned out that Sara had kept in practice all the years, making little tapes to exchange with Maybelle at Christmas time. In 1967 she and Maybelle appeared at the Newport Folk Festival, and the two later did a fine duet album on Columbia (reissued on Bear Family BCD 15471). She passed away on January 8, 1979.

Maybelle was the one that really kept after the music. After returning from Charlotte, Maybelle and her girls moved to Richmond, Virginia, and started their own act, eventually spending several years as stars of the Old Dominion Barn Dance. Eventually the act found its way to the Grand Ole Opry and moved to Nashville, now calling themselves The Carter Sisters and Mother Maybelle. Here they all forged associations and friendships with the mainstream country music community, with June eventually marrying Johnny Cash. The group often toured with Cash in the 1960s, keeping alive the old songs and harmonies for new generations. Mother Maybelle, as she came to be called, died on October 23, 1978.

An Unbroken Circle

It is hard to overestimate the importance of the original Carter Family to country music, and to American music in general. Simply put, had they not existed, country music would not sound the way it does today. If A.P. had decided, for some bizarre reason, to bark his songs like dogs, country music today would be full of barking dogs. Starting with young Woody Guthrie and young Roy Acuff, singers began to routinely steal Carter melodies for other songs, from *The Reuben James* to *The Great Speckled Bird.* Dozens of later artists, from Hank Williams to Emmylou Harris, from Flatt and Scruggs to Marty Stuart, have kept the songs alive. There has hardly been a time when at least some of the original recordings have not been available on 78, LP, or CD.

The recordings themselves are archetypal and timeless. They are as elemental as the wind or water, and have the simple beauty of the landscape of Poor Valley. They are as American as anything in our musical heritage, and as such have as much universal appeal as any formal work. Nobody ever asked A.P. about his songwriting and song collecting and song arranging; nobody ever asked Sara details about her ideas of arranging or singing. Perhaps this is just as well. At the center of all genius is mystery, and A.P. or Sara probably would not have answered if anyone had asked them about that mystery. They were content to create the music, send it on its way, and let it speak for itself. As any great poet should.

CHARLES K. WOLFE
Murfreesboro, Tennessee, June 2000

A.P. Carter
Master Chef

In his book 'Duke Ellington' (Oxford University Press, 1987), jazz historian James Lincoln Collier fueled an ongoing critical controversy about the great Harlem orchestra leader's originality as a composer. *"The central melodic ideas of virtually all of Ellington's best-known songs originated in someone else's head,"* Collier claimed. Such early works as *Black And Tan Fantasy*, *Black Beauty* and *East St. Louis Toodle-Oo* were primarily the work of trumpeter James 'Bubber' Miley; *Mood Indigo* largely came from clarinetist Lorenzo Tio, Jr; *In A Sentimental Mood* and *Sophisticated Lady* were adapted from melodies by saxophonist Otto Hardwick. Collier attributed later Ellington standards like *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* and *I'm Beginning To See The Light* to the brilliant reedman Johnny Hodges.

"Virtually never can we say with assurance that Duke Ellington wrote this particular phrase, line, complete melody," Collier admitted. *"All we can say is during those thousands of nights in trains and planes, in hotel rooms and empty ballrooms late at night, he wrote thousands upon thousands of bars of music."*

Ellington individually tailored these compositions for the peerless, distinctive stylists within his orchestra. *"He, and nobody else, created the musical machine that produced the great compositions we know as 'Ellington,'"* Collier wrote. *"We thus have to see Duke Ellington as we see a master chef. The chef does not chop all the vegetables himself or make the sauce with his own hands. But he plans the menus, trains the assistants, supervises them, tastes everything, adjusts the spices, orders another five minutes in the oven for the lamb. And in the end we credit him with the result."*

Lesley Riddle

And to paraphrase Collier, so it was with A.P. Carter; wherever he got the ingredients, it was his artistic vision that shaped the final product. Just as Ellington wrote lasting jazz compositions from his musicians' discarded phrases, Carter created equally enduring folk and country standards from dimly remembered songs and lyric fragments.

Lesley Riddle with Brownie McGee, c. 1937.

Not unlike the great Louisiana songster Huddie 'Lead Belly' Ledbetter, Alvin Pleasant Carter had a genius for absorbing a broad spectrum of music and synthesizing it into a distinctive, highly personal style. Carter reshaped folk songs, vintage parlor ballads, sacred pieces and even Tin Pan Alley pop tunes into appealing new compositions that often bore little resemblance to the original sources.

When demands for new recordings exhausted the Carter Family's initial repertoire, Carter began collecting songs in the field. *"Had Carter been academically oriented rather than entertainer-oriented, he would now undoubtedly be regarded, along with the Lomaxes, as a great collector of folksong,"* John Atkins argued in an essay on the Carter Family, published in 'Stars of

Music." (University of Illinois Press, [illegible] "*Carter's motivation for collecting songs was not to preserve them in print in a scholarly project, but purely to provide a source of original material – in terms of what was on phonograph records – for his group to record. The end product, however, is exactly the same, as both attitudes have the effect of preserving the songs for future generations.*"

On about fifteen of these collecting trips, black singer-guitarist Leslie Riddle accompanied Carter. In an interview published in a special 1973 'Old-Time Music' issue about the family, Riddle told Kip Lornell about helping Carter search for suitable material. "*He would go anywhere if he heard that someone had a new song,*" Riddle recalled. "*I would be travelling somewhere and would hear a song that I'd think would be in their style. He would get in the car and go and see about it.*"

Riddle remembered teaching Carter about twelve songs from his own repertoire, including *The Cannon-Ball*, *I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome* and *Bear Creek Blues*. Most of the songs Carter took from Riddle were sacred numbers, and Lornell said these were "*the ones that the Carters altered least.*"

By contrast, other Riddle songs were retooled, most notably *Bear Creek Blues*. "*Some of these verses of the blues that I made, they would change them around and put into 'Bear Creek,'*" he told Lornell. "*They would change the tune altogether.*"

Just as Ellington shaped his compositions to fit his musicians' abilities, A.P. Carter instinctively understood the strengths and limitations of his two principal band members. His wife, Sara Carter, handled most of the vocal leads, maintaining a steady, clockwork rhythm on the autoharp. His sister-in-law, Maybelle Carter, sang harmony and was a remarkably fluid guitarist for that era. A.P.'s songs essentially provided an ideal framework for Sara and Maybelle's talents, and directly contributed to the Carter Family's enduring success.

When Ralph Peer signed the Carter Family to its initial Victor recording contract in July 1927, he also signed A.P. Carter to his Southern Music Publishing Company. Nearly all the family's Victor titles credit A.P. as sole composer, even though some songs likely were covered by an existing, long-forgotten copyright. Apparently, none of the Peer-Carter copyrights ever faced a legal challenge.

Carter's publishing arrangement with Peer provided a modest source of income, which continued long after the original trio formally dissolved its partnership in 1943. Rita Forrester recently told Colin Escott about her grandfather's desire to share what little money came in during these years. "*Some say that he didn't give sufficient credit to Sara and Maybelle because it's always his name on the copyrights. But the money was divided three ways from the very beginning. He always did that. He never sang his own praises, either. He was a Christian man. He wouldn't hurt anyone, he didn't know how.*"

Although he was credited with some of the most enduring popular melodies in American folk and country music, Carter never reaped the full benefits of his copyrights. He lived modestly until his death in November 1960, spending much of his time operating a general store in Hiltons, Virginia.

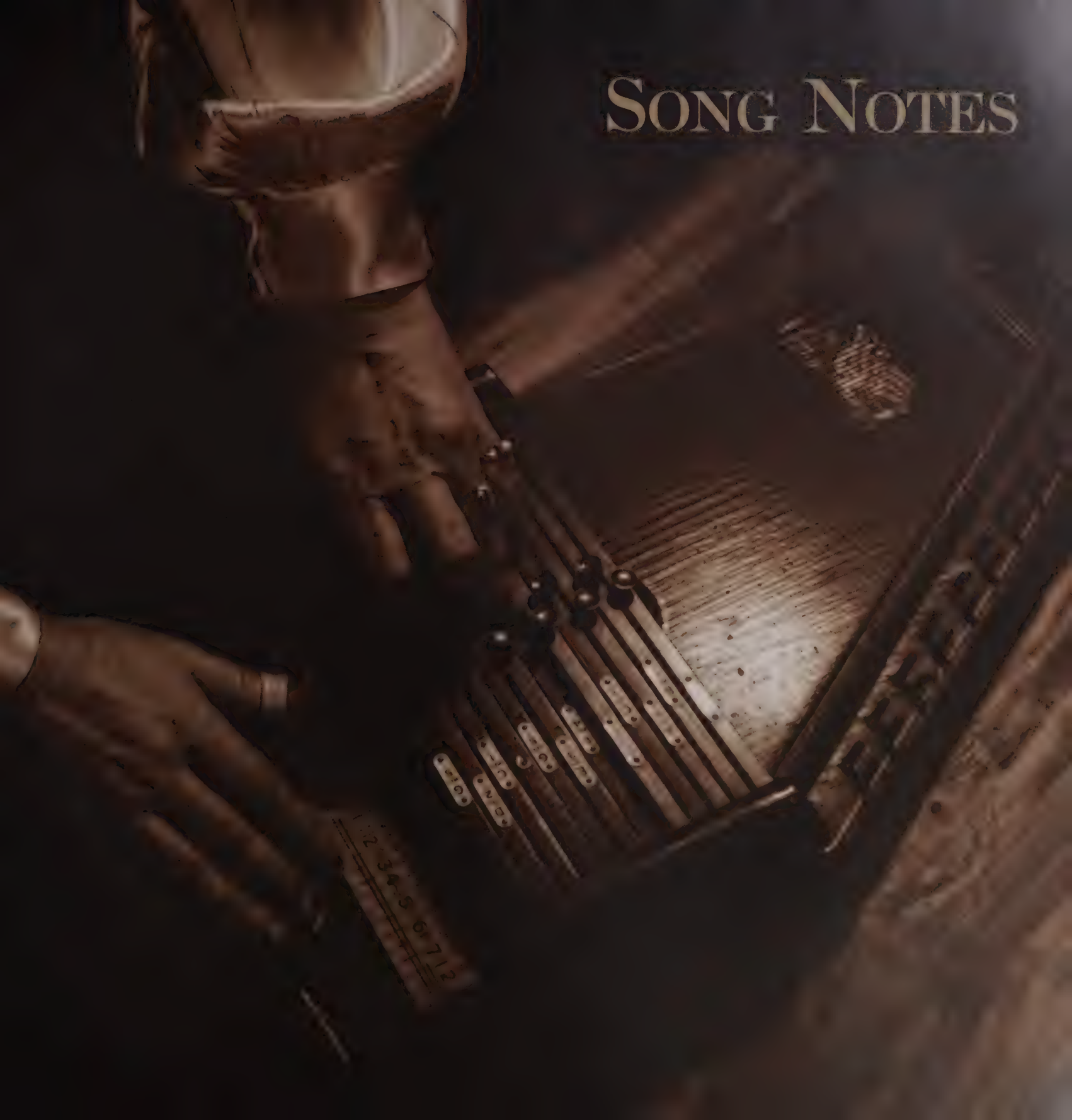
The following year Columbia and RCA Victor released Carter Family LPs on their $1.98 budget lines; Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs released a Carter Family tribute album, as did bluegrass singer Bill Clifton. The urban folk music revival spurred new recordings of A.P. Carter standards. The New Lost City Ramblers, a New York-based trio that recreated the music of prewar Southern string bands, always featured the Carter Family sound and repertoire in its sets. Maybelle Carter and her daughters June, Anita and Helen found eager new audiences for the original trio's songs. During the '60s and '70s, most of the trio's original 78 R.P.M. recordings were reissued on LP, including comprehensive collectors' issues in Great Britain and Japan. Long-lost radio transcriptions resurfaced, often revealing unexpected gems. After forty years, the A.P. Carter catalog remains a major revenue source for the Peer-Southern publishing group and the Carter estate.

In recent years, the Carter Family's recorded repertoire has challenged country music archeologists, who comb through brittle, nineteenth-century sheet music stocks searching for A.P. Carter's song sources. What they've found surely would have surprised and delighted A.P. himself.

Although this ongoing research fascinates Carter Family enthusiasts, it will never detract from our debt to A.P. Carter as a writer, collector and a rescuer of wonderful old songs that otherwise would have crumbled into history.

BEAR FAMILY RECORDS
June 2000

Song Notes



Tennessee, August 1, 1927

BURY ME UNDER THE WEEPING WILLOW
LITTLE LOG CABIN BY THE SEA
THE POOR ORPHAN CHILD
THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN

Bristol, Tennessee, August 2, 1927

SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL
THE WANDERING BOY

Bury Me Under The Weeping Willow was a song both Sara and Maybelle had known since childhood. Like many mountain songs, it was probably based on a 19th century parlor song, though nobody has yet been able to identify an exact source. Nondescript early versions had appeared by Henry Whitter (1923), Ernest Thompson (1924), and George Reneau (from Cocke County, Tennessee, just south of Clinch Mountain) in 1924. Then, in June 1926, singer Kelly Harrell, from Wythe County, Virginia, recorded a version for Victor, and the wandering fiddle/banjo team of Dick Burnett and Leonard Rutherford, from south central Kentucky, did a version for Columbia in November 1926. The Carter version is not an exact fit for either of these latter versions, though it more resembles the Burnett and Rutherford than the Harrell. One stanza which the Burnett-Rutherford version added at the end, but which the Carters did not use, was:

Upon my grave you'll plant a rosie,
Below my tomb a turtle dove,
To show the world I died to save him,
But I could not win in love.

All three of the Carters sang on this premier recording, with A.P. adding a fine bass line and setting the stage for his later role in the vocal arrangements.

Little Log Cabin By The Sea was an old song Sara and A.P. sang as a duet. Like many of the family's gospel songs, this one was learned from a shape-note songbook by A.P. when he led the singing at church. These were seven-shape note songbooks, not to be confused with the older Sacred Harp style of singing; in the latter, the musical value of a note was determined by its shape, not especially its place on the staff, but only four notes were used. The seven-shape system, which evolved in the Shenandoah Valley after the Civil War, still used shape notes, but invented three new ones to make possible a seven-note scale.

Little Log Cabin was actually a song called *The Bible In The Cabin By The Sea*, and was copyrighted in 1903 by the well-known publisher A.J. Showalter. It had been written by a man named W.C. Hafley, who had been born in McMinn County, Tennessee, in 1839. The son of an old-time fiddler and a Confederate war veteran, he began his civilian career as a school teacher and then principal. Later, he moved to Atlanta where he wrote many songs.

The Poor Orphan Child, another duet by Sara and A.P., seems to have been written in 1899 by a person named H.W. Elliot, about whom little is known. It was reasonably popular in the first decade of the century, appearing in at least five gospel songbooks between 1899 and 1907; one of these was 'Songs for the Singing' issued by James B. Vaughan of Athens, Georgia (not to be confused with James D. Vaughan of Tennessee).

The Storms Are On The Ocean, in which all three sing again, was a well-known lyric derived from an old Scottish ballad. Some of the history is traced in the headnotes to the entry for the song in the Frank C. Brown collection, Vol. III. The Carters' A&R man, Ralph Peer, had his own agenda at these sessions: he wanted to build his new publishing company, Southern Music (later Peer-Southern and then Peer International), and he encouraged A.P. to put his name on these and others. In essence, Peer was encouraging A.P. to copyright an arrangement of a public domain song. The folk music booms of the Forties, Fifties, and Sixties would make this a very common practice. If quizzed, A.P. was unlikely to have claimed authorship of the songs, but the arrangements were undoubtedly his, hence his name on the copyright.

Other details about this first session are discussed in the 'Biography.' One done the following morning was *The Wandering Boy*, a song Sara recalled she had known all her life. It too seemed to have roots in the gospel songbook tradition, though its exact provenance is cloudy. Versions of it show up in a collection called 'Songs Of Redemption' which dates from 1902-1905, and there also seems to be some sort of link to the Arkansas composer Rev. Bernard Bates Edmiaston. *Single Girl, Married Girl* Sara had learned from a friend in Russell County, Virginia, back in 1905.

Camden, New Jersey, May 9, 1928

MEET ME BY THE MOONLIGHT, ALONE
LITTLE DARLING, PAL OF MINE
KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE
ANCHORED IN LOVE

Camden, New Jersey, May 10, 1928

JOHN HARDY WAS A DESPERATE LITTLE MAN
I AIN'T GOIN' TO WORK TOMORROW
WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE?
RIVER OF JORDAN
CHEWING GUM
WILDWOOD FLOWER
I HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE ME
(BUT THE SAILOR ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA)
FORSAKEN LOVE

Though the first session had produced some masterpieces like *Bury Me Under The Weeping Willow* and *Single Girl, Married Girl*, and though its releases apparently sold impressive numbers, it was this second session that was the career event in Carter Family history. Though Peer had been scheduled to return to Bristol for another session in August 1928, he didn't want to wait that long to get more Carter songs in the can. He felt that A.P. would have no trouble coming up with enough material to justify paying the Carters' expenses to drive up to the big Victor studios at Camden, New Jersey, just across the river from Philadelphia. There, in an old church the Victor engineers used as their main studio (Studio No. 1), over a two-day period, May 9 and 10, the Carters recorded 12 songs – a year's worth of releases. They worked from 1:45PM to 4:10PM on the first day, and from 9:00AM until 4:00PM (with an hour off for lunch) on the second day. Most were done in two takes, but four (including *Wildwood Flower*) were done on a single take.

Almost every one of the songs from this second session would become not only an immediate commercial success but also a standard in country, bluegrass, or folk music. First and foremost of these was *Keep On The Sunny Side*, which would become the Family's theme song when they did their personals, and some of the time on radio. It wasn't really all that old a song in 1928; it had been first published and copyrighted only in 1899, 29 years earlier, by two well-known gospel songwriters, Ada Blenkhorn and Howard Entwhistle. Lyricist Blenkhorn got the title idea from an invalid cousin who always wanted her to push his wheelchair *"on the sunny side"* of the street. The song first appeared in a shape-note songbook called 'The Young People's Hymnal No. 2, adapted to the use of Sunday Schools, Epworth Leagues, Prayer Meetings and Revivals,' by James Atkins, D. D., and William J. Fitzpatrick, published in 1912 in Nashville, Dallas, and Richmond by M.E. South. Sara Carter recalled that A.P. had learned the song from Flanders Bays, his father's brother, who was a singing-school teacher. The Carters were the first to record it, and remained remarkably faithful to the original printed tune and arrangement (cf. illustration). Over the years, the song would become so closely identified with the Family – *"the quintessential Carter Family tune"* one critic has said – that few other groups even dared to try recording it. It also gave the title for the official journal of the Carter Family Fan Club, 'The Sunnyside Journal.'

Almost as potent was their version of another old gospel song, *Anchored In Love*. There were two separate old songs called *Anchored In Love*; this one was usually published in the songbooks as *Anchored In Love Divine*. This had been sung in A.P.'s church at Mt. Vernon, and was probably taken from a James D. Vaughan songbook called 'Crowning Praises' (1911). It is, in fact, one of several Carter Family songs that also appear in this same book, strongly suggesting that this may have been one of the *"old Vaughan books"* that Joe Carter remembers his father having. The music to the song was actually written by Vaughan himself, one of many gospel favorites he penned, and the words were by the British wordsmith, Vaughan's staff poet, James Rowe (who could count over 3,000 songs he did lyrics for). Here again, the Carters sing the song exactly as it was found in the book, with A.P. even adding the part singing on the chorus, just as arranged in the book. Indeed, it is not hard to imagine the Carters, on this Camden trip, actually singing directly out of the book. Maybelle remembered that *"we found out there was a copyright on it,"* which there would have been, since it had been around only 17 years; it was also a lesson to Peer, no doubt.

Toward the end of this session came another song that would forever be associated with The Carter Family: *Wildwood Flower*. The original session sheets for this recording note the group completed two takes and that they did so *"without Mr. A.P."* Sara sang it as a solo, with Maybelle

[illegible] *first time I heard* [illegible] *ust a kid,"* Maybelle [illegible] *My mother sang it and her* [illegible] *It has been handed* [illegible] *for years and years."* And well her grandmother might, since the provenance for this song is as long and tangled as any. It seems to have started life as a vaudeville song by pioneer woman tunesmith Maud Irving (along with J.P. Webster) in 1859 or 1860, under the title *I'll Twine Midst The Ringlets.* In the days during the Civil War, Irving and her sisters sang the song as part of a stage show they did, and over the years it went into oral tradition. As early as 1915 folksong hunters were collecting versions around Boone, North Carolina and in southwest Virginia, where it was sometimes called *The Pale Wildwood Flower* or *The Pale Amaranthus.* An amaranthus was indeed a mountain plant with colorful leaves, but the term was also used in poetry to describe an imaginary flower that never fades or dies. As the text of the song found its way through oral tradition, mishearing created some odd changes in the Carter Family version. *"I'll twine with the mingles and waving black hair,"* the famous opening line of the Carter version, was originally, *"I'll twine mid the ringlets of my raven black hair."* Line 3, stanza 1, read in the original, *"The myrtle so bright with an emerald hue"* was transformed into *"And the myrtles so bright with emerald dew."* The fourth line of the stanza read, in the original, *"And the pale aronatus* [illegible] *blue."* The Carter version somehow changes this to *"The pale and the leader and eyes look like blue."* Words aside, though, it was Maybelle's guitar work that made the record; had she never recorded another note, the simplicity and grace of her solo work here would have assured her a place in country music history. And she was right when she called this their best-selling record. When *Wildwood Flower*, backed with *Forsaken Love*, was issued on Victor V-40000, the first release in the 'Old Familiar Tunes' series, on January 4, 1929, it sold 120,602 copies. This was the highest sales figure we have for any Carter Family disc, and one ten times higher than the average record sale of the time. Only a handful of records by Vernon Dalhart, Jimmie Rodgers, The Skillet Lickers, and Smith's Sacred Singers sold more in the 1920s. And in later years, when the Carters would re-record the song for another label, the sales would become even greater.

Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone? was another old gospel song the family had known for years. *"That was in a songbook,"* Sara recalled. *"We had heard people sing it."* The song seems to have first appeared in an old hymnal from 1900, John B. Vaughan's 'Songs for the Singing, Normal and Literary Schools,' published in Athens, Georgia, 1900. Composer credits are given to a Rev. George Beebe (words) and H.E. McAfee (music). This is another one of the old gospel songs that the Family later learned was still in copyright; *"they had to pay for it,"* quipped Maybelle. Nonetheless, the eerie song, told from the point of view of a corpse, became a favorite of later bluegrass and old-time acts. A.P. and Sara sing it here as a duet, in an oddly high key.

River Of Jordan came, both Sara and Maybelle thought, from the black guitarist Leslie Riddle. *Forsaken Love* has a somewhat mysterious history. Maybelle remembered it as *"just another old song,"* and folklorists had collected versions as far back as 1910. The Carters weren't the first to record the song – North Carolina singers Elzie Floyd and Leo Boswell had done it for Columbia in 1927. Sara and A.P. sing the duet. The fact that the song was on the flip side of the original release of *Wildwood Flower* got it a huge circulation.

Other songs from this session are as traditional as they come, and had been collected by folklorists for decades. *John Hardy Was A Desperate Little Man* was about a West Virginia outlaw who was hanged in 1894. The Carters' reference to *"Keystone Bridge"* refers to the town in McDowell County, West Virginia, not far from where Hardy worked and supposedly killed a man over a twenty-five cent gambling debt. During the early days of the century, dozens of versions of the ballad were in circulation, but it was the Carters' recording, which initially sold some 48,000 copies, which brought the song into the mainstream. Everyone from Johnny Cash to Bob Dylan used this version..

I Have No One To Love Me (But The Sailor On The Deep Blue Sea) is one the Carters *"always knew"*, and a British import known commonly there as *Sailor Boy Song.* Folklorists have been finding versions of it since the turn of the century. The Carter version helped spread it through another generation: some 94,795 copies of it were sold on Victor V-40036 when it, backed with *Anchored In Love,* was released in March 1929. *Meet Me By The Moonlight, Alone* is a version of *The Prisoner's Song* that A.P. and Sara had been singing for years; Sara recalled that they had known it all their lives and *"had heard old people sing it."* In the Carter version, as with most Appalachian versions, the familiar idea of *The Prisoner's Song* is grafted onto the refrain of an old parlor song by Joseph Augustine Wade called *Meet Me By Moonlight Alone.* This dated from London in 1826 and was popularized by the stage singer Mme. Lucia Vestris. *Chewing Gum* is another for which the Victor ledgers report *"Without Mr. A.P."* It features Sara singing a cute kid's song which was always a favorite at personal appearances. It is not the same song as the *Chewing Gum* popularized by Grand Ole Opry star Uncle Dave Macon. It was released on the back of *I Ain't Goin' To Work Tomorrow* in the fall of 1928. The latter Sara and Maybelle had known all their lives.

Camden, New Jersey, February 14, 1929

SWEET FERN
MY CLINCH MOUNTAIN HOME
GOD GAVE NOAH THE RAINBOW SIGN
I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES
LITTLE MOSES
LULU WALL
THE GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE

By 1929, the Carter Family was riding high. Next to Jimmie Rodgers, they were the most successful act the label had, and their mentor and discoverer, Ralph Peer, was anxious to get them into the studio as often as possible. He encouraged A.P. Carter to write new songs and to find and rearrange old ones; he persuaded Sara Carter to try more solo work, and to try her hand at yodeling. Photographers came to the family's homestead at Maces Spring to take photos for the new Victor catalogues, and the royalty checks were coming in every three months, one from the Victor company for record sales, one from Southern Music for publishing royalties. The Carters were amazed at their popularity, and at the fact that they could actually make a decent living by doing something as natural and as enjoyable as singing.

The Carters took their new Chevrolet to Camden, New Jersey, for their third Victor session on February 14 and 15, 1929, a session, that produced 12 of the best-known Carter songs. *Sweet Fern* was a song A.P. found on his collecting trips into the east Tennessee hills; more commonly known as *Sweet Birds*, it was written and copyrighted in 1876 by Thomas Westendorf and George Persley. It shows up in a number of southern folksong collections, and had even been recorded the year before by West Virginia singers Orville Reed and Richard Harold. Sara and A.P. do the singing again, with Sara taking the yodel; it became one of the better sellers from the session.

Everybody seems to agree that A.P. himself wrote *My Clinch Mountain Home* and his sister recalled that he did it when he had gone to Indiana to work on a railroad gang about 1910 or 1911. *God Gave Noah The Rainbow Sign*, one of the few gospel pieces from this session, might have come from an old hymn book, Sara thought, but no likely candidates have so far surfaced. All three sing on this one, and though it was not a huge seller at the time, the version influenced generations of country gospel singers, who eventually got to calling it simply *Rainbow Sign*.

I'm Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes is another Carter song that became a standard, echoing down through the years in country music. One historian has called it *"the best known melody in country music,"* and it has been used for everything from Roy Acuff's *Great Speckled Bird* to Kitty Wells' *It Wasn't God Who Made Honkytonk Angels*. Sara and Maybelle both recalled that they had known the song all their lives; certainly it shows up in dozens of folksong collections, and, prior to the Carter version, had been recorded by the Kentucky singers Welby Toomey and Emry Arthur, the Stoneman Family (from the Galax, Virginia, area), and others – though none of them actually used A.P.'s title, preferring instead titles like *Thrills I Can't Forget* (Toomey), *I Can Never Forget* (Arthur), and *Broken Hearted Lover* (Stoneman). Sara and A.P. sing the duet again. *Little Moses* is one Sara had learned from an older relative, Myrtle Bayes; under the title *Moses In The Bullrushes* it had appeared in a 1905 set of folksongs from Missouri.

Lulu Wall shows up in print as early as 1888, and seems to have been pretty widespread before the Carters found it and recorded it; it had even been recorded by singer Walter Morris (1926) and collector Bascom Lamar Lunsford (1928). A.P. apparently found this version on a song-catching trip he made into the hills back of Hiltons, Virginia, just to the west of Maces Spring. *The Grave On The Green Hillside* had as its ultimate origin a shape-note songbook, where it is generally credited to Aldine S. Kieffer, from the 1880s. Kieffer, from the Shenandoah Valley area, was one of the real founders of the shape-note singing-school movement, and A.P. Carter would later rearrange and record other of his songs. This song also appeared in the 1904 James Vaughan book 'Perfect Praise,' widely known in the area. The family got the song from Big Tom Carter, a preacher who was related to A.P. and who preached at the Mt. Vernon Methodist Church, where the family attended.

Camden, New Jersey, February 15, 1929

Don't Forget This Song
The Foggy Mountain Top
Bring Back My Blue-Eyed Boy To Me
Diamonds In The Rough
Engine One-Forty-Three

Don't Forget This Song is a murder ballad and a scaffold song, one delivered from the gallows by the condemned man – a time-honored tradition in Anglo-Irish balladry. A.P. got it from singer-fiddler Harmon Jackson in nearby Russell County, Virginia – a source for several old songs. It was also known as *My Home In Old Virginia*, and even subtitled so on the original Victor 78. Unlike the other records from this session, *Don't Forget* was not released at once – in fact it was not out for almost two years, suggesting that Peer didn't have much faith in it. *The Foggy Mountain Top*, on the other hand, came out only 90 days after the session (as the original flip to *My Clinch Mountain Home*) and became one of the trio's biggest sellers. Maybelle plays slide guitar here, and Sara yodels again; she later recalled that she really disliked yodeling, but that Peer talked her into it, arguing that the trick had sold thousands of records for Jimmie Rodgers. Sara remembered that A.P. had *"kind of made it up, but had heard a guy sing a few words of it"* somewhere; dozens of versions of it show up in various folksong collections, but almost all of them seem to derive from the Carter version – the first recorded one.

Bring Back My Blue-Eyed Boy To Me Sara had known since she was a child, and this also marked the first time this haunting mountain lyric had been recorded. Its presence in a half dozen major folksong collections suggests it had been circulating in traditional form for generations. All three voices are heard here, backed by the guitar and autoharp – a quintessential Carter performance. *Diamonds In The Rough* was another old shape-note gospel song that A.P. found and rearranged; Sara remembers him getting it from another old hymn book, but exactly which one is not clear. The song itself had been written and copyrighted back in 1897, with composer credits to C.W. Byron and arrangement credits to Arthur F. Ingler. Researcher Norm Cohen, though, has noted that the first stanza heard here does not appear in the printed texts, and may have been taken from a 1924 recording of the piece by Grand Ole Opry star Uncle Dave Macon.

Sara thought the classic train wreck ballad *Engine One-Forty-Three* might have come to the family from Kentucky, but she had heard her family sing it for years. In fact, according to a popular story, this was the song that 16-year-old Sara was singing when she first met A.P. years before. The wreck described in the song occurred October 23, 1890, near Clifton Forge, Virginia, about 150 miles from the Carter homeplace. Young George Alley, the engineer, lost his life after trying to stop the train from plowing into a rockslide that had covered the track; the FFV was a luxury train that was officially titled 'Fast Flying Virginian,' but informally known as 'Fast Flying Vestibule.' Versions of the ballad were in print as early as 1913, but several witnesses recalled that the song might have been started by a black worker in the Hinton, West Virginia roundhouse. The Carters were not the first to record the song, but their version became the most influential, selling over 90,000 copies.

Atlanta, Georgia, November 22, 1929

THE HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM
THE CYCLONE OF RYE COVE
MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

Atlanta, Georgia, November 24, 1929

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM IN DIXIELAND
NO TELEPHONE IN HEAVEN
WESTERN HOBO
CARTER'S BLUES
WABASH CANNONBALL

Atlanta, Georgia, November 25, 1929

A DISTANT LAND TO ROAM
JIMMIE BROWN THE NEWSBOY
KITTY WALTZ
FOND AFFECTION

Thanksgiving 1929 found the Carter Family in Atlanta, preparing to record their fourth session for Victor records. It had been almost a month since Black Friday, when the stock market crashed in a wave of panic selling, but very few realized yet just what this meant. Certainly the record industry was steaming on at full throttle, continuing to exploit its new-found markets for what Victor called 'Old Familiar Tunes' and other catalogues were starting to call 'Hill Country Tunes.' Ralph Peer was setting up his semi-annual record session in Atlanta, Georgia at the Atlanta Women's Club. The city was the Nashville of the 1920s; it was here that most of the major record companies came to find and record country talent. The Carters had driven down from Maces Spring, and Victor's other big star at the session, Jimmie Rodgers, had come in from his touring. There were also blues singers like Blind Willie McTell, gospel groups like Frank Stamps All Star Quartet, and fiddle bands like The Georgia Yellow Hammers; all crowded into the studios that last week in November, none of them worrying about the thousands of investors who had seen their fortunes wiped out.

Certainly the Carters themselves were seeing their careers continue to soar. Twelve of their records were on the market now, and the royalties were, in Maybelle's words, *"coming in pretty good."* Many of the records were selling between 50 and 100 thousand copies each, and new ones were being released about every two months. But even these royalties were not enough to keep the family performing full time. For a time in 1929 A.P. had left his beloved Poor Valley to go north to Detroit to join thousands of other southerners in the factories. Young Maybelle and her husband Eck had just gotten back from a stint of living in Washington, D.C., where their second child June had been born on June 23, 1929.

There were some other changes as well. Maybelle had decided to buy a new guitar; the earlier recordings had been done with a little Stella she owned, or what she referred to as *"one of those itty bitty Martins."* But in 1929 she bought a new big Gibson F-hole. *"I went to this music store in Kingsport (Tennessee),"* she recalled, *"and they had just gotten this guitar in. So I decided that's what I wanted. They ordered it for me, since the one they had had already been sold or something."* This was the big black guitar that Maybelle would use pretty much throughout the rest of her career. She paid $275 for it; *"Back then it was a lot of money to pay for a guitar."* One of the new songs she had worked up with her new instrument was one she would soon record – and etch into history: a piece called *The Cannon-Ball.*

The Homestead On The Farm is another rearranged parlor song from the early 20th century. Under the more common title *I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home*, the song was written and copyrighted in 1909 by Herbert Lambert (words) and F.W. Vandersloot (music). The Carter recording was the first, though the song was later covered by Karl and Harty and Asa Martin, and, in the 1950s, made into a bluegrass standard by Mac Wiseman.

One of the few topical songs the Carter Family recorded was *The Cyclone Of Rye Cove*. Though 1925 and 1926 had been a high-water mark of 'event' songs about current disasters, A.P. seemed to sense that such songs did not have the kind of staying power he was looking for. But on May 2, 1929, about the time record stores were getting their first copies of *My Clinch Mountain Home*, a major disaster occurred in A.P.'s backyard. At 12:55PM a tornado roared down the Nolachuckey Valley and hit the hamlet of Ryecove, in Scott County, just a few miles from Maces Spring. It demolished the high school, which was still in session, killing 13 children and injuring more than fifty. Among the dead were Ava Carter, a teacher at Cove Creek, and several children

[illegible]en who were in [illegible]es of A.P.'s. The [illegible]nade six months after [illegible] and released in March 1930, almost a year after it; some sources have recalled that A.P. actually wrote the song for a benefit concert a week or two after the storm. Like most Carter songs, it was circulated widely, and was even recorded by other singers.

Motherless Children was a gospel song the family learned from Lesley Riddle. It appears to date from 1904, when it was copyrighted by S.C. Brown (words) and Charles Driscoll (music). The powerful, rough-voiced Blind Willie Johnson had recorded it for Columbia a couple of years before the Carters did theirs. Their recording emerged as one of their strongest.

The full trio is heard on *When The Roses Bloom In Dixieland* and *No Telephone In Heaven*. The former was a 1913 effort by George 'Honeyboy' Evans, one of the last of the great minstrel showmen who was also known for his *In The Good Old Summertime*. It was another instance of an old sheet music publication getting loose in the folk tradition; and though this song would become a country standard of sorts, the Carters were the first to record it. *No Telephone In Heaven* apparently began life as a recitation about 1895, but little else is known about it.

Western Hobo was A.P.'s version of a traditional American ballad that Sara *"had always liked"* and that had been published on song 'ballets' by Kentucky singers Burnett and Rutherford about 1914.

Sara's remarkable voice continued to be the cornerstone of the family's singing, and she was featured as a soloist on three of the Atlanta sides. *Carter's Blues* was probably strung together by A.P. from several traditional lyrics: within five years of the recording it was being collected by folksong collectors, showing how potent the Carter records were. *Wabash Cannonball*, later to become the theme song of Grand Ole Opry patriarch Roy Acuff, had been originally learned by Sara *"from a ballet down in Tennessee."* The song in fact had been published in sheet music, with composer credits to William Kindt, in 1905, and recorded by Knoxville singer Hugh Cross a few months earlier. Peer didn't pick this as one of the big hits from the session; he held up its release until November 1932.

A Distant Land To Roam was another turn-of-the-century sentimental song, this time from the pen of one L.M. Bandy. *Jimmie Brown The Newsboy*, popularized in later bluegrass circles by Flatt and Scruggs, is an 1875 song by William Shakespeare Hays, the Louisville riverboat captain also responsible for *The Little Old Log Cabin In The Lane* and others.

Kitty Waltz was one Sara had known the tune to and which A.P. fitted with words. *Fond Affection*, the last of the Atlanta sides, has one of the odder pedigrees; versions of it had been previously recorded by a half-dozen old-time singers, but even older versions had been printed in collections of folk songs from Scotland as early as 1909. It is sometimes called *Dear Companion* and *If You Ever Learn To Love Me*.

Memphis, Tennessee, May 24, 1930

THE CANNON-BALL
THE LOVERS' FAREWELL
THERE'S SOMEONE AWAITING FOR ME
THE LITTLE LOG HUT IN THE LANE
WHEN THE SPRINGTIME COMES AGAIN
WHEN THE WORLD'S ON FIRE
I HAVE AN AGED MOTHER
THE DYING SOLDIER
WORRIED MAN BLUES

"It takes a worried man to sing a worried song," sang the Carter Family in a makeshift Victor studio in Memphis one Saturday evening on May 24, 1930. The record wouldn't be released until November of that fall – it would be one of their last really big hits for some time – and by then more than a few listeners were nodding their heads in sad appreciation of the lyrics. Out in the Midwest over a million farm families were being devastated by the drought and what some were calling the dust bowl. President Hoover was admitting that over four million other Americans were now unemployed, but denying that the government should offer direct aid to them. It was a time to start being worried. Across the South as furniture store owners wheeled Victrolas out on their sidewalks to play the newest Carter Family records, families with grim faces and patched clothes gathered and listened and sought for a moment to forget their troubles and escape into the warm sentiment and clear mountain harmony.

By now the Carters had their own special section in the newest edition of Victor's catalogue of 'Old Familiar Tunes' on record. *"Carter Family – With Guitar and Autoharp,"*

the heading read, under a photo of the group sitting in a field on their Virginia farm. Their big hits that spring were *When The Roses Bloom In Dixieland* (Victor V-40229) and *Bring Back My Blue Eyed Boy To Me* (Victor V-40190), and Ralph Peer and the New York bosses at Victor's front office were amazed at the variety of songs the Carters could sell – in spite of the growing hard times. Their hits included gospel songs, cowboy yodeling songs (usually Sara), genuine folk songs like *John Hardy*, old sentimental songs, newly written love songs – the list went on and on.

Therefore, when May 1930 rolled around and it was time again for the Carters' regular six-month session, Peer saw no reason to interfere. He told the Carters to work up about a dozen songs, of all sorts, and he would meet them in Memphis, where he would be recording blues and gospel music that spring. The Carters showed up after a long 500-mile drive across the state of Tennessee; as usual, they ran through their songs with minimal rehearsal, and on Saturday, May 24, gathered in a temporary studio in the Municipal Auditorium to start recording. Things went well, and six months later Peer set up a second Memphis session, in November. Most of these songs were done in two takes, even more testimony to the professionalism of the group.

These Memphis tracks are marked not only by some of the most potent Carter Family songs, but by an unusually high percentage of trio singing – cuts that actually feature the whole family in full voice. Even those that feature some solo work by Sara or A.P. often have the trio doing harmony. *The Cannon-Ball* became the best known of these; Sara recalled learning both text and style from Lesley Riddle. *"He taught us to pick that way."* Riddle, for his part, agreed that on this cut Maybelle picks it pretty much like he did, while A.P. delivers a rare solo vocal. *Lovers' Farewell* might have originated in sheet music, but the earliest version of it dates from a 1903 folksong collection. *There's Someone Awaiting For Me* has been traced by researcher Gus Meade to an 1861 Civil War songbook; it was published several times during the later 1800s and in 1928 recorded by a Galax string band called The Sweet Brothers. *The Little Log Hut In The Lane* Sara recalled as just *"another old song,"* but *When The Springtime Comes Again* was one she knew as *Little Annie*. She learned it from a neighbor of A.P.'s who gave them the 'ballet' for it. *When The World's On Fire*, featuring Maybelle's steel guitar, used a tune learned from Lesley Riddle, grafted to words done by the Carters.

Sara leads the singing on *I Have An Aged Mother*, a song she thinks they *"may have made up"* themselves; it is full of couplets that could have been drawn from any number of older sources. *The Dying Soldier* was one Sara worked up after she had read an article in a magazine; parts of it, though, were known to folksong collectors under the name *Murfreesboro Battlefield*. *Worried Man Blues*, which would become one of the Carters' most influential songs when redone by people as diverse as Woody Guthrie and The Kingston Trio, was learned orally by the group. Sara says they heard someone singing it, but could not remember where. In the original Carter form, the song is a prison song, possibly of black origin; the song's reference to the *"R.C. Mountain line"* remains cryptic.

Memphis, Tennessee, November 24, 1930

LONESOME VALLEY
ON THE ROCK WHERE MOSES STOOD
ROOM IN HEAVEN FOR ME

Memphis, Tennessee, November 25, 1930

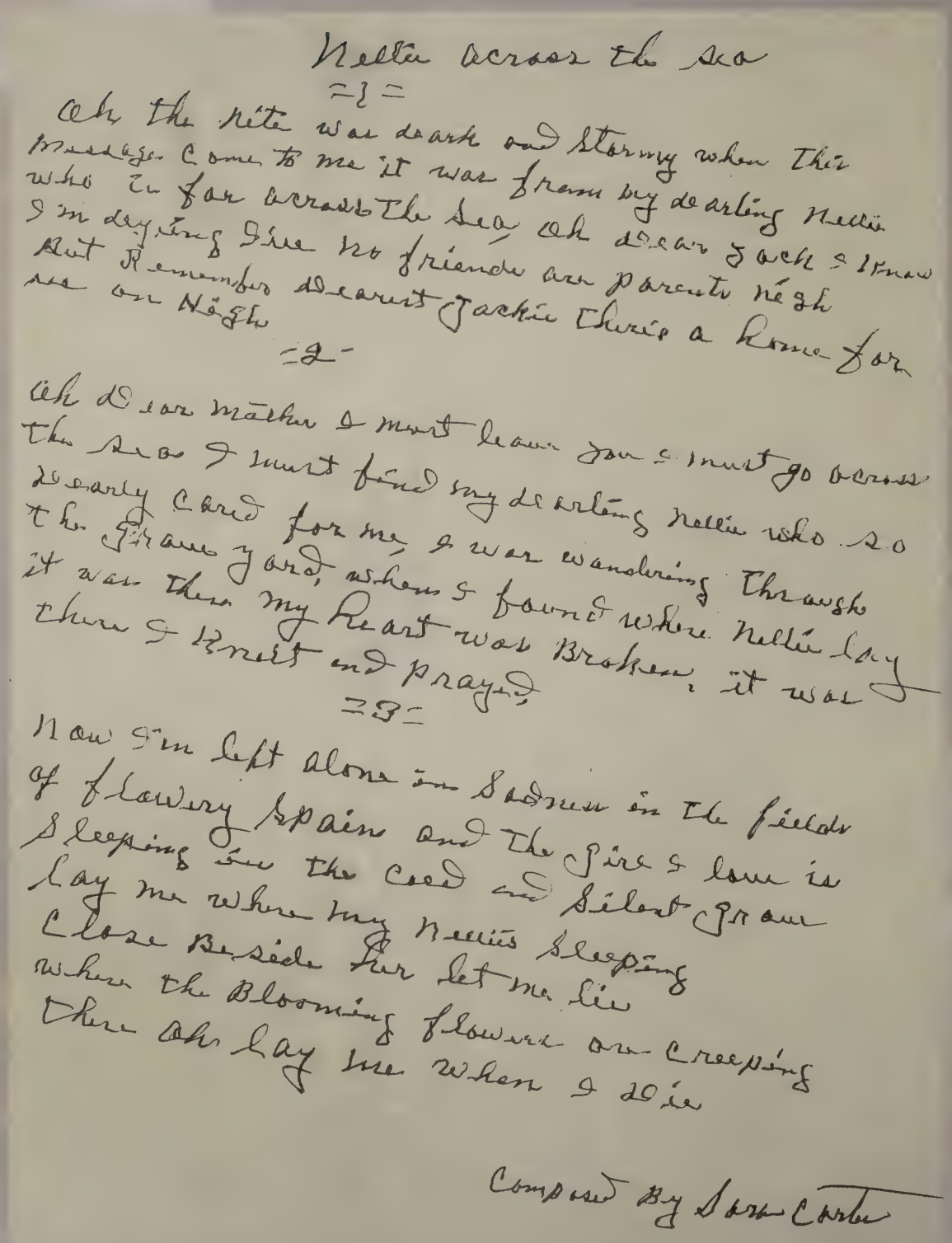
LONESOME PINE SPECIAL
NO MORE THE MOON SHINES ON LORENA
ON MY WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND
WHERE SHALL I BE?
SOW 'EM ON THE MOUNTAIN
(REAP 'EM IN THE VALLEY)
DARLING NELLIE ACROSS THE SEA
THE BIRDS WERE SINGING OF YOU

Lonesome Valley, with an arrangement that features A.P. doing an echo on the refrain, probably also came from Lesley Riddle. By the time the Carters recorded it, the song had been recorded by both white and black gospel singers (the Rev. F.W. McGhee, the Rev. Andrew Jenkins) and even appeared in print in collections like Carl Sandburg's 1927 'American Songbag.' *On The Rock Where Moses Stood* is another song widespread in black tradition but which the Carters were the first white artists to record; various jubilee quartets and groups, including the Norfolk Jubilee Quartet, and the

...un Jubilee Singers had ...ording the song since 1924, ...r this Carter version singers like Roy Hall and Bill Monroe added it to their repertoires. *Room In Heaven For Me* comes from the printed shape-note gospel songbook tradition, which is where the Carters learned it. It had been written in 1900 by James D. Vaughan.

Lonesome Pine Special was one Sara says she *"made up"* but *No More The Moon Shines On Lorena* was learned off an old *"song ballet"* one of the family picked up. The ultimate source for *Lorena* was one Louis Stabb, who copyrighted it in 1889, and it had been recorded numerous times – including by the radio team of Mac and Bob – before the Carters did it. In the later '30s it became a duet standard and was featured by Karl and Harty, the Delmore Brothers, and the Blue Sky Boys.

On My Way To Canaan's Land is another full trio song; *"The Holiness people used to sing that,"* remembered Sara. *Where Shall I Be?* apparently came to the Carters from some old hymn book, but the traditional Black spiritual *Sow 'Em On The Mountain* was one Sara and A.P. used to hear in churches. (It was later recorded and featured by the popular Coon Creek Girls in the late 1930s.) *Darling Nellie Across The Sea* seems to have been a Family original: theirs is the only recording of it, and Sara recalled writing much of it herself. *The Birds Were Singing Of You* was another original.



Nellie across the Sea

=1=

Oh the nite was dark and Stormy when the
Message come to me it was from my dearling Nellie
who is far across the Sea oh dear Jack I know
I'm dying I've no friends are parents nigh
But Remember dearest Jackie there's a home for
me on High

=2=

Oh Dear Mother I must leave you I must go across
the Sea I must find my dearling Nellie who so
dearly cared for me I was wandering through
the Grave yard, when I found where Nellie lay
it was there my Heart was Broken, it was
there I Knelt and prayed

=3=

Now I'm left alone in Sadness in the fields
of flowery Spain and the Fire of love is
Sleeping in the Cold and Silent Grave
Lay me where my Nellie's Sleeping
Close Beside her let me lie
where the Blooming flowers are creeping
there oh Lay me when I die

Composed By Sara Carter

Charlotte, North Carolina, May 25, 1931

WEARY PRODIGAL SON
MY OLD COTTAGE HOME
WHEN I'M GONE
SUNSHINE IN THE SHADOWS
LET THE CHURCH ROLL ON

Charlotte, North Carolina, May 26, 1931

LONESOME FOR YOU
CAN'T FEEL AT HOME

By 1931, A.P. had turned 40 years old. His wife Sara was 33, and her cousin Maybelle only 22. There was increasing pressure to come up with fresh material – either new songs they had written or old songs they had rearranged. *"A.P. was the song-hunter,"* Maybelle told Mike Seeger years later. *"He'd get out and scrape up everything he could find, and then we'd probably have to put 'em together, get a tune. So we usually just made up a lot of them."*

The last part of this session was filled with gospel songs, a genre that had been slighted in recent sessions. *Sunshine In The Shadows* was an old gospel favorite Lesley Riddle had taught them, and *Can't Feel At Home*, later popularized by Woody Guthrie, was also from African-American gospel tradition. It had been earlier recorded by several black gospel groups, and had appeared in a number of white gospel songbooks as *"arranged"* by one composer or another. In 1935 the Chicago radio band The Prairie Ramblers brought out an even slicker arrangement. *Let The Church Roll On* was, according to Sara, *"one Holiness church people sang."*

Lonesome For You features something rare in Carter Family records, A.P. and Sara alternating solo verses. (It was by now getting rare to even hear A.P. do any solo work.) Buoyed by Maybelle's brand-new Gibson guitar, the two create an arrangement that will become a standard. In 1941, it would become a hit all over again when Pete Cassell recorded it for Decca under the title *I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome.*

Sara and A.P. learned *Weary Prodigal Son* from an old hymn book, possibly Homer Rodeheaver's 'Great Revival Hymns #2' or E.O. Excell's 'Revival Songs #2,' both from the early 1900s. The song itself came from the pen of Charles H. Gabriel, who wrote it in 1889 under the title *Calling The Prodigal.* Gabriel (1856-1932) was a native of Wilton, Iowa, whose parents had moved there from Virginia before the Civil War. He later settled in Chicago and wrote a good half-dozen hymns that have become standards, including *Brighten The Corner* and *Higher Ground.* Like A.P., he was also a singing-school teacher, which may help explain the complicated part singing heard in the chorus here. *My Old Cottage Home* was written around 1880 by R.A. Glenn, and even though it is technically a sentimental, not religious, song, it was often included in gospel songbooks, such as James D. Vaughan's 'Perfect Praise.' The song had become popular with pioneer country singers, and at least six of them (including Charley Oaks and Ed Helton from east Tennessee) had already beaten the Carters into the studio with recorded versions.

When I'm Gone had also been recorded before the Carters, but it is their version that made the song into a later folk and bluegrass standard. Early versions of this song, generally called *You'll Miss Me When I'm Gone*, showed up in a number of 19th century songsters – cheap pocket-sized paperbacks containing words to popular songs of the day. The actual composers seem to have been two men named W.H. Delehanty and T.H. Hengler, who created the song about 1874. None of the Carters remembered anything about where they found it, but it's a good bet that they heard it through oral tradition or on one of the earlier Victrola records.

Louisville, Kentucky, June 10, 1931
(The Carter and Jimmie Rodgers)

Why There's A Tear In My Eye
The Wonderful City

Louisville, Kentucky, June 12, 1931

Jimmie Rodgers Visits The Carter Family
The Carter Family And Jimmie Rodgers In Texas

As the Carters were wrapping up their session, their manager and Victor's head A&R man, Ralph Peer, came to them with some interesting news. As soon as the Victor field crew finished up in Charlotte, in a couple of days, they were moving on to a similar session in Louisville. Though most of the work would be devoted to doing blues singers and jug bands, Jimmie Rodgers, the famed 'blue yodeler', would also be present for several sessions. Since Rodgers and the Carters were far and away the two best selling acts for Victor, what would the Carters think about trying some joint recordings? Possibly some skits and possibly some singing together? Could the Carters drive up to Louisville and be there by June 9 to try to work some things out? Though he had a few reservations, A.P. agreed.

The Carters met Rodgers in Louisville in a vacant storeroom on Main Street that Victor had rented for their makeshift studio. They were not really finished writing the skit he wanted to record, so he had encouraged each group to bring a new song to record. It was decided the best plan would be for Sara and Jimmie to do a couple of duets, and these were easily worked out. Maybelle provided the guitar accompaniment, deliberately imitating Rodgers' style; in later years, she would say this was because Rodgers was too sick to play his own accompaniment.

The first song, *Why There's A Tear In My Eye*, was credited to A.P. although largely derived from a 1928 Carson Robison song called *An Old Man's Story*. (The song had even been recorded on Victor by Frank Luther.) *The Wonderful City* had come from the pen of Jimmie's sister-in-law, Elsie McWilliams, who had also provided him with classics like *Never No Mo' Blues* and *Daddy And Home*. According to Rodgers' biographer Nolan Porterfield, Jimmie had had the song for some time, but felt he needed some harmony to bring it off; Sara provided that kind of help.

On the next day, June 11, all three of the Carters joined Jimmie in the studio to start working on the skit that would be called *Jimmie Rodgers Visits The Carter Family*. At first, things went badly; none of the four was especially experienced at reading dialogue, and A.P. especially had trouble with his lines. Rodgers' old copies of the scripts show that there were a lot of changes, some probably in the studio. Take after take was tried, with Rodgers growing impatient and the Carters thinking it was a silly idea. They finally broke for the day, and returned the following morning for a fresh start. This time it was Sara who played the guitar, and Maybelle joined in on, of all things, the mandolin. It would be the only time she would record with the instrument on the Victor sides. The skit had Jimmie admiring the beauties of Clinch Mountain, Sara and Maybelle singing *My Clinch Mountain Home* and *Little Darling Pal Of Mine*, and all four of them singing *Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight*, a song none of them had ever recorded before. Then came a second skit, where the geography was reversed and the Carters *"visited"* Jimmie in Texas. On *The Carter Family And Jimmie Rodgers In Texas* all four join in the dialogue, but only Sara joins Jimmie for a song, *T For Texas*. For some reason, this second skit was held up for release until 1937. After the session, Peer got them all out on the sidewalk for a photo – in color, no less – as a memento of country music's first great *"recorded event."*

Throughout the rest of 1931, the Carters, like most of America, struggled with the deepening Depression. By October, as many as nine million people were out of work, and banks were failing at an alarming rate; some of the more cynical citizens were starting to hoard gold. On October 22, Victor released *Jimmie Rodgers Visits The Carter Family* with much fanfare and hoopla; *"Hear them sing together on one record,"* boasted one advertisement. *"A great event – and a great record!"* The fans agreed; it was one of the two biggest hits for RCA Victor that fall, selling over 24,000 copies - ten times what the average record sold that fall. When the next Carter release, *Lonesome For You*, came out in November, it managed to sell only about 7,000.

Atlanta, Georgia, February 23, 1932

'MID THE GREEN FIELDS OF VIRGINIA
HAPPIEST DAYS OF ALL
PICTURE ON THE WALL
AMBER TRESSES

Atlanta, Georgia, February 24, 1932

I NEVER LOVED BUT ONE
TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME
WHERE WE'LL NEVER GROW OLD
WE WILL MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY

There was still optimism in the offices at RCA Victor, and field trips into the South to gather new blues and country material were scheduled as usual. The Carters were notified that their regular semi-annual session would be in Atlanta in late February 1932. Setting up their temporary studio in the Egleston Auditorium in downtown Atlanta, Ralph Peer and his crew recorded eight pieces by the Carters. For the most part, they were old, mellow, sentimental or gospel songs, many featuring the full trio singing; missing were the hard-hitting blues and droll comedy songs of an earlier time. These were the musical equivalent of comfort food – something to soothe the stress and fear that rural Southerners were feeling in these hard times.

The session began with a song that was to become closely associated with the Carters, *'Mid The Green Fields Of Virginia*. It had been published in 1898 by Charles K. Harris (1867-1930), a specialist in tear-jerking songs who lived in Milwaukee and hired a vaudeville performer to run his New York office. Unable to read or write music, Harris crafted songs with a folk flavor that appealed to rural singers; his other hits included *After The Ball* and *Break The News To Mother*. The second song from the session was even older: *Happiest Days Of All*, composed in 1875 by Will L. Thompson, and commonly known as *Gathering Up Shells From The Seashore*. In later years it was featured in a W.C. Fields film, and was re-recorded by Sara and Maybelle in their 'Historic Reunion' LP in 1967.

Sara recalled that they learned *Picture On The Wall* from an old record; almost certainly it was the giant 1927 hit by The Georgia Yellow Hammers, from Gordon County, Georgia. The song had been penned by Bud Landress, one of the founders of the band. *Amber Tresses*, later re-popularized by bluegrass mavens Flatt and Scruggs, had been *"picked up in Russell County (Virginia) from some lady,"* according to Sara. *I Never Loved But One*, with its odd rhetoric and stilted phrasing, is almost certainly a revamped 19th-century love song, and one of the more obscure in the Carter canon. Sara leads, with A.P. doing his customary *"bassin' in"* in the trio. *Tell Me That You Love Me* is the Carter version of *We Parted By The Riverside*, from the pen of Will S. Hays, author of *Jimmie Brown The Newsboy*.

Two gospel chestnuts concluded the sessions. *Where We'll Never Grow Old* was another Georgia song, coming from the pen of the Rev. James Cleveland Moore, from Paulding County. Moore, a well-known singing school teacher and organizer of singing conventions, published the song in 1914. In 1926 it had been recorded by the popular gospel group Smith's Sacred Singers and became one of the biggest best-sellers in the Columbia catalogue; it is possible that Victor wanted a cover version of it for their own catalogue. A.P's old singing-school experience shows up in his fine counterpart work on the chorus. *We Will March Through The Streets Of The City* is a page from what gospel expert Harlan Daniel calls *"the Metropolitan Hymnal,"* a series of rural gospel songs about the city. The hymnal also includes such favorites as *Looking For A City, City On The Hill, I'm Bound For That City,* and *Pearly White City*. The Carter entry was one of the more popular, being issued on as many as six labels and subsidiaries during the early 1930s.

Camden, New Jersey, October 12, 1932

SWEET AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY TIME
WILL THE ROSES BLOOM IN HEAVEN
ON A HILL LONE AND GRAY
MY LITTLE HOME IN TENNESSEE
THE SUN OF THE SOUL
IF ONE WON'T ANOTHER ONE WILL
THE BROKEN HEARTED LOVER

Camden, New Jersey, October 13, 1932

TWO SWEETHEARTS
THE WINDING STREAM
I WOULDN'T MIND DYING
THE SPIRIT OF LOVE WATCHES OVER ME
THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

On February 22, 1932, A.P. Carter and Ralph Peer had met to talk contracts. Not only was Peer supervising the recording sessions for the Carters, but he was also serving as their personal manager. A.P. by now knew just about the kind of songs Peer wanted, and Peer had gotten to where he totally trusted A.P.'s judgment. *"I can't remember him ever turning down a song we brought in,"* remembered Sara Carter, even when the increasing recording dates demanded more and more new material.

But now things were changing, at Victor, with Peer, and with the Carters themselves. The new contract Peer showed A.P. was not with Victor, but with Peer personally. Instead of royalties, the Carters were now to be paid the lump sum of $75 a selection, *"payable within ten days of the recording session."* The Carters were guaranteed only four selections a year, and promised not to record for any other company, or to allow their name to be used to publicize any other records, during the two years covered by the agreement. Though guaranteed only four selections, the day after the contract was signed, the group went into the Atlanta studio and did eight sides, collecting the tidy sum of $600.

A.P. alone signed the contract, but he did so with more than a few qualms. That year the Carter Family was threatening to break apart. Maybelle and Eck had moved to Washington, D.C., and now a far more serious rift was threatening. Friends knew that the marriage between Sara and A.P. had been rocky for some time; A.P. was a difficult man to get along with, and Sara was a strong-willed woman. Still, divorce was very rare in the mountains in 1932, and A.P. couldn't believe that Sara was serious about leaving. They had by now moved off their cabin on Clinch Mountain and were living in a four-room house down in the valley. He was surprised when Sara decided to move out in early 1933 and go back to Copper Creek, where she and A.P. had been married 18 years before. Not only was she fed up with A.P., she was fed up with the music. It took intervention on the part of Peer and his wife to eventually convince her to return.

Thus Sara agreed to work up songs for the new session planned for Camden in October. The Carters had survived their latest crisis, and though none of them saw themselves as *"movie stars,"* they all decided their music was worth the extra effort. And if none of them were living the idyllic mountain life they sang about, they were still capable of producing some of the most evocative music of the age.

Twelve selections were recorded in Camden on October 12 and 13, 1932. Many were done on one take, and only one track from the session, *On A Hill Lone And Gray*, was not deemed suitable for release.

Sweet As The Flowers In May Time seems to be one of the songs A.P. cobbled together from several sources. Some of it has been collected by folklorists who have dated it pre-1900, and another verse seems to come from an old 1867 song called *Where There's A Will, There's A Way*. Sara sings lead, with A.P. and Maybelle joining on the chorus.

Will The Roses Bloom In Heaven comes from the pen of Charles K. Harris, the mother-song specialist of the turn of the century. It had earlier been recorded by the Knoxville duet of Mac and Bob, who later won fame on Chicago's National Barn Dance. The Carters learned their version off a 'ballet' they picked up.

My Little Home In Tennessee was a rarity, a contemporary hillbilly song, this one penned by Carson J. Robison, the long-time partner of Vernon Dalhart. In fact, Dalhart had recorded this piece numerous times before the Carters found it, and this is probably why Peer and Victor decided not to release this version. It was eventually discovered in the Victor archive and first issued in a private pressing for the English magazine 'Country News & Views.'

The Sun Of The Soul is a 1917 Pentecostal shouter more commonly called *When The Light Has Gone Out Of Your Soul*. Again, Sara leads the singing, spurred on by her and Maybelle's twin guitars.

If One Won't Another One Will, which Sara described as *"an old time song,"* is better known under the name *Lonesome Scenes Of Winter*. It shows up in 'Wehman's Collection of Songs' in New York in 1884-94, as well as in Laws' collection of American ballads, and was recorded several times by early country groups.

The Broken Hearted Lover was originally sent to the family in 'ballet' form, from somebody in either Virginia or Tennessee; by now, the Carters were routinely getting old songs in the mail, making their song hunting a little easier. *Two Sweethearts*, yet another 'ballet,' was actually copyrighted in 1897 by two obscure tunesmiths named E.P. Morgan (words) and J. Fred Helf (music).

The Winding Stream came to them from a fan in British Columbia (where Carter songs were being reissued); Sara recalls that he sent only the words, and that it was titled something like *Flower In My Canoe*. A.P. rearranged the words, the trio worked up a melody, Peer changed the title, and the result was one of the group's most distinctive efforts.

I Wouldn't Mind Dying was widely known in black gospel circles, having been recorded by Blind Willie Johnson, Arizona Dranes, and the Norfolk Jubilee Quartet, among others. The Carters were the first white gospel group to try it. Sara referred to it as a *"Holiness song."* She and A.P. sing the duet. *The Spirit Of Love Watches Over Me* features a rare duet between Sara and Maybelle, on a song nobody remembers much about. And *The Church In The Wildwood*, familiar to several generations of Sunday school and grade school music classes, first appeared in a songbook by evangelist Homer Rodeheaver about 1911. It was written by the prolific gospel wordsmith James Rowe, along with William S. Pitts, and had become popular in the 1920s. Previously, it had been recorded by the Jenkins Family (from Atlanta) and the Vaughan Quartet (from Lawrenceburg, Tennessee), but neither version is as lively and forceful as the Carters'.

Camden, New Jersey, June 17, 1933

GIVE ME ROSES WHILE I LIVE
I NEVER WILL MARRY
ON THE SEA OF GALILEE
HOME BY THE SEA
WHEN THE ROSES COME AGAIN
I LOVED YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNEW
THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME
SEE THAT MY GRAVE IS KEPT GREEN
THE OLD RUGGED CROSS
WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN?
OVER THE GARDEN WALL
GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN
SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL
WILL MY MOTHER KNOW ME THERE?
FADED FLOWERS
POOR LITTLE ORPHANED BOY

By now, the members of the Carter Family were surviving the Depression a lot better than their neighbors. As Maybelle recalled years later, the Carter kids were able to give money to other children at the local school. *"Then, of course, our royalties was coming in,"* she added, *"which helped a lot."* The newer records, though, were not helping the cause much. Victor's top-of-the-line 23500 series, on which most recent Carter sides were released, had sales falling through the basement; even Carter records had been selling as few as 2,000 copies in 1932, and by 1933 they were down into the hundreds. For all practical purposes, many of the sides done in June 1933 were

unheard by the general public at the time; the original 78s remain the rarest of all Carter Family records. Several titles were never even issued until decades later and one, *Will My Mother Know Me There?*, came out only on a mail-order Montgomery Ward release. None of this, however, reflected the quality of the music at the session; several Carter classics were born here, as well as a bevy of obscure surprises.

Give Me Roses While I Live, generally attributed to shape-note gospel writer R.H. Cornelius, became quite popular with radio singers in the 1930s, especially with a group called The MacDonald Brothers. The lyrics also gained fame as a piece of inspirational *"folk poetry,"* and often appeared on greeting cards. Sara, as usual, leads with the trio on the chorus.

I Never Will Marry, recalled Sara, *"is one I've known all my life."* With Sara now fully separated from A.P., however, the song might have taken on a poignant new meaning. *On The Sea Of Galilee* uses as one of its verses a stanza by Isaac Watts, dating from 1709; while this version of the song didn't sell especially well, the Carters redid it in 1935 for ARC and had a major hit with it. *Home By The Sea* is not the well-known song featured by the Carolina Buddies, but an older, more obscure song. It too bears the earmarks of one of A.P.'s brilliant composites, an old song uniquely *"Carterized"* for a new generation.

When The Roses Come Again gives Sara a chance to hone her yodeling skills a little more; the song dates from 1874, when it was published with composer credits to A.W. Finch (words) and G.W. Persley (music), and had previously been recorded by Jack Mathis, a sentimental singer who worked for Columbia. *I Loved You Better Than You Knew*, better known through its later recording by the Delmore Brothers, has been traced to an 1893 printed source credited to Johnny Carroll. It apparently circulated widely on ballet cards, since it has surfaced in several folksong collections; Sara herself recalled they had learned it from a ballet. *This Is Like Heaven To Me* Sara remembered learning from a hymn book, which might well have been Tillman's 'Revival #6,' where it is credited to J.E. French (1903).

See That My Grave Is Kept Green, not to be confused with the more popular Blind Lemon Jefferson favorite *See That My Grave Is Kept Clean*, was one Sara said she had *"known a long time."* It had been written by one Gus Williams in 1876, and showed up in a bunch of 19th-century songsters. *Over The Garden Wall: "That was an old ballet given to us by an old lady in Tennessee,"* Sara recalled. It had been popularized in the 1890s by the northern vaudeville singer Tony Pastor and gone from there into folk tradition; the actual source was a pair of minstrel show men named Harry Hunter and George D. Fox, who penned it as far back as 1879.

Gold Watch And Chain was the most enduring song from this session, one that has become a standard in bluegrass and country music. Its original title was *Is There No Kiss For Me Tonight Love?* and it was written by Thomas P. Westendorf in 1879. The original Carter version, featuring Sara and the trio, was issued on a rare Victor 78, as well as a Montgomery Ward 'stencil' label; Maybelle in later years began to feature it during her solo career in the 1950s and 1960s, and it became a favorite of the folk revival. Later, artists like Emmylou Harris spread its popularity even farther.

School House On The Hill is from one of the little Vaughan shape-note books, dating from 1907 and written by Aldine Kieffer, one of the founders of the seven-shape note system. The version that the Carters sing here is almost word for word the same in the Vaughan book, suggesting they were working directly from the text. The song was also included in 'Vaughan's School Songs' (1931), a paperback designed for classroom use.

Will My Mother Know Me There? is one, Sara recalled, *"that we sang in church a lot."* It had been written in 1906 by veteran hymnodists Johnson Oatman and William Golden. Oatman was a New Jersey lyricist best known for his *Higher Ground*. About the only previous country recording of the song had been done by L.V. Jones' Virginia Singing Class for Okeh. *Faded Flowers* dates as far back as 1851, with credits to James Power and J.H. Brown. Asa Martin had recorded a rare version under the name *Lost Love*, but aside from that, the Carters pretty well had the song to themselves. The last side from the session is *Poor Little Orphaned Boy*, a track which remained unissued until the 1960s. The song itself seems to date from the Civil War era, and had been recorded earlier by Buell Kazee.

Camden, New Jersey, May 8, 1934

ON A HILL LONE AND GRAY
COWBOY JACK
I'LL BE ALL SMILES TONIGHT
AWAY OUT ON THE OLD SAINT SABBETH
THE CUBAN SOLDIER
DARLING LITTLE JOE
HAPPY OR LONESOME
ONE LITTLE WORD
DARLING DAISIES
THE EAST VIRGINIA BLUES
WHAT DOES THE DEEP SEA SAY?
LOVERS RETURN
IT'LL AGGRAVATE YOUR SOUL
HELLO,CENTRAL! GIVE ME HEAVEN
I'M WORKING ON A BUILDING
YOU'VE BEEN FOOLING ME, BABY

Some 11 months later, the Carters were back in the Victor studios at Camden for their next session, on May 8, 1934. By now they were really getting the hang of working in the studio; on a single day, starting at 9:00AM and working until 2:45 and taking an hour out for lunch, they produced no fewer than 16 masters. With the exception of *On A Hill Lone And Gray*, the first one in the session, all the others were nailed on one take.

Cowboy Jack, a duet with Sara and Maybelle, one of an increasing number of western songs the family was doing, was a piece that Sara thought they learned off a Victrola record. Quite likely; though a certified Native American ballad (Laws B24), the song had been widely recorded by people like Marc Williams, Billie Maxwell, Peg Moreland, and WLS's Arkie the Arkansas Woodchopper.

Known today as everybody's favorite Dobro solo, *I'll Be All Smiles Tonight* is one the Carters learned from a neighbor named Price Owens, near Maces Spring. It apparently came from the pen of one T.B. Ransom in 1879. It shows up in a number of folksong collections, and was recorded by groups like The Blue Ridge Highballers, Mac and Bob, and the Allen Brothers before the Carters decided to try it. Sara leads the singing here, with the trio joining in on the chorus. *Away Out On The Old Saint Sabbeth* is somewhat of a mystery. Sara thinks someone gave them a ballet on this, but she had no idea of what the title means. *"Neither did Ralph Peer,"* she laughed. Sara again leads, with the trio backing her.

Sara recalled getting *"the poetry"* for *Darling Little Joe*, and A.P. worked up the music. Surely one of the finest illustrations of The Pathetic Fallacy, this lugubrious deathbed scene came from the pen of Charles E. Addison in 1876. It was a favorite of Bradley Kincaid over the air, and had been recorded several times before this. Though a fine trio performance, the recording was shelved by Victor, and not issued until the 1960s. *Happy Or Lonesome*, more commonly known as *Are You Happy or Lonesome?*, is another parlor song that won favor with old time musicians; it had been made into a modest record hit by the Kentucky duo of Burnett and Rutherford about 1927. The Carters slowed the tempo, added some more subtle harmony, and came up with an arrangement that would hold up in many a bluegrass band.

One Little Word, in spite of its modern-sounding rhetoric and prosody, came from the pen of Gussie Davis (1863-1899), one of the first great African-American Tin Pan Alley songwriters. Davis, hailed by historians for his ability to *"open up the tear ducts of America,"* had a number of his efforts get into early country music: *Maple On The Hill, In The Baggage Coach Ahead*, even *Footprints In The Snow*. *One Little Word* is one A.P. brought to the Family, with the usual satisfactory results. The master songfinder, after all.

By now Victor had started their budget Bluebird label, with records selling for 35 cents, as opposed to 75 cents for top-drawer Victors; they had also completed a deal with Montgomery Ward's catalogue store to issue Carter sides on the Ward's label and feature them in their own section of the Ward's catalogue. In short, once again Carter Family records were getting good distribution and finding a decent audience.

The East Virginia Blues, rooted in several mountain lyrics and crafted by A.P.'s master hand, became a standard in country and bluegrass music, one still heard today. *Darling Daisies* is less familiar, and seems based on an 1860s song called *I Love To Sing And Dance Among The Roses*. Another old 19th-century piece is *Lovers Return*, sometimes called *Too Late You Have Come Back To Me*; song scholar Sigmund Spaeth included it in one of his works, and it was recorded by several old-time artists before the Carters did their version – artists that ranged from The Stoneman Family to the Weaver Brothers.

Camden, New Jersey, December 11, 1934

LONGING FOR OLD VIRGINIA
MARCH WINDS GOIN'
TO BLOW MY BLUES ALL AWAY
THERE'LL BE JOY, JOY, JOY
HOME IN TENNESSEE
ARE YOU TIRED OF ME, MY DARLING
I CANNOT BE YOUR SWEETHEART
MY HEART'S TONIGHT IN TEXAS
BE CAREFUL BOYS, DON'T GO TOO FAR
MY VIRGINIA ROSE
THERE'S NO HIDING PLACE DOWN HERE
COWBOY'S WILD SONG TO HIS HERD
A LAD FROM OLD VIRGINIA
SAD AND LONESOME DAY
THE EVENING BELLS ARE RINGING
THE LITTLE DOBE SHACK
THE MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE
TEXAS GIRL
I'LL BE HOME SOME DAY
FADED COAT OF BLUE
SAILOR BOY

[illegible] is certainly [illegible] whether or not [illegible] mythical is a matter of [illegible] In 1954, when A.P. was [illegible]ducing the song on a taped [illegible]cert, he said it was about *"a certain feller who grew up in our part of the country and got married. He got a fool notion in his head, he stole him a wife and went to Tennessee. I won't tell you who he is, but you all probably have a good idea when you hear the song."* Sara, though, in a later interview denied that the piece was about their own courtship and wedding, and Janette Carter points out that Sara and A.P. did not elope to Bristol, but were married in Midway, near Nickelsville. Whatever the case, it's a wonderful, wry, sardonic song, and a rare solo by A.P.

Sara recalled *Hello, Central! Give Me Heaven* as *"sort of a Holiness song."* It dates from 1901, the product of the prolific Charles K. Harris. It had become a vaudeville favorite of the Gilded Age, and had been recorded several times by the time the Carters did it. Another *"Holiness song"* was *I'm Working On A Building*, still current in gospel repertoires today. *On A Hill Lone And Gray* is derived from an 1890s song by Robert Carridine which was spread widely when it got into one of the revival gospel books of L.L. Picket. The Carters had tried to record it at a 1932 session, but never got a satisfactory take. This one passed muster, and was issued on Bluebird, Montgomery Ward, and even on Regal Zonophone in the British Commonwealth.

The next session would be the Carters' last for Victor for six years, and it was a mammoth one. By now both A.P. and Maybelle were really hitting their stride in writing original songs. Heard here are A.P.'s *March Winds Goin' To Blow My Blues All Away*, *Home In Tennessee*, and *The Evening Bells Are Ringing. There'll Be Joy, Joy, Joy*, often known as *In My Father's House*, was probably taught to the family by Lesley Riddle; through the 1920s it seemed to be a favorite on the black gospel quartet circuit, and was recorded by several such groups. Sara recalled that *"'Are You Tired Of Me, My Darling' might have been a record"* they learned from, and indeed it was recorded by several old-time acts, such as Mac and Bob (1927) and Bill Cox (1931). The ultimate source was probably a piece of sheet music dated from 1877, which credits the song to G.P. Cook and Ralph Roland.

Longing For Old Virginia was published as *I'm Longing For Old Virginia*, with composer credits to Joe Lyons (words) and E. Clinton Keithley (music), in 1915. A.P. cut the original four verses to the two heard here by combining parts of two different stanzas. Though the Carter recording itself was only a modest success, the song became a favorite in the area, and in 1999 was a leading candidate for the official state song of the state of Virginia.

I Cannot Be Your Sweetheart seems to go back to a song of the same name penned and published in 1899 by one Abbie A. Ford. It had been recorded at the 1928 Bristol session by Howard and Peak, and by the Kentucky duo of Rutherford and Foster (who called it *Under The Pale Moonlight*). This Carter version stayed on the shelf for four decades until it finally sneaked out in the '60s. Cowboy songs were starting to

enter the Carter songbag more by now – probably a reflection of the nationwide popularity of the singing cowboys like Gene Autry and the Sons of the Pioneers. A.P. became fascinated with the 'old west,' and was a regular subscriber to 'Ranch Romances.'

My Heart's Tonight In Texas is listed as a Laws ballad (B23), meaning it has been collected by folklorists. It dates from 1900, and is credited to Max S. Witt; other early country singers (such as The Girls of the Golden West and Ted Chesnut and Doc Roberts) called it *By The Silvery Rio Grande. Cowboy's Wild Song To His Herd* is another Carter song that seems to appear nowhere else; some members of the family think Maybelle did this, others say it was solely A.P.'s effort. The standard *There's No Hiding Place Down Here* came, Sara thought, from *"an old hymn book."* The original piece *I'll Be Home Some Day*, is a rarely heard number that featured all three voices.

The old Civil War ballad *Faded Coat Of Blue*, widely known in folk tradition, was written in 1865 by one J.H. McNaughton. Several other early singers, including the popular Buell Kazee, had preceded the Carters in recording it. And there was an old American ballad, *Sailor Boy*, more commonly known to folksong collectors as *Sailor Boy's Farewell*, and classified in Laws 'Native American Balladry' as K13.

New York City, May 5, 1935

Glory To The Lamb
Behind Those Stone Walls
Sinking In The Lonesome Sea

Though Ralph Peer was still managing the Carters and though he was still present at their Victor recording sessions, he no longer had the power he once had with Victor because he was now devoting himself full time to his publishing business. His job of overseeing the country and blues recordings at Victor had been taken over by Eli Oberstein, an abrasive but talented northerner whom A.P. (and Peer) did not especially like. This was one of the reasons why Peer negotiated a label change for the family in 1935. He got them a deal with ARC, the American Record Company, a new conglomerate that had been formed during the Depression.

Starting from a union of two small independent labels, Regal and Cameo, in 1929, ARC had within a few years acquired larger companies like Brunswick, Vocalion, and Columbia. By 1935 it was a huge operation, with offices at 1776 Broadway and a skilled A&R man in the dapper Englishman Art Satherley. Since the company owned a family of labels, they often issued the same recording on as many as seven labels. Much of their product was released through various labels custom-tailored for different national chain stores. Banner, for example, was sold by the W.T. Grant dime stores; Romeo was designed for H.S. Kress; Oriole was for the variety store McCrory's. One of the biggest clients was the giant catalogue store Sears, which released ARC sides on its own Conqueror label. More general labels included Melotone, Vocalion, and Perfect. By 1935 the company was recording extensively, often paying flat fees that were as low as $15 a side.

The Carters were contracted to complete 40 selections for ARC, and on May 5 arrived in New York to start work. They hoped to have it all done within a week, but Satherley was concerned about the time, and suggested they get started by working on a Sunday afternoon. They were able to complete three songs, two on one take only, the third on two takes. *Glory To The Lamb* sounds like an old Pentecostal song, sometimes called *Hallelujah To The Lamb*. One early printed version of it occurs in a turn-of-the-century songbook called 'New Onward And Upward,' co-edited by E.T. Hildebrand and B.C. Unseld, both veteran singing-school teachers. *Behind Those Stone Walls* is probably an A.P. original, a prison song about a country boy who gets arrested when he goes to New York. *Sinking In The Lonesome Sea* is one of the oldest songs the Carter Family recorded, dating from 17th-century England, one often called *The Merry Golden Tree* or *The Golden Vanity*. It was immensely popular in the mountains; A.P.'s mother knew it, and Sara recalled learning it from Uncle Leish. The traditional versions of the song are always a good deal longer than this version, a reflection of one of A.P.'s eternal problems – how to keep his songs to the three-minute limits of the typical 78 record.

New York City, May 6, 1935

HE TOOK A WHITE ROSE FROM HER HAIR
CAN THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN
(BYE AND BYE)
LET'S BE LOVERS AGAIN
YOUR MOTHER STILL PRAYS
(FOR YOU, JACK)
KISSING IS A CRIME

During the second day of the New York session, the family continued to record new material they had worked up. *He Took A White Rose From Her Hair*, more commonly known simply as *The White Rose*, is a traditional ballad that shows up in Laws' 'Native American Balladry' as G19B; I have also seen it printed as a broadside in Wayne County, Kentucky. It had been widely recorded before the Carters did it, and versions survive by Wayne County native Emry Arthur, as well as Red Patterson's Piedmont Log Rollers, and Kentuckians Cliff Carlisle and Wilbur Ball.

Can The Circle Be Unbroken (Bye And Bye), which would emerge as the Carters' best-selling song from the session, had previously been recorded for Victor in 1933 but never released. Its ultimate source was a popular 1907 gospel song by Ada R. Habershon and Charles Gabriel called *Will The Circle Be Unbroken?* Little is known of the lyricist, Ada R. Habershon, but Gabriel was in the habit of buying 'song poems' from aspiring writers, often for as little as $1.00 apiece, and there is a good chance that Miss Habershon was one of these writers. The song in its original form appeared in numerous songbooks, and was recorded by several early acts, including Frank Luther and Carson Robison, and the McCravy Brothers. What A.P. Carter did to it was major surgery. He stripped away the Victorian verses and retained the melody and the chorus; then created a new set of verses that are much more country-flavored. Over the years, it has been the Carter version that has prevailed.

Let's Be Lovers Again is another 19th-century parlor song, also known as *Jack And May* and *Make Up And Be Lovers Again*. It came from the pen of Gussie Davis, who copyrighted the song in 1893, and in the 1920s was recorded numerous times by singers like The Golden Melody Boys, Darby and Tarlton, and others. *Your Mother Still Prays (For You, Jack)*, copyrighted about 1893 by one F.M. Eliot, was a radio favorite of Otto Gray and his Oklahoma Cowboys (in Tulsa) and The Girls of the Golden West (over WLS Chicago). Sara leads the trio. *Kissing Is A Crime* had been recorded previously by an obscure singer named Homer Taylor, and seems to have originated in a 19th-century parlor song – albeit one enhanced by A.P.'s sardonic rural humor.

New York City, May 7, 1935

DON'T FORGET ME LITTLE DARLING
SAD AND LONESOME DAY
BY THE TOUCH OF HER HAND
EAST VIRGINIA BLUES NO. 2
MY OLD VIRGINIA HOME
MY VIRGINIA ROSE IS BLOOMING
MY TEXAS GIRL
NO OTHER'S BRIDE I'LL BE
GATHERING FLOWERS FROM THE HILLSIDE
GOSPEL SHIP
THE LITTLE BLACK TRAIN

The third day of the session saw further new material, as well as re-recordings of several sides done for Victor but not released. *Don't Forget Me Little Darling*, which in later years would become a favorite of Doc Watson's, has two sets of 19th-century composers. One version dates from 1874, by C.W. Vance and R.S. Crandall, and the other from 1879 and is credited (like *Sweet Birds*, the original of *Sweet Fern*) to Thomas P. Westendorf and George Persley. We don't know much about Vance and Crandall, but Westendorf was a well-known composer from Virginia who worked as a schoolteacher in Plainfield, Indiana; his best known piece was *I'll Take You Home, Kathleen*. The song was an immense favorite with pioneer recording

artists, having been waxed by the likes of David Miller, Red Patterson, Buell Kazee, Parker and Dodd, and others.

Sad And Lonesome Day is A.P.'s version of the well-known country blues lyric known variously as *One Kind Favor* or *See That My Grave Is Kept Clean*. All of the stanzas except the first two appear in a popular 1928 recording by the legendary African-American singer Blind Lemon Jefferson, and the Jefferson stanzas themselves appear in even older black sources. *By The Touch Of Her Hand*, with its references to *"the lonesome pine,"* seems to be an original lament built around the familiar imagery of the John Fox novel 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.' *East Virginia Blues No. 2* was a follow-up to the Victor version the Carters had recorded just a year before; it is similar, but revised enough to merit the *No. 2* on the title. Though some of the lines here date back to 17th-century England, others were familiar throughout the Appalachians, often in lyrics called *Dark Hollow Blues* or *Greenback Dollar*. It sounds like A.P. strung together a series of familiar stanzas, though some of them (*"I am dying, captain, dying"*) seem less relevant than others.

Both *My Old Virginia Home* and *My Virginia Rose Is Blooming* feature Sara singing and the other two backing her on the chorus. Both appear to be A.P. songs; the former is especially noteworthy with its *"bravely knockin' my way back home"* phrasing. The latter had been recorded at the last Victor session, just six months before. In re-recording it this soon, A.P. must have known that he was dooming the Victor release. Its popularity was such that barely three years after its release, a folksong collector picked it up from a singer in Carter County, Tennessee. *My Virginia Rose* is today still widely sung by bluegrass and old-time bands in southwest Virginia.

My Texas Girl is one of the very best examples of A.P.'s songwriting. Cowboy songs were becoming all the rage in the mid-'30s – or the *ersatz* cowboy songs of Tin Pan Alley and radio cowboys like the Sons of the Pioneers. One of the biggest hits for Victor had been the Carson Robison song *Sleepy Rio Grande*, and A.P. uses the phrase as a hook for his new song. But instead of the vapid cliches and sterile imagery of most western songs, A.P. gives us poetry like *"her lips was like the Russian wine,"* and *"The birds have hushed their singing/ Sadness is over the land."* At one point A.P. even quotes another of his own songs, *"by the touch of her hand."* Overall, *My Texas Girl* is a catalogue of despair more than a true ballad; we never, for instance, learn how the girl died, though it seems to have something to do with a storm – an echo, perhaps, of *Little Joe, The Wrangler*.

No Other's Bride I'll Be is another reworked parlor song featuring Sara on lead, perhaps newly aware of the heartbreak of living alone. *Gathering Flowers From The Hillside* offers a portrait of an even more stark separation: the speaker has shot his (or her) darling and is gathering wildflowers to *"wreath around your brow."*

Two seminal gospel numbers ended the day's session. One was *Gospel Ship*, destined to become a Carter standard. It was well known in both white and black gospel traditions, but Sara recalled that they had learned it from a *"Holy Roller"* sect in rural Kentucky. A version similar to this was later arranged and copyrighted by Alphus LeFevre for the Tennessee Music and Printing Company in 1939, and widely reprinted in gospel songbooks. *The Little Black Train* is another that was known both to blacks and whites. A version of it shows up in Newman Ivey White's 'American Negro Folksongs' in 1928 and Grissom's 'The Negro Sings of a New Heaven' in 1930; it had been recorded by Rev. J.M. Gates, the famed singing preacher, for Columbia in 1926. Two obscure old-time recordings, by Emry Arthur and Harmon Helmick, also predated the Carters'.

New York City, May 8, 1935

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE
RIVER OF JORDAN
LONESOME VALLEY
GOD GAVE NOAH THE RAINBOW SIGN
SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL
THE FATE OF DEWEY LEE
WILDWOOD FLOWER

On Wednesday, the fourth day of the session, the family spent most of the time re-recording some of their big Victor hits for their new label. The choice of what to remake is interesting in itself, for it probably indicates which of the Victors had been the best sellers. And while some of the remakes lacked the drive and emotion of the originals, some were rearranged in interesting ways. *Wildwood Flower*, for instance, features the trio singing on the new version, where

Sara sang solo on the original Victor. *Keep On The Sunny Side* is now a complete full trio number, while earlier A.P. and Sara had sung the verses, with Maybelle joining in on the chorus. Some of these changes, doubtless, were due to Maybelle's increasing development as a singer, and others may have had to do with Sara's own deepening voice (compare her solo performance on the two versions of *Single Girl, Married Girl.*)

The one new song of the day was a freshly minted murder ballad from the pen of A.P., *The Fate Of Dewey Lee*. It was based on a murder that had taken place on January 31, 1931, in the community of Ramsey, near Norton, about 30 miles northwest of Maces Spring. A coal miner named Dewey Lee was shot by a man named Joe Jenkins in the home of one O.M. McCoy, and died two days later in the Norton hospital. People who remember anything about the affair are uncertain as to why the shooting occurred; some say it was over a poker hand, others say it was over a woman. A long and controversial trial followed, with the state charging both Jenkins and one Sam Belcher with murder. Jenkins pleaded self-defense, and said he shot only after Lee had attacked him. The jury apparently did not believe him, for it acquitted Belcher and convicted Joe Jenkins for a five-year sentence. A.P. was close enough to the scene to have heard first-hand accounts of the murder and trial, and in the song obviously sees Dewey Lee as the innocent victim, for *"Dewey's pistol fell."* He also adds a familiar touch with native American ballads: the moral at the end (*"Young men, all take warning..."*).

A.P. had not written many topical or localized songs, and his experience with *The Fate Of Dewey Lee* suggests why. The family of Lee heard of the new song, and asked the Carters not to record it, but the request came too late: the singers had already added it to the list of songs to be recorded for ARC. It was widely distributed (in many releases, the reverse of *East Virginia Blues No. 2*), but later on the reluctance of the family came to bother A.P. His daughter Janette recalls: *"There was a few songs I know it would bother him if he sung a song that he thought would hurt anybody."* After he released *Dewey Lee*, he said, *"You know, I wish I hadn't've put that song out. I think maybe I might have hurt their family."*

New York City, May 9, 1935

SEA OF GALILEE
DON'T FORGET THIS SONG
MY CLINCH MOUNTAIN HOME
THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN
WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE
BROKEN HEARTED LOVER

Still more remakes dominated the Thursday session. *Sea Of Galilee* which had been recorded for Victor as *On The Sea Of Galilee*, features vocals throughout by the whole trio, whereas Sara had sung solo on the verses of the original; *Don't Forget This Song*, which A.P. and Sara had sung as a duet in the Victor version, appears here as a full trio throughout; and *Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone*, also done as a duet by Sara and A.P., is here done as a trio. *Broken Hearted Lover* had been one of the rarest Victors and deserved a wider audience; it got one with this new version, which popped up on no fewer than eight labels.

New York City, May 10, 1935

LITTLE DARLING PAL OF MINE
THE HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM
CANNON BALL BLUES
MEET ME BY THE MOONLIGHT ALONE
ON THE ROCK WHERE MOSES STOOD
LULU WALLS
I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES
WORRIED MAN BLUES

After five full days of nonstop recording, the Carters must have been exhausted as they came into the studio for their final ARC session. Including today's work, they would have produced over

New York City, June 8, 1936

MY DIXIE DARLING
GIVE ME YOUR LOVE AND I'LL GIVE YOU MINE
ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?
THE LAST MOVE FOR ME
THE WAYWORN TRAVELER
JUST ANOTHER BROKEN HEART
WHEN SILVER THREADS ARE GOLD AGAIN
THERE'S NO ONE LIKE MOTHER TO ME
IN A LITTLE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD
JEALOUS HEARTED ME
MY NATIVE HOME
SWEET HEAVEN IN MY VIEW

60 masters of 40 songs. They were used to long, exhaustive sessions for Victor, but this was the most prolonged session yet. And, indeed, some of their tiredness shows in the last tracks, with slower tempos and lackadaisical singing. Noteworthy in this last day's work is a new reading of *Cannon Ball Blues*, which they had earlier done as *The Cannon-Ball*. In the original, A.P. had sung the whole thing as a rare solo, but here it is done as a trio.

ARC wasted no time in getting the new records into the distribution channels: they showed up in dime stores, in record stores, and in mail order catalogues. Within months, Sears had printed up special fliers featuring the Carter Family on their label, Conqueror, replete with the famous picture with Maybelle sitting, and offering any five records for 98 cents, *"not prepaid."* We have no real way of knowing how many copies the ARC issues sold – the Family was almost certainly paid a flat fee per side – but modern record collectors generally find far more copies of the various ARCs than of any other label.

In the November 10, 1934 issue of 'Business Week' magazine, readers found a curious story about the record business called *"Platter Wars."* In it, they read of a new aggressive American record company called Decca, which had just made its street debut a little over a month before. It was headed by a veteran A&R man some liked to call Smart Jack Kapp, a former Brunswick executive who had supervised, among other things, Al Jolson's 1928 classic *Sonny Boy*. The article went on to say that Decca was starting to raid the rosters of other labels, and luring away some of the biggest names in the business. These included pop stars like Bing Crosby, Guy Lombardo, The Dorsey Brothers, Frank Crumit, and The Mills Brothers. Unlike the other companies, some of whom were still trying to do business as it had been in the flush 1920s, the new Decca was a child of the Depression, and was geared to its realities. Their going price would be 35 cents a record, and for that the customer got a decent pressing and a *"first-run"* song.

By September 1934 Smart Jack Kapp had also decided to begin a special, or *"dedicated,"* numerical series for blues and hillbilly music. The latter was the 5000 series. To oversee both these series, he hired his brother Dave Kapp, a native of Chicago who had worked with his brother in their music store there from 1921 to 1931. Dave was a skilled engineer with a fondness for country music, and he at once began building the Decca roster in that field. He soon had signed The Sons of the Pioneers, Marc Williams, Riley Puckett, Jimmie Davis, and Bradley Kincaid, all of whom had established reputations with other companies. By June 1936 he had recorded and released over 200 records in the new series, and was hammering out sweetheart deals to license some of his sides to Montgomery Ward for catalogue sales on their own label.

Naturally, Dave Kapp went after the Carter Family, and probably made them an offer in 1935. Peer, however, had already committed them to the ARC deal, and it was only after the long 1935 New York session for ARC that Kapp was able to interest Peer in putting the Carters on Decca. The act was perfectly suited to Dave Kapp's own aesthetic: he liked songs with clear, understandable words, and songs in which the title actually appeared often in the words. The Deccas he produced had a smooth, almost slick sound at times, with few of the hard edges and rowdy emotionalism

of many of the great old-time sides of the 1920s. Nor was Kapp especially interested in having groups re-record their old hits, as ARC had done; he wanted new, fresh material. So when he signed the Carters to a Decca contract in June 1936, A.P. understood that he was to show up at the studio with a new batch of material. He was, as ever, pleased to oblige.

One of the best-known songs from the first Decca session was *My Dixie Darling*, which the Carters had learned from their old friend Harmon Jackson, a fiddler and singer from Russell County. Originally titled *Dixie Darlings*, the song was composed by the Missouri vaudeville songwriter and performer Percy Wenrich. One of the more successful Tin Pan Alley songwriters during the first decade of the 20th century, Wenrich was best known for his songs like *Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet, On Moonlight Bay*, and *When You Wore A Tulip*. Though earlier accounts had the date of *Dixie Darlings* as 1916, in fact versions of it were in print by 1907. By that time Wenrich was living in Chicago, and versions of the song were issued in sheet music by both the McKinley Music Company and Frank L. Root in that city. Its good-natured bounce and clever imagery (*"down where the jelly roll's growing"*) fit the Carter style perfectly, and it remains one of the most performed Carter songs with modern old-time and bluegrass bands.

The first of the new Decca sides to be released, *My Dixie Darling* was already in production by June 22, 1936 – two weeks to the day after it was recorded. It hit the streets about a month later, in mid-July. Such dispatch was impressive even in those days, and reflects how keen Kapp and Decca were to show off their new artists.

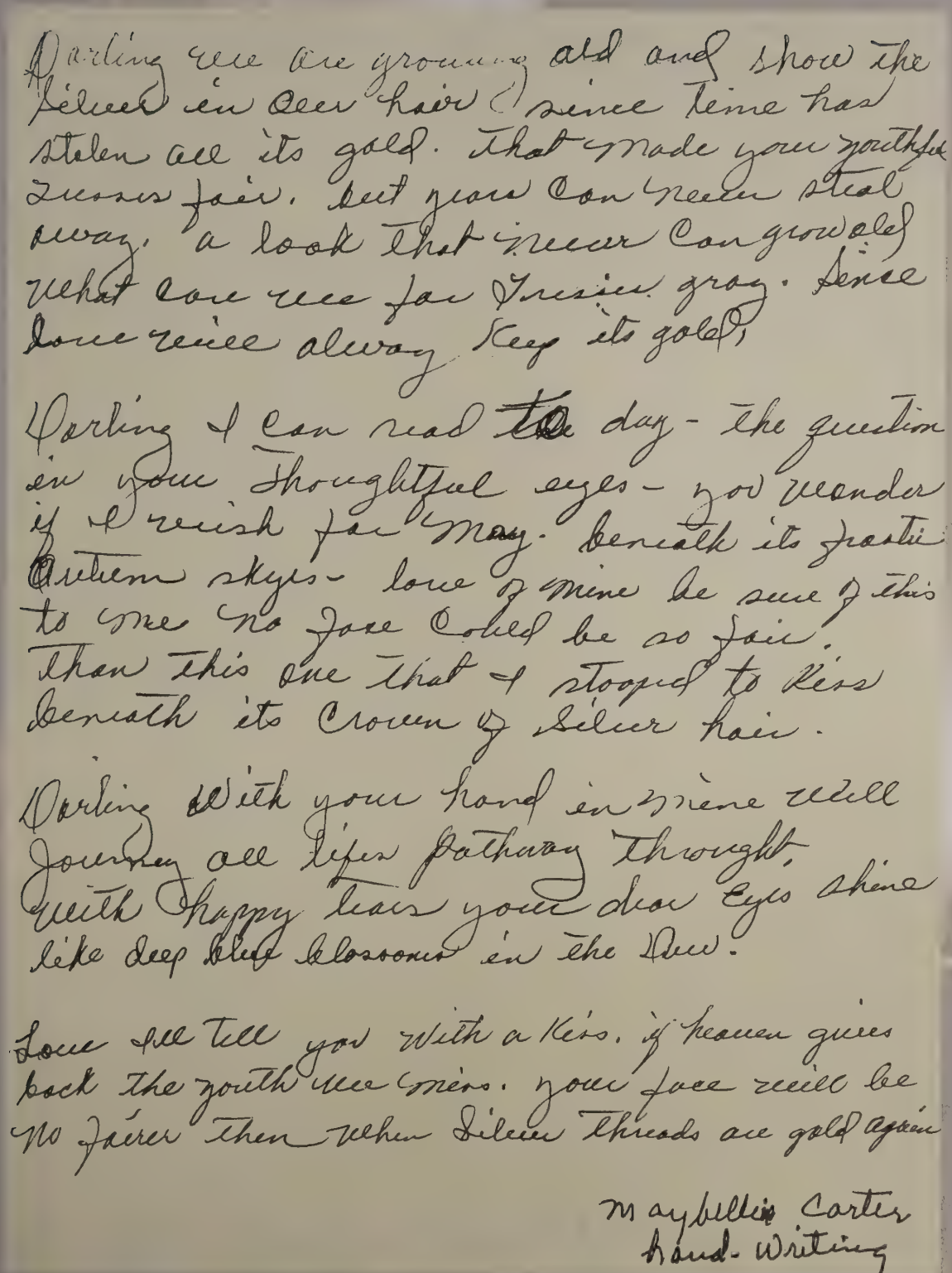
Give Me Your Love And I'll Give You Mine is based on a 1902 piece of sheet music by M.J. Fitzpatrick (music) and L.A. Davis (words). I have not been able to learn any more about the composers; the one piece of sheet music for the song I have seen is lacking a title page, and thus even a place of publication.

Are You Lonesome Tonight? is indeed an early version of the song that Elvis used to sing in his concerts. It dates from 1926, when it was penned by pop writers Roy Turk and Lou Handman; it was introduced (and recorded) by singer Vaughn DeLeath, who is widely thought to be the first woman performer to sing on the radio. She recorded it for the Edison Company in 1927. Roy Turk (1892-1934) was an early Hollywood music writer who created special material for artists like Nora Bayes and Sophie Tucker, and was responsible for *Mean To Me*, *I'll Get By*, and Bing Crosby's theme song, *When The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day*.

Neither Sara nor Maybelle remembered anything about the gospel song *The Last Move For Me*, but in fact it was written in 1926 by Herbert Buffam, and copyrighted by Mrs. John A. Anderson. Buffam was a native of Indiana, and published many of his gospel songs in sheet music editions rather than songbooks, not in the South but through a company in Topeka, Kansas. His works include two other songs familiar in the old-time repertoire, *I'm Going Through* (which the Monroe Brothers recorded) and *When I Take My Vacation In Heaven*. This song was normally listed as *When I Make My Last Move*, and it appeared widely in shape-note songbooks. One influential version of it, entitled *My Last Moving Day*, appeared in a popular 1936 collection called 'Stamps-Baxter's Solos, Duets, and Special Songs.' There it is credited to Carl Haden and Ernest Harvey, from 1934; Haden was a popular Springfield, Missouri radio gospel singer.

The Wayworn Traveler turned out to be another one of the Family's most influential gospel recordings. Known also as *Deliverance Will Come* and *Palms Of Victory*, the song has a cloudy history. It is sometimes dated as early as 1836, but the earliest known publication date is in an 1877 hymnal by J.E. Irvine, 'Full Salvation Hymnal.' There it is attributed to a Rev. W. MacDonald. Other sources from about the same time, though, give composer credits to John Matthias. Most historians today favor Matthias. A legend associated with the song credits a circuit-riding Methodist minister named Steffy with spreading the song throughout southwest Virginia in the 19th century, and the song is indeed still widely sung in the area today (it is even in the Primitive Baptist 'Old School Hymnal.') It was recorded earlier by Uncle Dave Macon, Fiddlin' John Carson, and Smith's Sacred Singers. This song, by the way, is not the song that appears as *Palms Of Victory* in the 1855 'Sacred Harp' book.

Just Another Broken Heart was learned, Sara thought, from a ballet, but I have been unable to locate any kind of printed source. *When Silver Threads Are Gold Again*, on the other hand, is another sheet music piece, published in 1916 by



Darling we are growing old and show the
Silver in our hair since time has
stolen all its gold. That made your youthful
Tresses fair. but years can never steal
away. a look that never can grow old
what care we for Tresses gray. Since
love will always keep its gold,

Darling I can read to day - the question
in your thoughtful eyes - you wonder
if I wish for May. beneath its frostie
Autumn skyes - love of mine be sure of this
to me no face could be so fair.
than this one that I stooped to kiss
beneath its crown of Silver hair.

Darling with your hand in mine will
journey all lifes pathway throught,
with happy tears your dear eyes shine
like deep blue blossoms in the Dew.

Love I'll tell you with a kiss. if heaven gives
back the youth we miss. your face will be
no fairer then when Silver threads are gold again

Maybellie Carter
hand-writing

McKinley in Chicago; composer credits go to H.P. Danks and Eben Rexford (words). *There's No One Like Mother To Me* is another mystery; neither Sara nor Maybelle even recalled recording it, and it certainly seems like a 19th-century parlor song. *In A Little Village Churchyard* was remembered only as *"a Holiness song"* by Sara.

Jealous Hearted Me, known to modern fans as the theme song of Grand Ole Opry comic Minnie Pearl, originated as a genuine blues; it was called *Jealous Hearted Blues* when it was recorded in 1924 by blues singer Ma Rainey. The Carters learned the song from their friend Lesley Riddle, though the fact that Maybelle here uses a flat pick suggests she did not learn her impressive guitar part from him. *My Native Home* was written by John Rogers Thomas about 1865; Thomas also originated two other Carter songs, *Cottage By The Sea* (1856) and *Beautiful Isle O'er The Sea* (1865). Though originally published in sheet music, the song was learned by the Carters from a woman in Russell County, Virginia. *Sweet Heaven in My View* may be another *"Holiness song."*

June 9, 1936

[illegible]ION
[illegible]NIE BLUE EYES
[illegible]HONEY LOU
THE SHADOW OF THE PINES
ANSWER TO WEEPING WILLOW
YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND TO ME
WHERE THE SILVERY COLORADO
WENDS ITS WAY
LAY MY HEAD BENEATH THE ROSE

The topical gospel song *No Depression* became one of the most popular Deccas, and a favorite background piece for various documentaries about the hard times. It had been written by James D. Vaughan and first appeared in print in 1932, under the title *There's No Depression in Heaven*, in a Vaughan songbook called 'Sweet Heaven.' Almost at once it became a favorite with rural preachers and congregations.

Bonnie Blue Eyes is one that Sara had known since she was a kid; *"it's an old one." My Honey Lou* sounds like an A.P. original, and is not the same song as the turn-of-the-century *"coon"* song called *Mah Honey Lou. In The Shadow Of The Pines* saw its first publication in 1895, when it was issued in sheet music with credits to Hattie Lummis and G.O. Long; it was widely recorded in the 1920s by performers like Connie Sides, Ernest Stoneman, Kelly Harrell, Mac and Bob, Gene Autry, and others. *Answer To Weeping Willow* is, of course, a follow-up to the original Victor hit from the Family's first session.

You've Been A Friend To Me, with its straightforward, conversational style, sounds like one of A.P.'s best works – a portrait of a hard life redeemed only by the value of a friendship. *Where The Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way* was based on an old piece of sheet music Sara found; it had been a major hit in that medium (over 121,000 copies sold in 1901). Written by C.H. Scroggins and Charles Arvil, the song was first published far from New York's Tin Pan Alley, in Denver. It was popularized by its use in the Al G. Fields minstrel shows, where it was often sung by Lottie Gilson. Sara thought *Lay My Head Beneath The Rose* might have been one she wrote words and music to.

New York City, June 10, 1936

NO DEPRESSION IN HEAVEN
MY NATIVE HOME
JEALOUS HEARTED ME
A DISTANT LAND TO ROAM
I'M WORKING ON A BUILDING
EAST VIRGINIA BLUES
DIXIE DARLING
KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE
KISSIN' IS A CRIME
SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL
LITTLE DARLING PAL OF MINE
LONESOME VALLEY
CANNONBALL BLUES
HAPPY OR LONESOME
ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT
JUST ANOTHER BROKEN HEART

The day after they finished their Decca session, and while they were still in New York, the Carters recorded a series of electrical transcriptions for use in radio stations. There is a certain amount of mystery about these. They were done for a company called The Associated Recorded Program Service, which billed itself on the disc labels and in advertising as 'The Aristocrat of the Turntable.' Associated had its own studios in the heart of New York's theater district. They were probably related to Associated Music Publishers in New York, who provided them with new songs and artists to help get airplay. The 16 Carter Family songs they recorded were issued on a weird variety of 12-inch and 16-inch transcriptions. On

the 12-inch releases, there were two Carter songs per side; on the 16-inch, there were four songs to a side. Some of the discs had Carter material on one side, and dance band tunes on the other. They were recorded at the then-new 33 1/3 speed, and some labels have references to a third company, Muzak. The discs were sent widely to radio stations in the U.S. and Canada, but none had any built-in commercials. Presumably the local stations played their own commercials in between selections. It is hard to see how the Carters made any royalties from these, and they probably did the sides as work for hire.

About half of the sides were versions of the new Decca material. The remainder consisted of new readings of their biggest hits, with some interesting changes. On *Cannonball Blues* here, for instance, Sara sings lead rather than A.P., as on the original Victor, or the trio, as on the ARC. She also arranges the verses in a different order. *Distant Land To Roam* has some minor differences in the words to the chorus, as does *East Virginia Blues, No. 2*. On *Lonesome Valley* Sara and Maybelle do most of the singing, whereas on the original Victor the whole trio sang throughout; the arrangement of the verses is also different. Not surprisingly, the Decca materials (which had just been recorded) are almost identical to the commercial versions.

New York City, June 17, 1937

THE BROKEN DOWN TRAMP
LOVER'S LANE
HOLD FAST TO THE RIGHT
LORD I'M IN YOUR CARE
FUNNY WHEN YOU FEEL THAT WAY
IN THE SHADOW OF CLINCH MOUNTAIN
HELLO STRANGER
NEVER LET THE DEVIL
GET THE UPPER HAND OF YOU
WHEN THIS EVENING SUN GOES DOWN
JIM BLAKE'S MESSAGE
HONEY IN THE ROCK
LOOK HOW THIS WORLD HAS MADE A CHANGE

The second Decca session, held almost a year later, was another two-day affair that produced another 20 sides. Most of the previous year's work had been released at regular intervals over the previous year, one about every two months, and had been selling well. Indeed, Decca 5386 (*The Last Move For Me* b/w *In A Little Village Churchyard*) was being released the week the Carters came up to New York for the new session.

Among the new crop of songs was *The Broken Down Tramp*, usually known as *The Tramp* or *Only A Tramp*. Its complex history is detailed in Norm Cohen's book 'Long Steel Rail: The Railroad in American Folksong,' where we learn that the first known text of it appears in an 1875-80 publication called 'De Marsan's Singers' Journal,' a periodical. Another early version appeared in a manuscript album from New York state dating from the 1873-93 era. This particular tramp song had already been recorded by Vernon Dalhart and the McGee Brothers and others in the '20s.

Hold Fast To The Right is a familiar gospel song that, like *Will The Circle Be Unbroken?*, combines religious testimony with a personal narrative. It was printed in a 1938 Albert Brumley songbook in which it is listed as *"Arr. by Albert Brumley,"* which was usually a way for gospel publishers to admit they hadn't traced who actually wrote it. Some people associate it with Georgia evangelist Charlie Tillman, who published a number of songbooks called 'Revival' in the 1890s.

Lover's Lane and *Lord I'm In Your Care* have no special histories that I can trace. *Funny When You Feel That Way* was, Sara thought, learned from one of A.P.'s relatives in Lee County. Published versions from the 19th century give credit for the lyrics to one G.W. Hunt, with publication locations in New York and Michigan. *In The Shadow of Clinch Mountain*, Sara said, was *"poetry they made into a song,"* though the first and last stanzas, as well as the chorus, certainly sound like A.P. lyrics. The odd middle stanzas, with their stilted diction like *"fountains where the crystal gems are cast,"* sound like the kind of romantic poetry that Aldine Kieffer, one of A.P.'s favorite local poets, might have produced.

Hello Stranger, probably the best-known song to emerge from this session, was another blues contribution from Lesley Riddle. As Tony Russell has commented, *"This performance is unique among Carter recordings in the way Sara and Maybelle divide the singing, Sara leading off each time."* The song became very popular with folk, bluegrass, and old-time groups, and in more recent times has been a favorite of women performers who like its strong sense of independence.

Never Let The Devil Get The Upper Hand Of You sounds like A.P.'s

...ation of an older ballad, and ...ssembles in many ways the well-known *Knoxville Girl*. Indeed, the Carters' opening stanza (*"My tender parents brought me up..."*) is almost exactly the same as the first stanza of the *Knoxville Girl* prototype *The Wexford Girl*, as detailed in Laws' 'American Balladry from British Broadsides' (song type P35). What the trio sings that sounds like 'Lanson town' is in fact 'Lexington,' and some versions of the song are even called *The Lexington Murder*.

When This Evening Sun Goes Down, which uses the general tune of *Careless Love*, is another blues-tinged lyric that features Sara and Maybelle on twin guitars. *Honey In The Rock* is a well-worn black gospel shouter that is still widely heard in the Blue Ridge area today. *Jim Blake's Message* is, according to Sara, from a ballet they got *"out toward Kentucky."* This performance, as well as a transcript and song history, is presented in Norm Cohen's 'Long Steel Rail: The Railroad in American Folksong.' His research has dated the song to the 1890s, but no one seems to know if it was based on a true experience or not. A.P. copyrighted his version of the song on January 5, 1938 – almost six months after he recorded it.

Look How This World Has Made A Change was one that A.P.'s uncle Leish used to sing at the Mt. Vernon church in Maces Spring. It dates from 1912 at least, for some gospel songbooks have it with *"arranging"* credits to John B. Vaughan, the prolific Georgia composer and publisher. It was popular in Vaughan songbooks, and one of them might well have been A.P.'s source for this.

New York City, June 18, 1937

The Little Girl That Played On My Knee
You Better Let That Liar Alone
Farewell Nellie
The Only Girl (I Ever Cared About)
Goodbye To The Plains
My Home's Across The Blue Ridge Mountains
Dark Haired True Lover
He Never Came Back

There were no real classics born from the second day of the sessions, but the group did preserve some fine, seldom-heard, seldom-reissued pieces. *The Little Girl That Played On My Knee* came to the Family from the fiddler and singer Harmon Jackson in Russell County, Virginia. Though it was originally a Tin Pan Alley product from about 1910, it was a featured specialty in the 1930s by the popular radio singer Cowboy Slim Rinehart, who later performed with the Carters on border radio. *You Better Let That Liar Alone* is another gospel song common to both white and black traditions; it shows up in print as early as 1919 in an Ohio gospel book called 'Joyful Meeting in Glory Song Book No. 1.' It had earlier been recorded by the African-American evangelist Edward W. Clayborn (1927), by the Kentucky singer Emry Arthur (1928), and others. In later years it was a favorite of Martha Carson, and the model for the Ray Charles rock classic *Leave My Woman Alone*. *Farewell Nellie* was one Sara wrote the music and words to; she originally called it *Nellie Across The Sea*. Little is known or remembered about *The Only Girl (I Ever Cared About)*.

Sara and Maybelle both remembered that they had learned *My Home's Across The Blue Ridge Mountains* from an old record, and was most likely the 1929 Victor version by The Carolina Tar Heels, with the lead singing by Tom Ashley. One of the most memorable of mountain lyrics, it has remained in repertoires throughout the Appalachians, and has been featured by everyone from Doc Watson to Flatt and Scruggs. *He Never Came Back* was a comic vaudeville song originally penned in 1891 by Billy Jerome, a New York songwriter whose other credits include *And The Green Grass Grew All Around* and *Chinatown, My Chinatown*. *He Never Came Back* was popularized on the early stage by Eddie Foy. In the original song, we hear of a whole string of incidents where someone *"never comes back,"* but the Carters select only two for their version.

Goodbye To The Plains reflects the creeping influence of radio cowboy music on all the older southern music in the mountains, and gives the Carters a chance to pay homage to the incredibly popular Sons of the Pioneers. *Dark Haired True Lover* is an odd, bitter song that prefigures modern country separation songs. It is easy to see how it might have appealed to A.P., with the separation from Sara. I have no idea who *"Ruth"* is (*"Ruth"* is also mentioned in *My Clinch Mountain Home*, and seems to be just a name).

Charlotte, North Carolina, June 8, 1938

HAPPY IN THE PRISON
WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY
ST. REGIOUS GIRL
JUST A FEW MORE DAYS
BRING BACK MY BOY
IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON
CHARLIE AND NELLIE
CUBAN SOLDIER
THE HEART THAT WAS BROKEN FOR ME
YOU'RE NOTHING MORE TO ME
STERN OLD BACHELOR
LITTLE JOE
RECKLESS MOTORMAN
YOU DENIED YOUR LOVE
OH, TAKE ME BACK
YOU ARE MY FLOWER
WHO'S THAT KNOCKIN' ON MY WINDOW
THEY CALL HER MOTHER
COAL MINER'S BLUES
YOUNG FREDA BOLT

The final Decca session was not held in New York, but in Charlotte, North Carolina, in a lengthy field session that included sides by Cliff Carlisle, Fred Kirby, and the team of Jack and Leslie. Within a few weeks of this session, Ralph Peer would tell the Family that he had an offer for them to go south and appear on the border radio station of XERA. This Decca session, therefore, would be the final commercial outing for the Family for the next two and a half years.

Happy In The Prison, sometimes referred to under the title *When I Lay My Burden Down*, is common to both white and black traditions. It seems to appear in print first in Odum and Johnson's 1926 book 'Negro Workaday Songs,' and was recorded by Blind Roosevelt Graves (1929), Rev. Edward Clayborn (1929), and The Bessemer Sunset Four (1930), as well as old-time singers like Ernest Phipps and his Holiness Quartet (1927) and The Crowder Brothers (1937). Not much is known about the odd lyrical ballad *St. Regious Girl*, but the only place name of that sort found in a 1920 atlas is St. Regis Lake, in upstate New York, in the Adirondacks. *Just A Few More Days* was what Sara described as *"a Holiness song,"* and it has a tangled history. Gospel quartet composers John Daniel and E.M. Bartlett both have plausible claims to a version of the song, but parts of it also appear in 1920s recordings by the black artists Lil McClintock and The Nugrape Twins. None of these versions is exactly like the one heard here, which is what happens when A.P. *"worked up"* a song.

Bring Back My Boy, also called *My Blue Eyed Boy* or *Bring Back My Blue Eyed Boy*, had been widely recorded in the early '30s, before the Carters did it. Especially popular versions were those of Asa Martin and James Roberts (1932) and Karl Davis of the Cumberland Ridge Runners (1935). The country gospel song *It Is Better Farther On* seems inspired by the more popular *Farther Along*, which was winning a lot of radio fame in the mid-'30s, and it sounds like an A.P. original. *Charlie And Nellie* is known by alternate titles like *Nellie Dare And Charlie Brooks*, *The Two Letters*, and *Send Back My Ring*. Early versions had been recorded commercially by Vernon Dalhart, Riley Puckett, Bradley Kincaid, Arthur Tanner, and others; it has also been collected by folklorists since the 1920s.

According to Sara, they got the *"poetry"* for *Cuban Soldier* and either she or she and Maybelle put the music to it. The setting is obviously the Spanish-American War of 1898, and the protagonist a Cuban rebel, hoping that the American victory will put Cuba in the hands of the Cubans, not the

Spanish. (He would be wrong.) *The Heart That Was Broken For Me*, was, in spite of its title, another *"Holiness song,"* according to Maybelle. In later years it was often featured by Roy Acuff on the Grand Ole Opry. *You're Nothing More To Me*, which uses the melody of the duet by Sara and Jimmie Rodgers, *Why There's A Tear In My Eye*, is probably another A.P. original; it reflects his versatility in adapting to the more modern love song that was starting to become popular in the country music of the 1930s.

Stern Old Bachelor was collected by Vance Randolph for his 'Ozark Folk Songs,' but his version dates from 1940 and may have in fact been influenced by the Carter recording. (This was a fairly common happening – a tribute to the popularity and pervasiveness of the Carter recordings.) The song was also featured and recorded by a star of the WLS National Barn Dance, Chubby Parker. *Little Joe* was penned by Charles Addison in 1876; by the 1920s, it had become a favorite with early radio performers like Bradley Kincaid and The Girls of the Golden West. *Reckless Motorman* Sara thought was *"learned from a guy in Russell County"* and is more commonly known as *True And Trembling Brakeman*. There was an incident like the one described here that occurred in a West Virginia coal mining camp in 1915, and a song about it began to circulate in southwest Virginia. Aulton Ray, a singer from eastern Kentucky, made the first commercial recording, in 1927, and singers Cliff Carlisle and Bradley Kincaid also made influential versions. The Carter text, though, with its reference to the mining train, does not seem copied from these records.

You Denied Your Love was a new set of words grafted to the old pop melody *Wabash Blues*. Again, the continuing tensions between Sara and A.P. made such newer lost love songs seem more relevant than ever. *Oh, Take Me Back* Sara remembered as *"some sort of blues,"* but she didn't remember a specific source for it. Maybelle used to play it and called it *Red River Blues*, and almost certainly learned it from Riddle. *You Are My Flower* comes from Maybelle's fondness for Mexican music, which predated their move to the border radio. Maybelle recalled that she took the melody here from a Mexican tune, and grafted onto it verses of an old printed poem called *The Grave Is Just As Green*.

Who's That Knockin' On My Window is the Carter version of a song normally known as *The Drowsy Sleeper*. It appears in many English, Scottish, and American folksong collections, and is catalogued as Laws M4. *They Call Her Mother* grafts a lyric dating from the 1870s to a melody known to most Carter fans as the one used for the popular *Gold Watch And Chain*. Sara (playing rhythm) and Maybelle (playing lead) propel the song along at a tempo that belies its sentimental message.

Coal Miner's Blues receives an entire chapter and analysis in Archie Green's 'Only a Miner: Studies in Recorded Coal Mining Songs.' A.P. recalled that he had picked it up from coal miners up in Wise County, but Maybelle said he had gotten the words from a man in Lee County. Sara remembered it as another poem for which they added the music. Whatever the case, the resulting record was widely popular; Green calls it *"the most widely circulated mining blues to be recorded by a white artist."* It is not an overt political statement – the structure depends on a series of wordplays built around *"black"* and *"blue."* It is almost as though A.P.'s songwriting skills got the better of his social conscience.

Young Freda Bolt, Sara remembered, came to them with tune and words intact from a source in Russell County. The subject of the song, Freda Bolt, was a 17-year-old native of Floyd County, Virginia, who was murdered on December 12, 1929. She had been living in Willis, where she attended high school, and had become engaged to a local boy named Buren Harmon. One evening, while driving over Bent Mountain, just over the Roanoke County line, she told Harmon that she was pregnant. Furious at the news, Harmon strangled her and concealed her body in some brush. The following day he returned to check on his handiwork and found the girl still alive. He promptly strangled her again, and covered her body with rocks. The following day a bus driver on the Bent Mountain road heard what sounded like a woman's scream and reported it to the police. They found Freda's body – though the mysterious scream was never explained. Harmon was arrested and convicted in part because of an odd knot he had used to bind the girl – the police tricked him into showing them he knew how to make the knot. The song was written not long after for use by a local string band, The Floyd County Ramblers, who had a contract with Victor. It was written for them by D.M. 'Doc' Shank, a local gospel song composer.

Chicago, Illinois, October 3, 1940

LITTLE POPLAR LOG HOUSE ON THE HILL
THE DYING MOTHER
BUDDIES IN THE SADDLE
HEAVEN'S RADIO
BEAUTIFUL HOME
THERE'LL BE NO DISTINCTION THERE
GIVE HIM ONE MORE AS HE GOES
LONESOME FOR YOU DARLING
BLACKIE'S GUNMAN

By the end of the 1930s, the success of their border radio shows had given the Carters a huge national following, and stimulated record sales to new highs. Victor was reissuing many of their old hits from the 1920s, and in October 1940 the American Record Company made another offer for a new session. Though the classic Carter style had not changed all that much, the once skeptical companies now knew that the style was far from outmoded by the new western swing and honky-tonk songs. Thus ARC didn't repeat its strategy of asking for remakes of hits, but requested another helping of new songs. Amazingly, A.P. was able to oblige with another 20 fine songs.

For the first time here, the Carters travelled to Chicago to record. They probably used the Columbia studio located at radio station WBBM, in the legendary skyscraper called The Wrigley Building. Here the sound was superb, and in the new records, fans could hear Maybelle's guitar work better than ever. The improved technology also allowed the Carters to show off their developing sense of dynamics; their high, hard harmony began to rival the sound that would later become associated with bluegrass singing. The needles on the recorder must have pegged into the red on the refrain of *My Home Among The Hills* or *Meeting In The Air*, but the ARC engineers hung on, and the result is some of the best-recorded work of the trio.

Among the new songs was *Little Poplar Log House On The Hill*, in which A.P. continues to rework his familiar images of home, hills, and little cabin. Poplar logs were plentiful on the ridges and mountainsides of A.P.'s home valley. *The Dying Mother* does something similar with the icons of the mother, of dying, and *"the great judgement morning."* Though a bit lugubrious, vivid details like *"the death sweat"* that *"fell down on her pillow"* make it more memorable than dozens of lesser mother songs. *Buddies In The Saddle* was written by Maybelle and probably created for use in Texas, and reflects country radio's increasing fascination with cowboy music.

In the 1920s, it didn't take gospel songwriters long to figure out that the new invention of radio was a neat metaphor for salvation and redemption; the best song using it had been penned in 1934 by Albert Brumley, *Turn Your Radio On*. A.P.'s decision to rework *Heaven's Radio* doubtless sprang from this sub-genre. It sounds like a 1920s song, and probably came from a Vaughan songbook, but I've not found exactly which one. *There'll Be No Distinction There* comes from the pen of Blind Alfred Reed, the remarkable West Virginia composer and singer of well-known songs like *How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live?* Reed recorded it for Victor in 1929, but folklorists had collected it from black sources (who saw it as an abolitionist song) two years earlier in North Carolina. A.P. apparently got his text from a preacher in Texas.

Give Him One More As He Goes started off as an 1884 comic song by Ike Brown (words and music). Gus Meade located early printed texts in a booklet called 'Ike Brown's Banjo Solo Songster.' Under the title *My Sweetheart Is A Shy Little Miss*, it was also recorded in 1930 by Virginians Walter 'Kid' Smith and Lewis McDaniels. Sara and Maybelle and their twin guitars are featured in the lost love song *Lonesome For You Darling*, and *Blackie's Gunman* is another new cowboy song that is more sentimental than western.

Chicago, Illinois, October 4, 1940

YOU'VE GOT TO RIGHTEN THAT WRONG
MEETING IN THE AIR
MY HOME AMONG THE HILLS
BLACK JACK DAVID
LOOK AWAY FROM THE CROSS
WE SHALL RISE
I FOUND YOU AMONG THE ROSES
BEAR CREEK BLUES
I'LL NEVER FORSAKE YOU
BEAUTIFUL ISLE O'ER THE SEA
IT'S A LONG LONG ROAD TO TRAVEL ALONE

The new confidence and strength of Maybelle and Sara are nowhere better shown than in *You've Got To Righten That Wrong*. Here the actual composer credits do not read 'A.P. Carter,' but 'The Carter Family' – another acknowledgement of the fact that more and more of the work was being done by them. Sara remembered this song as one they picked up from the *"Holy Rollers"* and she sings it with a loose, soulful style that shows again just what an amazing, versatile singer she was. Maybelle's guitar breaks sound bluesier than ever, and reflect her debt to Lesley Riddle. Another up-tempo gospel special, a favorite of tent revivals and brush arbors in southwest Virginia, was *Meeting In The Air*, with Maybelle and Sara again weaving their driving rhythm.

My Home Among The Hills, notable to many Carter fans as the title of one of the budget Harmony LPs that kept their ARC work in print, is yet another reworking of the familiar motifs of geography, home, lonesome pine, and patient mother. It was a formula that A.P. had used again and again, and it continued to please the fans. *Black Jack David* is, of course, the familiar old British ballad (known as Child 200) that is also referred to as *The Gypsy Laddie* or *The Gypsy Davey*. It has been found by folklorists all over the South, and as far north as the frozen confines of Massachusetts. Sara thought they had learned the song from some of A.P.'s relatives down around Dryden, Virginia, where A.P. had quite a few family members. The performance is a splendid adaptation of a ballad that was normally sung unaccompanied – Maybelle and Sara add to it an infectious lope that perfectly fits the jaunty air of the song. It was a trail followed by later singers like Cliff Carlisle, Woody Guthrie, T. Texas Tyler, and rockabilly Charlie Feathers.

Look Away From The Cross is an old gospel songbook number written by F.L. Eiland in 1901. It was republished in a number of songbooks starting in 1905, often under the title *From The Cross To The Crown*. Eiland was the founder of Trio Music Company in Waco, Texas, and composer of *Hold To God's Unchanging Hand*; he was also the grandfather of country songwriter Cindy Walker. *We Shall Rise*, with its complex part singing, had been a favorite of a lot of the Blue Ridge gospel quartets; it was written by one J.E. Thomas circa 1904, and widely reprinted in songbooks since. *I Found You Among The Roses* shows up in a piece of 1915 sheet music with song credits to one George Bitman. It is sung here as a rare A.P. solo.

Bear Creek Blues is one that Sara put together herself. The guitar melody seems a faster version of *Coal Miner's Blues*, and some of the stanzas are familiar blues cliches. But Sara's solo singing only shows how well the Carter Family could do blues when they set their mind to it. *I'll Never Forsake You* is an odd amalgam of gospel and lost love song, while *Beautiful Isle O'er The Sea* is another 19th-century piece. It is generally credited to George Cooper and John Rogers Thomas in 1863, though the Carters use a refrain that seems borrowed from the Arthur Smith-Delmore Brothers song *Beautiful Brown Eyes*. This recording was not issued at the time, and did not see the light of day until the 1950s, when a Carter fan had Columbia custom press it on a 78. *It's A Long Long Road To Travel Alone* echoes the imagery of the *Rambling Boy* cycle of songs, now tempered with a new maturity and realism – a sign of the times.

New York City, October 14, 1941

WHY DO YOU CRY, LITTLE DARLING
YOU TIED A LOVE KNOT IN MY HEART
LONESOME HOMESICK BLUES
WABASH CANNONBALL
DARK AND STORMY WEATHER
IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH
THE GIRL ON THE GREENBRIER SHORE
SOMETHING GOT A HOLD OF ME
FIFTY MILES OF ELBOW ROOM
KEEP ON THE FIRING LINE
THE WAVE ON THE SEA
THE RAMBLING BOY
YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY YOU LET ME DOWN

It was a more mature but more professional Carter Family that returned to the studios in 1940 and 1941. After their long single session for ARC, they returned to the Victor fold for what would be their swan song. They reported not to Camden, but to the big New York studio, and apparently had trouble finding it. A note on the recording ledger states: *"Date called for 9:00 o'clock. Date started 10:00, prep time half hour."* In two hours and five minutes, the group completed thirteen songs, most with two takes.

For a change, A.P.'s name was not in the composer credits of every song. Maybelle, who was becoming increasingly interested in writing, received formal credit for *Lonesome Homesick Blues, You're Gonna Be Sorry You Let Me Down, Why Do You Cry, Little Darling*, and the cowboy song (written in Del Rio) *You Tied A Love Knot In My Heart*. Sara received credit for two great gospel songs, *Fifty Miles Of Elbow Room* and *Keep On the Firing Line*. She brought them from California, where she had learned them from two Holiness preachers named Jackson and Holmes, who were using them in revivals. *Fifty Miles* had been written by evangelist Herbert Buffam at some unknown date, and had been popularized by black singing preacher F.W. McGhee in the early '30s. *Keep On The Firing Line* began its life as a bracing march by Bessie F. Hatcher in 1915; in later years it became an up-tempo standard for gospel quartets around the country.

Another gospel contribution was *Something Got A Hold Of Me*; Sara said that it was one *"A.P. sang around the house all the time,"* and the Carters were the first to record it.

There was still time for a few of the traditional ballads and lyrics that had won the Carters their initial fame. *Dark And Stormy Weather* shows up in several folksong collections as *I Don't Know Why I Love Him*, and had been recorded in 1937 by the Delmore Brothers. *The Girl On The Greenbrier Shore*, another that has entered the repertoires of a number of modern bluegrass singers, was based on a true incident that occurred in 1896. *The Wave On The Sea* is one Sara said she *"had known all her life."* In fact, it dates back to England and Scotland (ref. Child 289), where it was known as *The Mermaid*. A classic and well-known American song is *The Rambling Boy* (Laws H2), widely recorded by old-time singers like The Carolina Tar Heels, Fleming and Townsend, Bill Shepherd, and Wade Mainer. (The Carter reading was not released by Victor until May 1944.)

CHARLES K. WOLFE
Murfreesboro, Tennessee,
June 2000

The Songs

While every effort has been made
by those family members and
musicians/singers who regularly perform
the songs of the Carter Family
to ensure the accuracy of the lyrics,
the reader should be aware that the original
song sheets are not available and
the ethnic nature of the recordings does
not lend itself to 100% accuracy.

BURY ME UNDER THE WEEPING WILLOW

My heart is sad and I'm in sorrow
For the only one I love
When shall I see him, oh no never
Till I meet him in heaven above

Chorus:
Oh bury me under the weeping willow
Yes, under the weeping willow tree
So he may know where I am sleeping
And perhaps he will weep for me

They told me that he did not love me
I could not believe it was true
Until an angel softly whispered
He is proving untrue to you

Tomorrow was our wedding day
But, oh Lord, oh where is he?
He's gone to seek him another bride
And he cares no more for me

Oh bury me under the fallen (or tallest) spruce
To prove my love to him
Tell him that I would die to save him
For his love I never could win

LITTLE LOG CABIN BY THE SEA

There is a precious volume all finger-worn and old
In that little log cabin by the sea
It is the old, old Bible, more precious now than gold
'Tis the Bible that my mother gave to me

Chorus:
'Tis the old, precious Bible, blessed Bible
That she read in the cabin by the sea (by the sea)
'Tis my precious, precious Bible
My blessed, blessed Bible
The Bible that my mother gave to me

How often I have listened to the tempest howl and rave
'Round that little log cabin by the sea
My mother read of Jesus who walked upon the waves
How Jesus calmed the storm in Galilee

How often, oh how often she read the glowing words
Read the message from the precious word of God
They have told of faithful Daniel who trusted in the Lord
While she lead me in the pathway that she trod

There is no other volume so precious as this book
It tells me how to live and how to die
It tells me of that city, oh wondrous, wondrous book
And that I'll meet the loved ones by and by

THE POOR ORPHAN CHILD

I hear a low faint voice that said
Papa and Mama is dead
And it comes from the poor orphan child
That must be clothed and fed

Savior lead (lead them by the hand)
Them by the hand (gently lead them by the hand)
'Till they all reach that glittering strand

Think of the many children now
Poor little boys and girls
Who once had mother's loving hands
To smooth their golden curls

But now we've seen those wandering curls
Hang careless 'round their brows
They say to us, my papa's dead
And I've no mother now

Oh, Savior every orphan bless
Wherever they may roam
Bless every hand that leaves them aid
And bless the orphan's home

THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN

I'm a-going away to leave you love
I'm a-going away for awhile
But I'll return to you sometime
If I go ten thousand miles

Chorus:
The storms are on the ocean
The heavens may cease to be
This world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee

Oh, who will dress your pretty little feet
Oh, who will glove your hand
Oh, who will kiss your rosy red cheeks
When I'm in the far off land?

Oh, Papa will dress my pretty little feet
And Mama will glove my hand
You can kiss my rosy red cheeks
When you return again

Oh, have you seen those mournful doves
Flying from pine to pine
A-mourning for their own true love
Just like I mourn for mine

I'll never go back on the ocean , love
I'll never go back on the sea
I'll never go back from the blue eyed girl
Till she goes back on me

SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL

Single girl, single girl, she's going dressed so fine
Oh, she's going dressed so fine
Married girl, married girl, she wears just any kind
Oh, she wears just any kind

Single girl, single girl, she goes to the store and buys
Oh, she goes to the store and buys
Married girl, married girl, she rocks the cradle and cries
Oh, she rocks the cradle and cries

Single girl, single girl, she's going where she please
Oh, she's going where she please
Married girl, married girl, a baby on her knees
Oh, a baby on her knees

...DERING BOY

...world and far away from home
...body's boy is wandering alone
...to guide him and keep his footsteps right
...body's boy is homeless tonight

Out in the hallway there stands a vacant chair
Yonder the shoes my darling used to wear
Empty the cradle, the one that's loved so well
How I miss him there's none can tell

Bring back my boy, my wandering boy
Far, far away wherever he may be
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
At their old home is waiting him there

Oh, could I see him and fold him to my breast
Sadly I close my eyes and be at rest
There is no other that's left to give me joy
Bring back my boy, my wandering boy

Well I remember these parting words he said
We'll meet again where no sad tears are shed
There'll be no goodbyes in that bright land so fair
When done with life, I'll meet you up there

Bring back my boy, my wandering boy
Far, far away wherever he may be
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
At their old home is waiting him there

MEET ME BY THE MOONLIGHT, ALONE

I'm going to the new jail tomorrow
To leave the one that I love
To leave my friends and relations
And oh, how lonely my love

Chorus:
Meet me by the moonlight, love meet me
Meet me by the moonlight, alone
For I have a sad story to tell you
To be told by the moonlight, alone

My parents, how cruel they treat me
They drive me away from their door
If I live a hundred years longer
I'll never go back any more

If I had a ship on the ocean
All laden and lined with pure gold
Before my darling should suffer
I'd have the ship anchored and sold

If I had the wings of an angel
O'er land and sea I'd fly
I'd fly to the arms of my darling
And I'd be willing to die

LITTLE DARLING, PAL OF MINE

Chorus:
My little darling, oh how I love you
How I love you none can tell
In your heart you love another
Little darling, pal of mine

Many a night while you lay sleeping
Dreaming of your rambler's eyes
Was a poor boy, broken hearted
Listening to the wind that sighs

Many a day with you I've rambled
Happiest hours with you I've spent
Thought I had your heart forever
But I find it's only lent

There is just three things I wish for
That's my casket, shroud and grave
When I'm dead, don't weep for me
Just kiss those lips that you betrayed

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE

There's a dark and a troubled side of life
There's a bright and a sunny side too
Though we meet with the darkness and strife
The sunny side we also may view

Chorus:
Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us every day
It will brighten all our way
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

(Tho') The storm in its fury break today
Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear
Clouds and storm will in time pass away
The sun again will shine bright and clear

Let us greet with a song of hope each day
Though the moment be cloudy or fair
Let us trust in our Savior always
Who'll keep us every one in His care

ANCHORED IN LOVE

I found a sweet haven of sunshine at last
In Jesus abiding above
His dear arms around me are lovingly cast
And sweetly *(pronounced "sweet-lye")* He tells His love

The tempest is o'er – ***Sara***
(The danger, the tempest forever is o'er) – ***A.P.***
I'm safe evermore – ***Sara***
(My anchor is holding, I'm safe evermore) – ***A.P.***
What gladness, what rapture is mine – ***both together***
The danger is past – ***Sara***
(The water is peaceful, the danger will pass) – ***A.P.***
I'm anchored at last – ***Sara***
(My spirit is happy, I'm lifted at last) – ***A.P.***
I'm anchored in love divine – ***both together***

He saw me in danger and lovingly came
To pilot my storm-beaten soul
Sweet peace he has spoken and blesses your name
The billows no longer roll

His love shall control me through life and in death
Completely I'll trust to the end
I'll praise Him each hour and my last fleeting breath
Shall sing of my soul's best friend

JOHN HARDY WAS A DESPERATE LITTLE MAN

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day
He shot a man on the West Virginia line
And you ought to seen John Hardy getting away

John Hardy got to the East Stone Bridge
He thought that he would be free
And up stepped a man and took him by his arm
Saying, "Johnny walk along with me."

He sent for his poppy and his mommy too
To come and go his bail
But money won't go a murdering case
And they locked John Hardy back in jail

John Hardy he had a pretty little girl
The dress that she wore was blue
As she came skipping through the old jail hall
Saying, "Poppy I've been true to you."

John Hardy, he had another little girl
The dress that she wore was red
She followed John Hardy to his hanging ground
Saying, "Poppy, I would rather be dead."

I've been to the East and I've been to the West
I've been this wide world around
I've been to the river and I've been baptized
And now I'm on my hanging ground

John Hardy walked out on his scaffold high
With his loving little wife by his side
And the last words she heard poor John-o say
"I'll meet you in that sweet bye and bye!"

I AIN'T GOIN' TO WORK TOMORROW

I'm a-going to leave this country
I'm a-going around this world
I'm a-going to leave this country
For the sake of one little girl

Well, she told me that she loved me
And it give my poor heart ease
And she's got her back turned on me
'N she's courting whoever she please

Well I lost my money in gambling
And I lost my name you see
I am nobody's darling
And nobody cares for me

Don't you hear my banjo ringing
Don't you hear this mournful sound
Don't you hear those pretty girls laughing
Standing on the cold, frozen ground

I'll hang my head in sorrow
I'll hang my head and cry
I'll hang my head in sorrow
As my darling passes by

Well, I ain't gonna work tomorrow
And I may not work next day
I ain't gonna work tomorrow
For it'll be a wet, rainy day

WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE?

When death shall close these eyelids
And this heart shall cease to be
And I lay me down to rest
In some flowery-bound retreat

Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me when I'm gone

Perhaps you'll plant a flower
On my poor, unworthy grave
Come and sit alone beside me
When the roses nod and wave

Will you miss me (when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me when I'm gone

Once we thought my soul shall cherish
When this fleeting life has flown
This sweet thought will cheer when dying
Will you miss me when I'm gone

When these lips shall never more
Press a kiss upon thy brow
But lie cold and still in death
Will you love me then as now

Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me when I'm gone

RIVER OF JORDAN

I'm goin' down to the River of Jordan, oh yes
I'm goin' down to the River of Jordan some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm goin' down to the River of Jordan
I'm goin' down to the River of Jordan some
of these days

I'm goin' to eat at the welcome table, oh yes
I'm goin' to eat at the welcome table some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm goin' to eat at the welcome table
I'm goin' to eat at the welcome table some
of these days

I'm a-gonna sing in the heavenly choir, oh yes
I'm a-gonna sing in the heavenly choir some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm a-gonna sing in the heavenly choir
I'm a-gonna sing in the heavenly choir some
of these days

I'm gonna put on the silvery slippers, oh yes
I'm gonna put on the silver slippers some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna put on the silvery slippers
I'm gonna put on the silver slippers some
of these days

I'm gonna sit down by my Jesus, oh yes
I'm gonna sit down by my Jesus some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna sit down by my Jesus
I'm gonna sit down by my Jesus some of these days

CHEWING GUM

[illegible] me to the spring
[illegible]ld me not to stay
I fell in love with a pretty little girl
'N I could not get away

Chawin' chewin' gum, chewin' chawin' gum
Chawin' chewin' gum, chewin' chawin' gum

First she give me peaches
Next she give me pears
Next she give me fifty cents
Kissed me on the stairs

Mommy don't 'low me to whistle
Poppy don't allow me to sing
They don't want me to marry
I'll marry just the same

I wouldn't have a lawyer
I'll tell you the reason why
Every time he opens his mouth
He tells a great big lie

I wouldn't have a doctor
I'll tell you the reason why
He rides all over the country
'N makes the people die

I wouldn't have a farmer
I'll tell you the reason why
Because he has so plenty to eat
'Specially a pumpkin pie

I took my girl to church last night
How do you reckon she done
She walked right up to the preacher's face
And chewed her chewin' gum

Chawin' chewin' gum, chewin' chawin' gum
Chawin' chewin' gum, chewin' chawin' gum

WILDWOOD FLOWER

Oh, I'll twine with my mingles and waving black hair
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
And the myrtle so bright with the emerald dew
[illegible]e pale and the leader and eyes look like blue

I will dance, I will sing, and my laugh shall be gay
I will charm every heart, in his crown I will sway
When I woke from my dreaming, my idols was clay
All portion of love had all flown away

Oh he taught me to love him and promised to love
And to cherish me over all others above
How my heart is now wondering no misery can tell
He left me no warning, no words of farewell

Oh he taught me to love him and called me his flower
That's blooming to cheer him through life's
dreary hour
Oh I long to see him and regret the dark hour
He's gone and neglected this pale wildwood flower

I HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE ME (BUT THE SAILOR ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA)

It was on last Sunday evening
Just about the hour of three
When my darling started to leave me
To sail on the deep blue sea

He promised to write a letter
He promised to write to me
And I haven't heard from my darling
Who sails on the deep blue sea

My mother is dead and buried
My papa's forsaken me
And I have no one to love me
But the sailor on the deep blue sea

"Oh Captain, can you tell me
Can you tell me where he may be?"
"Oh yes, my little maiden
He's drownded in the deep blue sea."

Farewell to friends and relations
It's the last you'll see of me
I'm going to end my troubles
By drowning in the deep blue sea

FORSAKEN LOVE

They stood in the moonlight nearby the gate
"Goodbye, my darling, I know you'll wait"
She ceased her weeping and smiles through tears
Saying, "I've been true, love, through these long years."

For on tomorrow at the break of day
He was to journey far far away
He held her closer, his promised bride
And to her question these words replied,

"I've loved you always, yes I've been true
My heart shall never be loveless for you
Oh darling, believe me, far over the sea
Through life or death, so faithful I'll be."

One year passed by, he's coming home
His pilgrimage over, no longer to roam
And smiling, he thinks of her shining eyes
Shining with welcome, a glad surprise

A dainty letter he takes from his breast
To which it extends his lips were pressed
And reading once more by the warming light
These words he had spoken to her that night,

"I've loved you always, yes I've been true
My heart shall never be loveless for you
Oh darling, believe me, far over the sea
Through life or death, so faithful I'll be."

Once more he's reached the old garden gate
But he arrives alas, alas it's too late
The wedding is over, the knot is tied
He finds his darling another's bride

And later they found him there on the grass
A pistol nearby him told what had passed
A crumpled letter that explained the deed
And in the pale moonlight these words she did read

"I've loved you always, yes I've been true
My heart shall never be loved but for you
Oh darling, believe me, far over the sea
Through life or death, so faithful I'll be."

SWEET FERN

Springtime is coming sweet lonesome bird
Your echo in the woodland I hear
Down in the meadow so lonesome you're singing
While the moonlight is shining so clear
But I know he's away in a far distant land
A land that is over the sea
Go fly to him singing your sweet little song
And tell him to come back to me

Sweet fern (sweet fern), sweet fern (sweet fern)
Oh tell me if my darling's still true
Sweet fern (sweet fern), sweet fern (sweet fern)
I'll be just as happy as you

Oh tell me, sweet fern, is he thinking of me
And the promise he made long ago
He said he'd return from over the sea
Oh why do the years roll so slow?
I know he's away in a far distant land
A land that is over the sea
Go fly to him singing your sweet little song
And tell him to come back to me

Upon my finger he placed a small ring
On the day he was leaving his home
I promised I'd be his own dear little girl
And love him wherever he'd roam
But I know he's away in a far distant land
A land that is over the sea
Go fly to him singing your sweet little song
And tell him to come back to me

Sweet fern (sweet fern), sweet fern (sweet fern)
Oh tell me is my darling still true
Sweet fern (sweet fern), sweet fern (sweet fern)
I'll be just as happy as you

MY CLINCH MOUNTAIN HOME

Far away on the hill to a sunny mountainside
Many years ago we parted, my little Ruth and I
From the sunny mountainside
She clung to me and trembled when I told her
we must part
She said, "Don't go my darling, it almost breaks my heart
To think of you so far apart."

Carry me back to ol' Virginny
Back to my Clinch Mountain home
Carry me back to ol' Virginny
Back to my old mountain home

Well, *(yodeling...)*
(Yodeling) ...oh, my mountain home

Hold my arms around her, lean her head upon
my breast
I told her I would wed her when I came back from
the West
At my old Clinch Mountain home
In my hand I hold a picture of the old home
far away
In the other one my sweetheart I'm thinking
of today
On the sunny mountain side

Carry me back to ol' Virginny
Back to my Clinch Mountain home
Carry me back to ol' Virginny
Back to my old mountain home

Well, *(yodeling...)*
(Yodeling) ...oh, my mountain home

My mother's old and feeble, my father's
getting gray
I'm going back to Virginia, and I expect to stay
At my old Clinch Mountain home

Carry me back to ol' Virginny
Back to my Clinch Mountain home
Carry me back to ol' Virginny
Back to my old mountain home

Well, *(yodeling...)*
(Yodeling) ...oh, my mountain home

GOD GAVE NOAH THE RAINBOW SIGN

I've got a home in that rock, don't you see
(don't you see)
I've got a home in that rock, don't you see
I've got a home in that rock
Just beyond the mountain top
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

God gave Noah the rainbow sign, don't you see
(don't you see)
God gave Noah the rainbow sign, don't you see
God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water but fire next time
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

Poor old Lazarus, poor as I, don't you see
(don't you see)
Poor old Lazarus, poor as I, don't you see
Poor old Lazarus, poor as I
When he died he had a home on high
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

East and West the fire will roll, hide Thy me
(hide Thy me)
East and West the fire will roll, hide Thy me
East and West the fire will roll
How will it be with my poor soul
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

When this world's all on fire, hide Thy me (hide Thy me)
When this world's all on fire, hide Thy me
When this world's all on fire
Let Thy bosom be my pillow
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES

'Twould been better for us both had we never
In this wide and wicked world had never met
For the pleasure we've both seen together
I am sure love I'll never forget

Oh, I'm thinking tonight of my blue eyes
Who is sailing far over the sea
Oh, I'm thinking tonight of my blue eyes
And I wonder if he ever thinks of me

Oh you told me once dear that you loved me
You said that we never would part
But a link in the chain has been broken
Leaves me with a sad and aching heart

When the cold, cold grave shall enclose me
Will you come dear and shed just one tear
And say to the strangers around you
A poor heart you have broken lies here

LITTLE MOSES

Away by the river so clear
The ladies were winding their way
And Pharaoh's little daughter stepped down
in the water
To bathe in the cool of the day
Before it was dark she opened the ark
And found the sweet infant was there
Before it was dark she opened the ark
And found the sweet infant was there

And away by the waters so blue
The infant was lonely and sad
She took him in pity and thought him so pretty
And it made little Moses so glad
She called him her own, her beautiful son
And sent for a nurse that was near
She called him her own, her beautiful son
And sent for a nurse that was near

And away by the river so clear
They carried the beautiful child
To his own tender mother, his sister and brother
Little Moses looked happy and smiled
His mother so good done all that she could
To rear him and teach him with care
His mother so good done all that she could
To rear him and teach him with care

And away by the sea that was red
Little Moses the servant of God
While in Him confided, the sea was divided
As upward he lifted his rod
The Jews safely crossed while Pharaoh's host
Was drowned in the waters and lost
The Jews safely crossed while Pharaoh's host
Was drowned in the waters and lost

And away on the mountain so high
The last one that ever might see
While in Him victorious his hope was most glorious
He'd soon o'er the Jordan be free
When his labor did cease he departed in peace
And rested in the heavens above
When his labor did cease he departed in peace
And rested in the heavens above

LULU WALL

One evening getting dark
We first met at the park
A-sitting by the fountain all alone
I lifted up my hat
And then began to chat
She said she'd 'low me to see her at her home

Such a star I've never seen
She's as pretty as a queen
She's as perfect as an angel from above
If she'd only be my wife
I'd live happy all my life
With that aggravating beauty, Lula Wall

If she was only mine
I would build a house so fine
And around it so many fences tall
It would make me jealousl-y
That no one else but me
Could gaze upon that beauty, Lula Wall

One evening getting late
I met her at the gate
I asked her if she'd wed me in the fall
She only turned away
And nothing would she say
That aggravating beauty, Lula Wall

THE GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE

There's a little grave on the green hillside
That lies to the morning sun
And the way-worn feet often wander there
When the cares of the day are done
We sometimes sit in the twilight fall
And talk of a far off land
And I sometimes feel in the twilight there
The touch of a vanished hand

Grave on the green hillside
Grave on the green hillside
In the years to come we will calmly sleep
In a grave on the green hillside

And this land is full of these little graves
In the valleys, plains and hills
There's an angel too for each little grave
An angel so mission-filled
I know not how but I sometimes think
That they lead us with gentle hands
And a whisper falls on a willing ear
From the shore of a far off land

And these little graves are the wayside marks
That point to a far off land
And to speak to the soul of a better day
Of a day that's near at hand
Though we first must walk through the dark, some fail
Yet Christ will be our guide
We will reach the shore of a far off land
Through a grave on a green hillside

DON'T FORGET THIS SONG

My home's in old Virginny
Among the lovely hills
The memory of my birth place
Lies in my bosom still

I did not like my fireside
I did not like my home
I have a mind for rambling
So far away from home

It was on one moonlight evening
The stars were shining bright
And with an ugly dagger
I made the spirit fly
'Twas then the sober struck me
As plain as you can see
"I'm doomed, I'm ruined forever
Throughout eternity!"

I courted a fair young lady
Her name I will not tell
Oh why should I disgrace her
When I am doomed for hell

But now I'm upon my scaffold
My time's not very long
You may forget the singer
But don't forget this song

THE FOGGY MOUNTAIN TOP

If I was on some foggy mountain top
I'd sail away to the west
I'd sail all around this whole wide world
To the girl I love the best
If I had a-listened to what mama said
I would not have been here today
A-lying around this old jail house
A-weeping my sweet life away

Ay oh lay ee oh, lee oh lay ee ay
Lee oh lay ee, lay ee, oh lay ee

Oh when you see that girl of mine
There is something you must tell her
She need not to fool no time away
To court some other feller
She's caused me to weep
She's caused me to mourn
She's caused me to leave my home
Oh that lonesome pine and those good old times
I am on my way back home

Ay oh lay ee oh, lee oh lay ee ay
Lee oh lay ee, lay ee, oh lay ee

Oh when you go a-courting
I'll tell you how to do
Pull off that long tail roustabout
Put on your navy blue

Ay oh lay ee oh, lee oh lay ee ay
Lee oh lay ee, lay ee, oh lay ee

BRING BACK MY BLUE-EYED BOY TO ME

'Tis true, the ring that has no end
It's hard to find a faithful friend
And when you find one, just and true
Change not the old one for the new

Bring back my blue-eyed boy to me
Bring back my blue-eyed boy to me
Bring back my blue-eyed boy to me
That I may ever happy be

Must I go bound and him go free
Must I love the boy that don't love me
Or must I act the childish part
And love that boy that broke my heart?

Last night my lover promised me
To take me across the deep blue sea
And now he's gone and left me alone
An orphan girl without a home

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep
Place marble at my head and feet
And on my breast a snow white dove
To show to the world I died for love

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

While walking out one evening
Not knowing where to go
Just to pass the time away
Before we held our show
I heard the Bethel mission's band
Singing with all their might
I give my heart to Jesus
And left the show that night

The day will soon be over
And digging will be done
And no more gems be gathered
So let us all press on
When Jesus comes to claim us
And says it is enough
The diamonds will be shining
No longer in the rough

One day, my precious comrade
You too were lost in sin
And others sought your rescue
And Jesus took you in
And when you're tired and tempted
And scoffers can rebuff
Don't turn away in anger
This diamond in the rough

While reading through the Bible
Some wondrous sights I've seen
I read of Peter, James and John
By the Sea of Galilee
And Jesus when He found them
He found them very tough
And they were precious diamonds
He gathered in the rough

ENGINE ONE-FORTY-THREE

Along came the F.F.V.
The swiftest on the line
Running o'er the C&O road
Just 20 minutes behind
Running into Suville
Headquarters on the line
Receiving their strict orders
From a station just behind

George's mother came to him
With a bucket on her arm
Saying, "My darling son,
Be careful how you run
For many a man has lost his life
In trying to make lost time
And if you'll run your engine right
You'll get there just on time!"

Up the road she darted
Against the rock she crushed
Upside down the engine turned
And George's breast did smash
His head was against the firebox door
The flames are rolling high
"I'm glad I was born for an engineer
To die on the C&O road"

The doctor said to Georgie,
"My darling boy, be still
Your life may yet be saved
If it is God's blessed will."
"Oh no", said George, "that will not do
I want to die so free
I want to die for the engine I love
One hundred and forty three."

The doctor said to Georgie,
"Your life cannot be saved
Murdered upon the railroad
And laid in a lonesome grave!"
His face was covered up with blood
His eyes you could not see
And the very last words poor Georgie said
Was, "Nearer My God to Thee!"

THE HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM

Well, I wonder how the old folks are at home
Well, I wonder if they miss me when I'm gone
I wonder if they pray
For the boy who went away
And left his dear old parents all alone

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could almost see the fields of bluegrass green
You could almost hear them cry
As they kissed their boy goodbye
I wonder how the old folks are at home

Just a village and a homestead on the farm
And a mother's love to shield you from all harm
A mother's love so true
And a sweetheart brave and true
A village and a homestead on the farm

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could almost see the fields of bluegrass green
You could almost hear them cry
As they kissed their boy goodbye
I wonder how the old folks are at home

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could almost see the fields of bluegrass green
You could almost hear them cry
As they kissed their boy goodbye
I wonder how the old folks are at home

THE CYCLONE OF RYE COVE

Oh, listen today in the story I tell
In sadness and tear-dimmed eyes
Of a dreadful cyclone that came this way
And blew our schoolhouse away

Rye Cove (Rye Cove) Rye Cove (Rye Cove)
The place of my childhood and home
Where in life's early morn I once loved to roam
But now it's so silent and lone

When the cyclone appeared, it darkened the air
Yet the lightning flashed over the sky
And the children all cried, "Don't take us away,
And spare us to go back home!"

There were mothers so dear and fathers the same
That came to this horrible scene
Searching and crying, each found their own child
Dying on a pillow of stone

Oh give us a home far beyond the blue sky
Where storms and cyclones are unknown
And there by life's friends we'll plant this glad hand
Our children in a heavenly home

MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

Motherless children sees a hard time when
the mother's dead
Motherless children sees a hard time when
the mother's dead
They are driven out in the cold, got nowhere to go
Motherless children sees a hard time when
the mother's dead

Orphan children sees a hard time in this world
Orphan children sees a hard time in this world
Sister does the best she can, but she really don't
understand
Orphan children sees a hard time in this world

Brother won't treat you like mother will,
when mother's dead
Brother won't treat you like mother will,
when mother's dead
You may ask for a piece of bread, you are told
to go to bed
Motherless children sees a hard time when
the mother's dead

Orphan children sees a hard time in this world
Orphan children sees hard time in this world
Sister does the best she can, but she really
don't understand
Orphan children sees a hard time in this world

Friends won't treat you like mother will
when the mother is dead
Friends won't treat you like mother will
when the mother is dead
They will tell you what to do, but they'll turn
their back on you
Motherless children sees a hard time when
the mother's dead

Orphan children sees a hard time in this world
Orphan children sees a hard time in this world
Sister does the best she can, but she really don't
understand
Orphan children sees a hard time in this world

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM IN DIXIELAND

When the roses bloom in Dixieland
I am coming back to you
When the birds are singing music grand
To the sweetest girl I ever knew
I am saving up my money
To buy a little cabin home for two
When the roses bloom in Dixieland
I am coming back to you

I just got a letter from the sunny south
From my girl in Tennessee
She said she loved me like she used to do
And was waiting there for me
I answered back her letter
Though I am far away
When the roses bloom in Dixieland
I am coming back to stay

When the roses bloom in Dixieland
I am coming back to you
When the birds are singing music grand
To the sweetest girl I ever knew
I am saving up my money
To buy a little cabin home for two
When the roses bloom in Dixieland
I am coming back to you

When I left my honey at the railroad train
I said, "Honey, wait for me
I'm going to make a lot of money up north
Then it's me for old Tennessee!"

When the roses bloom in Dixieland
I am coming back to you
When the birds are singing music grand
To the sweetest girl I ever knew
I am saving up my money
To buy a little cabin home for two
When the roses bloom in Dixieland
I am coming back to you

NO TELEPHONE IN HEAVEN

"Now I can't wait on baby",
The smiling merchant said
As he stooped and softly toyed with
It's golden, curly head
"I want to call up mama",
Came the answer full and free
"Will you telephone and ask her
When she's coming back to me?"

"My child", the merchant murmured,
As he stroked the anxious brow,
"No telephone connection
Where your mother lives right now
No telephone in Heaven",
And the tears sprang in her eyes
"I thought God had everything
With Him up in the sky!"

"Tell her that I get so lonesome
That I don't know what to do
And papa cries so much I guess
He must be lonesome too
Tell her to come to baby
'Cause at night I get so 'fraid
With no one there to kiss me
When the lights begin to fade."

"All through the day I want her
Since my dolly's got so tore
With the awful punching brother
Give it with his little sword
They ain't no one to fix it
Since mama's gone away
And poor little lonesome dolly
Getting thinner every day."

WESTERN HOBO

The wild and western hobo
Who left his happy home
Started upon a western trip
All by himself alone
Upon this western trip
Going to have lots of fun
But upon this western trip
This is the song he sung

Yodeling:
Dee oh lay ee oh
Oh lay ee ay
Oh lay ee, oh lay ee, oh lay ee

I stepped upon a platform
Smoking a cheap cigar
Waiting to catch a freight train
To catch an empty car
I buttoned my coat up closely
Walked off down the track
I caught the steps of a sleeper car
I never did look back

Yodeling

My pocketbook is empty
My heart is filled with pain
Ten thousand miles away from home
Hoboing an old freight train

Yodeling

CARTER'S BLUES

As I walked out one morning fair
To view the fields and take the air
For to view the fields and meadows around
I thought I heard some lonesome sound
I thought I heard my true love say
"Oh, do turn and come this way!"

Yod'l lay ee, oh lay ee ay oh lay ee

"You love some other, you don't love me
You care not for my company
You love some other, and I know why
Because he has more gold than I
But gold will melt and silver will fly
My love for you will never die!"

Yod'l lay ee, oh lay ee ay oh lay ee

"There is a flower, I've heard them say
That can be seen from day to day
And if that flower I only could find
To last this aching heart of mine."

Yod'l lay ee, oh lay ee ay oh lay ee

"So fare you well, my charming little love
Oh meet me in that land above
And when we meet there in that land
We'll take no more this parting hand."

Yod'l lay ee, oh lay ee ay oh lay ee

WABASH CANNONBALL

Out from the wide Pacific to the broad Atlantic shore
She climbs the flowery mountains, o'er hills
and by the shore
Although she's tall and handsome and she's known
quite well by all
She's a reg'lar combination of the Wabash Cannonball

Oh, the eastern states are dandies so the western
people say
Chicago, Rock Island, St. Louis by the way
To the lakes of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No chances to be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland, o'er hills
and by the shore
She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the merry
hobos squall
She glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball

Oh, here's old Daddy Cleton, let his name forever be
And long be remembered in the courts of Tennessee
For he is a good old rounder till the curtain 'round
him fall
He'll be carried back to vict'ry on the Wabash
Cannonball

I have rode the I.C. *(for Illinois Central)* Limited,
also the Royal Blue
Across the eastern countries on mail car number 2
I have rode those highball trains from coast to coast,
that's all
But I have found no equals to the Wabash Cannonball

Oh, listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland, o'er hills
and by the shore
She climbs the flowery mountain, hear the merry
hobos squall
She glides along the woodland, the Wabash Cannonball

A DISTANT LAND TO ROAM

I remember very well
On one dark and dreary day
Just as I was leaving home
For a distant land to roam

Mother said (Mother said)
My dear boy (my dear boy)
I hope to see you next year again
Fare you well (fare you well)
Fare you well (fare you well)
So I left my dear old home
For a distant land to roam

Now I've wandered far away
From my home I've gone astray
Now I'm coming, coming home
Never more from thee to roam

Mother said (Mother said)
My dear boy (my dear boy)
I hope to see you next year again
Fare you well (fare you well)
Fare you well (fare you well)
So I left my dear old home
For a distant land to roam

And these words she said to me
As she took me by the hand
"If on earth we meet no more
May we meet at God's right hand."

Mother said (Mother said)
My dear boy (my dear boy)
I hope to see you next year again
Fare you well (fare you well)
Fare you well (fare you well)
So I left my dear old home
For a distant land to roam

JIMMIE BROWN THE NEWSBOY

I'm very cold and hungry, sir
My clothes are worn and thin
I wander about from place to place
My daily bread I win

But never mind, sir, how I look
Don't look at me or frown
I sell the morning paper, sir
My name is Jimmie Brown

I sell the morning paper, sir
My name is Jimmie Brown
Most everybody knows I am
The newsboy of the town

My father was a drunkard, sir
I've heard my mother say
But I am helping mother as
I journey on the way

I sell the morning paper, sir
My name is Jimmie Brown
Most everybody knows I am
The newsboy of the town

KITTY WALTZ

Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
The guitars are ringing, come on and waltz

The girls are singing, their guitars are ringing
Their steps are so neat, their music so sweet
Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
The guitars are ringing, come on and waltz

Boys, come on and join our band
The guitars are ringing, their music is grand
Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
The guitars are ringing, come on and waltz

Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
Waltz, Kitty Waltz, let everybody waltz
The guitars are ringing, come on and waltz

FOND AFFECTION

Once I loved your fond affection
All my hopes on you was filled
'Til a dark-eyed girl persuaded
And you care no more for me

Go on and leave me if you wish to
Never let me cross your mind
In your heart you love another
Never on earth will I call you mine

Yo-d'l lay ee oh, oh lay ee ay, oh lay ee

When I'm dead and in my coffin
And my pale face toward the sun
Will you come and sit beside me
And think of what you have done

Go on and leave me if you wish to
Never let me cross your mind
In your heart you love another
Never on earth will I call you mine

Yo-d'l lay ee oh, oh lay ee ay, oh lay ee

When I'm dead and in my coffin
And the shroud about me bound
Will you come and scatter roses
Upon your lover's mound

Go on and leave me if you wish to
Never let me cross your mind
In your heart you love another
Never on earth will I call you mine

Yo-d'l lay ee oh, oh lay ee ay, oh lay ee

THE CANNON-BALL

You can wash my jumper
Starch my overhalls *(sic)*
Catch the train
They call The Cannon-Ball
From Buffalo to Washington

Yonder comes a train
Comin' down the track
It'll carry me away
But it ain't a-goin' to carry me back
Honey babe, my blue-eyed babe

My baby left me
She even took my shoes
Enough to give me
The doggone worried blues
She's gone, she's solid gone!

I'm going up north
I'm going up north this fall
If luck don't' change
I won't be back at-tall
My honey babe, I'm leaving you

THE LOVERS' FAREWELL

We have met and we have parted
We have spoke our last goodbye
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

You have wrecked the heart I've cherished
You have doomed me day by day
You have faults, but I'll forgive you
To forget you, I cannot say

For I love you, dear, I love you
More than all this world, I know
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

On the river bank I'll loiter
'Til I see your face once more
Then I'll plunge beneath the water
And I'll end on some far shore

Among the trees and bushes
Where the dark green willows wave
In the cold and silent rushes
There you'll find my lonely grave

For I love you, dear, I love you
More than all this world, I know
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

Oh I wish I was white marble
Cold and white on some far shore
This poor heart would cease from troubling
And I'd feel the pain no more

For I love you, dear, I love you
More than all this world, I know
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

THERE'S SOMEONE AWAITING FOR ME

All the people of today, they are going far away
To the mountain, the lake or the sea
There's a little spot out west that I always loved
the best
And there's someone awaiting for me

She'll be happy (she'll be happy)
She'll be free (she'll be free)
When she wanders alone with me
It'll be getting quite late when I meet her at the gate
And there's someone awaiting for me

Yodel ay ee oh, aye lee oh lay ee
Aye oh lee oh lay ee oh ho lay

There are birds in every tree and they sing among
the breeze
But there's none so happy as me
I am going out west, and there I'll do my best
To build a little home for you and me

She'll be happy (she'll be happy)
She'll be free (she'll be free)
When she wanders alone with me
It'll be getting quite late when I meet her at the gate
And there's someone awaiting for me

Yodel ay ee oh, aye lee oh lay ee
Aye oh lee oh lay ee oh ho lay

All the birds that fly above singing their songs of love
O'er the meadows, the valleys so deep
Their voices so sweet that they sing me to sleep
For I know my darling will not weep

She'll be happy (she'll be happy)
She'll be free (she'll be free)
When she wanders alone with me
It'll be getting quite late when I meet her at the gate
And there's someone awaiting for me

Yodel ay ee oh, aye lee oh lay ee
Aye oh lee oh lay ee oh ho lay

THE LITTLE LOG HUT IN THE LANE

Mama says she don't want me
Because I'm getting old
Scared that I might freeze to death
The weather is so cold
If I live tonight
I think I will try
When the moon goes down tonight
I'm a-gonna say goodbye

I'm going from the cotton field
I'm going from the cane
I'm going from that little log hut
That stands down in the lane

Now I'm old and feeble
And I cannot see my way
Mama says I'm old and gray
And only in the way
I'm leaving the little log hut
The place I love to dwell
When the stars shine bright tonight
I'm a-gonna bid farewell

I'm going from the cotton field
I'm going from the cane
I'm going from that little log hut
That stands down in the lane

I'm going from the cotton field
I'm going from the cane
I'm going from that little log hut
That stands down in the lane

WHEN THE SPRINGTIME COMES AGAIN

Once more, Little Annie, I must leave you
We shall part at the end of the lane
But promise me, Little Annie
You will wait for me 'til springtime comes again

When the sun shines down on the mountain
And the wild sheep are wandering all alone
When the birds and the bees are a-humming
Makes me think that springtime won't be very long

When springtime comes on the mountain
And the wild flowers scatter o'er the plain
I shall watch for the bees to return to their trees
And I'll be waiting when the springtime comes again

Yodel ay ee, hi lee oh lay ee,
Hi lee oh lay ee hee oh lay hee

Now springtime is here, Little Annie
I am on my way back to the lane
For you promised me, Little Annie
You'd be waiting when springtime come again

When springtime comes on the mountain
And the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain
I shall watch for the bees to return to their trees
And I'll be waiting when the springtime comes again

Yodel ay ee, hi lee oh lay ee,
Hi lee oh lay ee hee oh lay hee

WHEN THE WORLD'S ON FIRE

Oh my loving mother
When the world's on fire
Don't you want God's bosom
To be your pillow
Hide me over
In the Rock of Ages
Rock of Ages cleft for me

I'm going to Heaven
When the world's on fire
Then I want God's bosom
To be my pillow
Hide me over
In the Rock of Ages
Rock of Ages cleft for me

Oh my loving brother...
...
Rock of Ages cleft for me

Oh my loving sinner...
...
Rock of Ages cleft for me

Don't you want to go to heaven...
...
Don't you want God's bosom...
...
Rock of Ages cleft for me

I HAVE AN AGED MOTHER

Last night while I lay sleeping
Last night while in a dream
I saw my dear old mother
Down by a rippling stream
Don't ask me why I'm weeping
Don't ask me why I pray
For I've an aged mother
Ten thousand miles away

A letter here from sister dear
Come home, we're all alone
Dear mother's slowly fading
She can't be with us long
Don't ask me why I'm weeping
Don't ask me why I pray
I've a dear old mother dying
Ten thousand miles away

Oh la lay ho, ho lay ho lay
Oh la lay ho, ho lay ho lay
Out in the cold world
Long ways from home

I'm drawing near the old home
Dear sister's at the gate
She's leading me through the doorway
"Oh brother, you've come too late!"

"Oh, lead me to the casket
Throw back the linen so fine
That I may kiss her pale white lips
For I know they'll never kiss mine."

I see the pale moon shining
On mother's white tombstone
The rosebuds 'round them twining
Are just like me alone

Oh la lay ho, ho lay ho lay
Oh la lay ho, ho lay ho lay
Out in the cold world
Left all alone

THE DYING SOLDIER

France's sun was slowly sinking
O'er the hilltops far away
The land was in its beauty
Where the dying soldier lay
Tears were streaming down his face
As he slowly raised his head
And these were the dying words he said

Oh carry me back to old Tennessee
Let this be my last repose
Lay my feet beneath the lilacs
Lay my head beneath the rose

Take this message to my mother
For I know she's old and gray
At home I know she's waiting
Looking for her boy some day
Oh, dear mother, I fought true
For my country and for you
And I'm dying for the Red, White and Blue

Oh carry me back to old Tennessee
Let this be my last repose
Lay my feet beneath the lilacs
Lay my head beneath the rose

O'er the hills of Tennessee
Where the wild winds wander free
'S a little girl waiting there for me
Tell her that the rose she gave me
Will be placed upon my grave
In memory of her soldier brave

Oh carry me back to old Tennessee
Let this be my last repose
Lay my feet beneath the lilacs
Lay my head beneath the rose

WORRIED MAN BLUES

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

I went across the river, I lay down to sleep
I went across the river, I lay down to sleep
When I woke up with the shackles on my feet

Twenty nine links of chain around my leg
Twenty nine links of chain around my leg
And on each link is the initial of my name

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

I asked the judge what might be my fine
I asked the judge what might be my fine
Twenty one years on the R. C. Mountain Line

The train arrived, sixteen coaches long
The train arrived, sixteen coaches long
The girl I love is on that train and gone

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

If anyone asks you who composed this song
If anyone asks you who composed this song
Tell 'em 'twas I, and I sing it all day long

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

LONESOME VALLEY

Sara & Maybelle (A.P.):

Everybody's got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves
(by ourselves)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for us
(walk it for us)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves.

My father's got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) it by hisself
(by hisself) *(sic)*
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for him
(walk it for him)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) by hisself

My mother's got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
She's got to walk (she's got to walk it) it by herself
(by herself)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for her
(walk it for her)
She's got to walk (she's got to walk it) by herself

All sinners' got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it)
it by theirself (by theirself) *(sic)*
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for
them (walk it for them)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it) by theirself

Everybody's got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves
(by ourselves)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for us
(walk it for us)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves.

ON THE ROCK WHERE MOSES STOOD

Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
Oh, in that day when the bells don't toll
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord

Sara & Maybelle (A.P.):

Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock (praise God!)
Where Moses stood

Sinners run unto the Lord
Sinners run unto the Lord
Now please don't let this harvest pass
And lose your soul at last

Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock (praise God!)
Where Moses stood

Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
The four and twenty elders bowing all around the altar
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord

Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock (praise God!)
Where Moses stood

ROOM IN HEAVEN FOR ME

Beyond the sea, where faith lives gloriously
Are things up there that eyes have never seen
The soul's sweet home, will live evermore
Will there be room for me on that bright shore?

There's room (room for you and me)
Yes, room (room for you and me)
There's room (room for me)
For all (room enough for all)
There's room (yes, there's room for me)
For all (room enough for all)
Yes, room (room enough in Heaven, yes, room) for me

That wondrous city far beyond confine
Where all is joy and peace so pure divine
In visions I, its glittering streets can see
And wonder if, there's room in Heaven for me

There's room (room for you and me)
Yes, room (room for you and me)
There's room (room for me)
For all (room enough for all)
There's room (yes, there's room for me)
For all (room enough for all)
Yes, room (room enough in Heaven, yes, room) for me

I long to soar away and be at rest
And there to lean upon my Savior's breast
Oh won't that be a glorious victory
To find that there is room in Heaven for me

There's room (room for you and me)
Yes, room (room for you and me)
There's room (room for me)
For all (room enough for all)
There's room (yes, there's room for me)
For all (room enough for all)
Yes, room (room enough in Heaven, yes, room) for me

LONESOME PINE SPECIAL

I was walking out this morning
With rambling on my mind
I am going to catch the Special
That train called Lonesome Pine
You can hear the whistle blowing
As she's coming down the line
That's the train I catch this morning
To ease my troubling mind

Ho lalay ho, holay holay
Ho lalay ho, holay holay
Take me back to Texas
Back to my old home

Oh I'm weeping like a willow
And I'm mourning like a dove
There's a girl way out in Texas
That I know I really love
Oh I'm goin' back to Texas
Where the lonesome coyotes whine
Where the longhorn cattle are roaming
'Round that cabin home of mine

Ho lalay ho, holay holay
Ho lalay ho, holay holay
Take me back to Texas
Back to my old home

Oh, give me back my rifle
Oh, give me back my gun
Give me back my home in Texas
And my rambling days are done

Ho lalay ho, holay holay
Ho lalay ho, holay holay
Take me back to Texas
Back to my old home

NO MORE THE MOON SHINES ON LORENA

Way down upon the old plantation
Ol' Massy used to own me as a slave
He had a yeller *(sic)* gal he called Lorena
And we courted where the wild bananas wave
For long years there we courted
And we were as happy as one
And by hard work fordid Massy*
And the happiness of life has just begun

**This is what I heard - "by hard work fordid", i.e., "got away with" the "courting" which the Master ("Massy") probably forbade.*

No more the moon shines on Lorena
As we sit and watch the coon among the corn
And the possum playing on the wild bananas
And the old owl a-hootin' like a horn

One day I called to see my dear Lorena
I thought she would meet me at the gate
But they took her away to old Virginny
And left me to mourn for her fate
For years I had longed to see her
And the thoughts of her was ever in my head
One day Massy read me a letter
Telling me that Lorena she was dead

No more the moon shines on Lorena
As we sit and watch the coon among the corn
And the possum playing on the wild bananas
And the old owl a-hootin' like a horn

But I know that her soul has gone to Heaven
And there she is ever free from pain
And to her a brighter crown is given
And no more she will wear the darkie's chain

No more the moon shines on Lorena
As we sit and watch the coon among the corn
And the possum playing on the wild bananas
And the old owl a-hootin' like a horn

ON MY WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND

I'm on my way to Canaan's land
I'm on my way to Canaan's land
I'm on my way to Canaan's land
I'm on my way (praise God), I'm on my way

If father won't go, it won't hinder me *(3)*
I'm on my way (praise God), I'm on my way

If mother won't go, it won't hinder me *(3)*
I'm on my way (praise God), I'm on my way

If sister won't go, it won't hinder me *(3)*
I'm on my way (praise God), I'm on my way

Oh be baptized in Jesus' name *(3)*
I'm on my way (praise God), I'm on my way

I'm on my way to Canaan's land *(3)*
I'm on my way (praise God), I'm on my way

WHERE SHALL I BE?

The Judgement Day is drawing nigh
Where shall I be
When God the work of men shall try
Where shall I be
When east and west the fire will roll
Where shall I be
How will it be with my poor soul
Where shall I be

Oh, where shall I be when the first trumpet sounds
Oh, where shall I be when it sounds so loud
When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead
Oh, where shall I be when it sounds

When wicked men His wrath shall see
Where shall I be
And to the rocks and mountains flee
Where shall I be
When hills and mountains flee away
Where shall I be
And all the work of men decay
Where shall I be

Oh, where shall I be when the first trumpet sounds
Oh, where shall I be when it sounds so loud
When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead
Oh, where shall I be when it sounds

When the Savior aims from shore to shore
Where shall I be
From God's angry presence roll
Where shall I be

Oh, I'll be sleeping in my grave when the first trumpet sounds
I'll be sleeping in my grave when it sounds so loud
When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead
I'll be sleeping in my grave when it sounds

Oh, I'll be sleeping in my grave when the first trumpet sounds
I'll be sleeping in my grave when it sounds so loud
When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead
I'll be sleeping in my grave when it sounds

SOW 'EM ON THE MOUNTAIN (REAP 'EM IN THE VALLEY)

Sow 'em on the mountain, reap 'em in the valley
Sow 'em on the mountain, reap 'em in the valley
Sow 'em on the mountain, reap 'em in the valley
'Cause you gonna reap just what you sow

If you've been a gambler, you'd better quit your gambling
'Cause you're gonna reap just what you sow

Sow 'em on the mountain, reap 'em in the valley
'Cause you gonna reap just what you sow

If you've been a tattler, you'd better quit your tattling
If you've been a tattler, you'd better quit your tattling
If you've been a tattler, you'd better quit your tattling
'Cause you're gonna reap just what you sow

Sow 'em on the mountain, reap 'em in the valley
'Cause you gonna reap just what you sow

If you've been a liar, you'd better quit your lying
'Cause you're gonna reap just what you sow

Sow 'em on the mountain, reap 'em in the valley
'Cause you're gonna reap just what you sow

DARLING NELLIE ACROSS THE SEA

Oh the night was dark and stormy
When this message came to me
It was from my darling Nellie
Who is far across the sea

Oh, dear Jack, I know I'm dying
I've no friends, no parents nigh
But remember, dearest Jacky
There's a home for us on high

Oh, dear mother, I must leave you
I must go across the sea
I must find my darling Nellie
Who so dearly cared for me

I was wandering through the graveyard
When I found where Nellie lay
It was there my heart was broken
It was there I knelt and prayed

Now I'm left alone in sadness
On the field of flowery Spain
And the girl I love is sleeping
In the cold and silent grave

Lay me where my Nellie's sleeping
Close beside her let me lie
Where the blooming flowers are grieving
There I'll lay me when I die

THE BIRDS WERE SINGING OF YOU

Last night the pale moon was shining
Last night when all was still
I was wandering alone in sadness
Out among the woodland hills
I heard the birds a-singing
Out among the trees and dew
And all the birds, my darling
Were singing, were singing of you

Were singing, singing of you (my love)
Were singing, singing of you
And all the birds, my darling
Were singing, were singing of you

I think of you in the daytime
I dream of you by night
I wake and wish you was here, love
And tears are blinding my sight
The flowers that slumber so sweetly
The stars are above the blue
Oh, Heaven itself, my darling
Is thinking, is thinking of you

Is thinking, thinking of you (my love)
Is thinking, thinking of you
Oh, Heaven itself, my darling
Is thinking, is thinking of you

I opened my window so gently
Looked out on the dreaming view
And all the world, my darling
Was sighing, was sighing for you

Was sighing, sighing for you (my love)
Was sighing, sighing for you
And all the world, my darling
Was sighing, was sighing for you

WEARY PRODIGAL SON

God is calling a prodigal,
"Come without delay!"
Hear, oh hear Him calling
Calling now for thee
Patient, loving and tenderly
Still the Father pleads
Hear His loving voice calling still (calling still)

Calling now for thee
Oh, wea- (weary prodigal come) - ry prodigal come
(Weary prodigal come)
Calling now for thee
Oh, wea- (weary prodigal come) -ry prodigal come
(Weary prodigal come)

Come there's bread in the house
Of the Father and to spare
Hear, oh hear Him calling
Calling now for thee
Lo, the table is spread
And the feast is waiting there
Hear His loving voice calling still (calling still)

Calling now for thee
Oh, wea- (weary prodigal come) - ry prodigal come
(Weary prodigal come)
Calling now for thee
Oh, wea- (weary prodigal come) -ry prodigal come
(Weary prodigal come)

Calling now for thee
Oh, wea- (weary prodigal come) - ry prodigal come
(Weary prodigal come)
Calling now for thee
Oh, wea- (weary prodigal come) -ry prodigal come
(Weary prodigal come)

MY OLD COTTAGE HOME

I am thinking tonight of an old cottage home
That stands on the brow of the hill
Where in life's early morning I once loved to roam
But now all is quiet and still

Oh my old cottage home, my old cottage home
That stands on the brow of the hill
Where in life's early morning I once loved to roam
But now all is quiet and still

Many years have gone by since in prayer
there I knelt
With dear ones around the old hearth
But my mother's sweet prayers in my heart
still are felt
I'll treasure them up while on earth

Oh my old cottage home, my old cottage home
That stands on the brow of the hill
Where in life's early morning I once loved to roam
But now all is quiet and still

One by one they have gone from the old
cottage home
On earth we shall see them no more
But we'll meet them again on that beautiful shore
Where partings will come nevermore

Oh my old cottage home, my old cottage home
That stands on the brow of the hill
Where in life's early morning I once loved to roam
But now all is quiet and still

WHEN I'M GONE

You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my walk
You're gonna miss me by my talk
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

You're gonna miss me by my prayers
You're gonna miss me everywhere
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my song
You're gonna miss me all day long
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

You're gonna miss me by my ways
You're gonna miss me every day
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my song
You're gonna miss me all day long
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
When I'm gone (when I'm gone)
Oh I know you will miss me when I'm gone

SUNSHINE IN THE SHADOWS

When our hearts are bowed in sorrow
And it seems all help is gone
Jesus whispers, "Do not falter,
I will leave you not alone!"
Then somehow a-midst my trials
How it is I cannot see
Then I hear a voice from Heaven
Gently saying, "Follow Me!"

There is sunshine in the shadows
There is sunshine in the rain
There is sunshine in our sorrows
When our hearts are filled with pain
There is sunshine when we're burdened
There is sunshine when we pray
There is sunshine, heavenly sunshine
Blessed sunshine all the way

Sometimes my friends forsake me
And I'm tempted to despair
Then I think of my dear Savior
To lay His head, His head nowhere
Oh it pays to follow Jesus
Just to learn of Him each day
And I'll guarantee, you my brother
You'll have sunshine all the way

There is sunshine in the shadows
There is sunshine in the rain
There is sunshine in our sorrows
When our hearts are filled with pain
There is sunshine when we're burdened
There is sunshine when we pray
There is sunshine, heavenly sunshine
Blessed sunshine all the way

LET THE CHURCH ROLL ON

Let the church roll on (my good Lord)
Let the church roll on (oh my Lord)
Turn them out (turn them out)
Let the church roll on

There's gambler's in the church (my good Lord)
And they won't do right (oh my Lord)
What you gonna do (turn them out)
Let the church roll on

Let the church roll on (my good Lord)
Let the church roll on (oh my Lord)
Turn them out (turn them out)
Let the church roll on

There's drunkards in the church (my good Lord)
And they won't do right (oh my Lord)
What you gonna do (turn them out)
Let the church roll on

Let the church roll on ...

There's members in the church (my good Lord)
And they won't do right (oh my Lord)
What you gonna do (take 'em in, watch 'em close)
Let the church roll on

Let the church roll on ...

LONESOME FOR YOU

Now I know what it means to be lonesome
And I know what it means to be blue
And I know what it means to be lonesome in dreams
When there's someone missing you

'Cause I've sighed and I've cried since we parted
There is no one knows what I've gone through
I'd give all that I own just to have you back home
'Cause I'm lonesome, lonesome for you

My best friend left me this morning
As the clock was striking four
And the smiling face of my darling
I may not see no more

Now I know what it means to be worried
To be all lonesome and blue
For the one that I love so dearly
Has turned her back on me

Oh my mind is full of sorrow
And my heart is filled with pain
And I feel so broken-hearted
Wont' you please come back again

'Cause I've sighed and I've cried since we parted
There is no one knows what I've gone through
I'd give all that I own just to have you back home
Mama, I'm lonesome, lonesome for you

CAN'T FEEL AT HOME

This world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through
My treasures and my hopes are all beyond the blue
Where many friends and kindred have gone on before
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

Over in Gloryland there is no dying there
The saints are shouting victory, and singing everywhere
I hear the voice of them that I have heard before
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

Oh, Lord, you know I have no friend like you
If Heaven's not my home. oh Lord, what would I do
Angels beckon me to Heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

Heaven's expecting me, that's one thing I know
I fixed it up with Jesus a long time ago
He will take me through, though I am weak and poor
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

Oh I have a loving mother over in Gloryland
I don't expect to stop until I shake her hand
She's gone on before, just waiting at Heaven's door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

Oh, Lord, you know I have no friend like you
If Heaven's not my home. oh Lord, what would I do
Angels beckon me to Heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

WHY THERE'S A TEAR IN MY EYE

(with Jimmie Rodgers)

I once loved a beautiful maiden
As fair as the blue skies above
And each night as we wandered together
The moon seemed to smile on our love
We vowed to be true to each other
And nothing could cause us to part
But we never once dreamed that the future
Held only a broken heart

Then there came the night when we parted
We quarreled as all sweethearts do
And I learned what it was to be jealous
When they told me her love was untrue
She told me she had always been faithful
She swore that her love could not die
And then when I did not believe her
She kissed me and told me goodbye

Oh la lay ee oh, fa lay ee oh, yodel ay ee
(twin yodeling)

I found I had falsely accused her
And went back to make her my bride
And there in the door stood her mother
She told me my sweetheart had died
I went in and knelt down beside her
And there in the hush of that room
I prayed that my Maker would take me
And send my soul down to its doom

So now I have told you the reason
There's always a tear in my eye
Through long weary years I've repented
But I'm longing to lay down and die
And I wonder if I'll be forgiven
When I face the Master some day
And I wonder if I'll see my sweetheart
On that beautiful shore far away

Oh la lay ee oh, dee yodel lay ee oh, yodel ay ee

THE WONDERFUL CITY

(with Jimmie Rodgers)

I'm waiting, watching and longing
That beautiful sight to behold
When I shall awake some bright morning
In that city with streets of pure gold
My Savior has gone to prepare it
For all who accept His grace
And that's why I know I'll be welcome
To a home in that wonderful place

When I reach my home in that city
Shall I find you waiting up there
With the saints who have gone on before us
To that beautiful home so fair
My whole heart is set upon Heaven
Where my Savior's face I shall see
And live in the light of His glory
Throughout all eternity

He bids us to work in His vineyard
To toil for Him early and late
What a glorious reward for our labor
To enter that beautiful gate

When I reach my home in that city
Shall I find you waiting up there
With the saints who have gone on before us
To that beautiful home so fair
My whole heart is set upon Heaven
Where my Savior's face I shall see
And live in the light of His glory
Throughout all eternity

Oh de lay ee hee, oh lay ee hee, yodel ay hee

JIMMIE RODGERS VISITS THE CARTER FAMILY

Carter Family singing:
Far away on a hill
To a sunny mountainside
Many years ago we parted
My little Ruth and I
From the sunny mountainside

A.P.:
Hey, girls, stop that noise! Yonder comes a strange car up our road.
Sara:
Law it may be the revenue officers.
Maybelle:
It has a Texas license.
A.P.:
Why, that's Jimmie Rodgers!
Women:
Jimmie Rodgers! Jimmie Rodgers!
Jimmie:
Yay hey! Howdy, folks! Dee yodel ay ee hee! Ha ha ha! So this is Virginia, huh?
A.P.:
Yes sir! Mighty glad to see you, Jimmie! Get out and come right in! You're the first cowboy we've seen in a long time!
Jimmie:
Eh heh! That so? Boy, it's a long way from here to Texas! Man, man, I didn't know it was such a drive from Texas to Virginia! Well, I'm here anyhow. Gee, I been wantin' to see you folks for a long time.
A.P.:
How about a little drink, Jimmie?
Jimmie:
Ha ha! Boy, that sounds good to me! Dee yodel lay ee hee! Man, man! Son, go get the old boy a little squirt, willya?
A.P.:
Girls, you all play him a little tune; make him feel like he's at home, while he's at Maces Spring.

Singing:
My little darling, oh how I love you
How I love you none can tell
In your heart you love another
Little darling, pal of mine

Jimmie:
Hey, hey. Doggone, boy, it sure is pretty up here. Man, look at them old hills over there. Say, what old mountain is that layin' over there, ain't that a pretty ol' mountain, what is that ol' mountain over there?

A.P.:
That's Clinch Mountain, Jimmie.
Jimmie:
Oh, is that that ol' mountain you all been singin' about so much, My Clinch Mountain Home, that it?
A.P.:
Yes sir!
Jimmie:
Well!
A.P.:
Say, Jimmie, times is gettin' good up here now. I went out last night and my old 'coon dog treed two possums up one tree!
Jimmie:
Eh, huh?
A.P.:
Two possums up one tree!
Jimmie:
Two possums up one tree?
A.P.:
Yes sir!
Jimmie:
Dee yodel lay ee hee! Heh heh! Oh, man! Boy, that's too many possums up one tree! Yeh heh ha, so you got two up one tree, son?
A.P.:
Yes sir!
Jimmie:
Yeh, heh heh, doggone, I ain't never heard of that before; what kinda tree was it?
A.P.:
That 'as a black gum tree.
Jimmie:
Yeah, oh oh! Doggone! Say, how about a little ol' sure enough ridiculously harmonizin' round here like we used to do, you know? How about that old song we used to sing, that ol' uh, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, Town Tonight", huh? How about that old song?
A.P.:
All right.
Jimmie:
Let's go to town, here!

Carters Singing:
Oh, dow duh de dum, duh duh duh dum duh dum
Da da da, ahda dada da dat da
There's gonna be a hot time, a hot time
In this old town tonight
Jimmie:
Yodel lay ee oh, de lay ee ay, dee yodel lay dee
Hey, hey, boy tell 'em 'bout us. Well, I finally got up here to see the Carter Family, huh!

THE CARTER FAMILY AND JIMMIE RODGERS IN TEXAS

Jimmie Rodgers singing:
I go down this lonesome trail
Just galloping 'long
I love to sing this yodeling
Cowboy's song

Ee deedle dee dee ay
Dee dee yodel lay do lay ee tee
Dee yodel lay ee tee, yodel lay ee tee
Dee yodel lay hee

Jimmie:
Gee whiz, Mother, it's lonesome up here in these Kerrville Hills, ain't it? Wish we had some company, somebody'd come to see us, or somep'n would happen.
(Knock on door)
Carters (all talk at once):
Hello (hello) Jimmie (Jimmie)!
Jimmie:
Well, as I live and breath, look who's here. Say, Mother, come on out here, here's the whole Carter Family. Gee, I'm glad to see you all, have a seat around here. Well, you finally got out here in Texas, did you?
Sara:
Yes. Gee, Jimmie, you sure have got a pretty home out here.
Jimmie:
Yes, Sara, this is a pretty nice little shack. You know, we can stand right here on my front porch and look pretty nearly into Mexico.
A.P.:
Jimmie, I guess you kindly *(sic)* like Texas.
Jimmie:
Oh boy, I like Texas and how! Everybody likes Texas. You know, boy, this is the country out here where men are men, and the women are proud of it! Say, what do you think of Texas, Carter?
A.P.:
Well, since drivin' through Texas, I've seen more windmills and less water, more cows and less milk, Seen farther and seen less than any dad-burned country I'se ever in!

Jimmie:
Is that right? Ha ha ha. Well, you know Texas is the largest state we've got, old timer. Uh, Mother, can't we get over a couple of these chickens out there in the yard and fry 'em up for these folks? I know they're hungry.
Maybelle:
Yes, Jimmie, I'd love to have some fried chicken.
Jimmie:
All right, Maybelle, we gonna knock over a couple or 'em right away, we gonna have a mess o'chicken.
Sara:
Jimmie, how about a little music?
Jimmie:
I don't know, Sara, you know I've had the blues all day, I guess you got no business with the blues unless you can sing 'em. You help me sing this old "T for Texas" thing, huh?
Sara:
All right.

Singing:
T for Texas, T for Tennessee
T for Texas, T for Tennessee
T for Thelma
That gal that made a wreck out of me

Yodel lay ee oh, lay ee ay, lay ee hee

If you don't want me mama, you sure don't have to stall
If you don't want me mama, you sure don't have to stall
'Cause I can get more women
Than a passenger train can haul

Yodel lay ee oh, oh lay ee ay, yodel lay ee hee

Jimmie:
Mother, how about that fried chicken out there? All right, come on folks, let's eat here.
Carters:
Sounds good to me!
Jimmie:
Yeah, let's eat!

'MID THE GREEN FIELDS OF VIRGINIA

'Mid the green fields of Virginny
In the vale of Shenandoah
There's an ivy covered homestead that I love
With its wide old fashioned chimney
And it's simple homelike air
'Tis the home of my dear parents now above

There's a peaceful cottage there
A happy home so dear
My heart is longing for them day by day
Where I spent life's golden hours
In the vale of Shenandoah
'Mid the green fields of Virginny far away

'Mid the green fields of Virginny
Stands an old mill by the stream
I once wandered to that spot to sing and play
And how often I would throw a stone
Into the pebbling brook
I would dream someday it'd carry me away

There's a peaceful cottage there
A happy home so dear
My heart is longing for them day by day
Where I spent life's golden hours
In the vale of Shenandoah
'Mid the green fields of Virginny far away

HAPPIEST DAYS OF ALL

I wandered today on the seashore
The waves and the winds are low
I thought of the days that are gone by, Maude
Many long years ago
We lingered by the gently flowing billows
And watched the golden sunset fade away
And there among the sweet ocean breezes
We talked about our future wedding day

Gathering up the shells from the seashore
Gathering up the shells from the sea
Those were the happiest days of all, Maude
Gathering up the shells from the shore

When the waves are rolling on the ocean
And the golden moonbeams on the pebbles shine
At your cottage by the sea I'll come again, Maude
When the waves are rolling gently, sweetheart mine
Now I am growing up in years, Maude
My locks are all silver and gray
But the vows that we made on the shore, Maude
Are fresh in my memory today

Gathering up the shells from the seashore
Gathering up the shells from the sea
Those were the happiest days of all, Maude
Gathering up the shells from the shore

No more bright shells we will gather
As the waves come dashing as of yore
She lies 'neath the white, pebbled sand
Just covered up with shells on the shore

Gathering up the shells from the seashore
Gathering up the shells from the sea
Those were the happiest days of all, Maude
Gathering up the shells from the shore

PICTURE ON THE WALL

There's an old and faded picture on the wall
That has been a-hanging there for many years
It's a picture of my mother
For I know there is no other
That can take the place of mother on the wall

On the wall (on the wall), on the wall (on the wall)
How I love that dear old picture on the wall
Time is swiftly passing by
And I bow my head and cry
'Cause I know I'll meet my mother after all

Yes, the children all have scattered, all have gone
And I have a little family of my own
And I know I love them well
More than any tongue can tell
But I'll hold that dear old picture on the wall

On the wall (on the wall), on the wall (on the wall)
How I love that dear old picture on the wall
Time is swiftly passing by
And I bow my head and cry
'Cause I know I'll meet my mother after all

Since I lost that dear old mother years ago
There is none to which with troubles I can go
As my guitar makes its chords
I am praying to the Lord
Let me hold that dear old picture on the wall

On the wall (on the wall), on the wall (on the wall)
How I love that dear old picture on the wall
Time is swiftly passing by
And I bow my head and cry
'Cause I know I'll meet my mother after all

AMBER TRESSES

Far away in sunny mountains
Where the merry sunbeams play
There I wandered through the clover
Singing to a village maid

She was dearer than the dearest
Ever loving kind and true
And she wore beneath her bonnet
Amber tresses tied with blue

Fate decreed that we be parted
Ere the leaves of autumn fell
Then two hearts were separated
That had loved each other well

She was all I had to cherish
Ever loving kind and true
Now I see in every vision
Amber tresses tied with blue

She was dearer than the dearest
Ever loving kind and true
And she wore beneath her bonnet
Amber tresses tied with blue

I NEVER LOVED BUT ONE

Onward to the eastern sky
With flowing efforts kissed the sea
I sigh and think of those blue eyes
That have hope and love for me

For they, oh they have stole away
The heart that truly onec't *(sic)* was mine
Like some lone bird without a mate
My weary heart is desolate

I look around but cannot trace
One welcome word or smiling face
In gazing crowds I am alone
Because I never loved but one

Come up closer to me now
Your chestnut hair is touched with snow
But still it is the same dear face
I loved so well long years ago

The same as on that winter night
You bent to me and kissed my brow
Happy hours of trusting love
Oh well, they're all over now

And I must sail the whitening foam
'Till I can see a foreign home
'Till I forget that fair, sweet face
I ne'er can find a resting place

I look around but cannot trace
One welcome word or smiling face
In gazing crowds I am alone
Because I never loved but one

TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME

We parted by the riverside
The moon looked down on you and me
The stars put on a look of pride
The river murmured to the sea
The dewdrops kissed the blushing rose
The mournful winds did sigh
One word broke nature's sweet repose
That sad word was "goodbye."

Oh tell me that you love me yet
For oh this parting gives me pain
Please tell me that you'll not forget
For we may never meet again

We parted by the riverside
Though I have roamed in distant climes
My heart has not forgot its pride
For I have loved you all the time
And I am faithful to you still
As long as you are true
Let fate bring to me what it will
For I love you, only you

Oh tell me that you love me yet
For oh this parting gives me pain
Please tell me that you'll not forget
For we may never meet again

Oh tell me that you love me yet
For oh this parting gives me pain
Please tell me that you'll not forget
For we may never meet again

WHERE WE'LL NEVER GROW OLD

I have heard of a land
On the far away strand
'Tis a beautiful home of the soul
Built by Jesus on high
There we never shall die
'Tis a land where we'll never grow old

Never grow old, (where we'll) never grow old
In the land where we'll never grow old
Never grow old, (where we'll) never grow old
In the land where we'll never grow old

In that beautiful home
Where we'll nevermore roam
We shall be in that sweet by and by
Happy praise to the King
Through eternity sing
'Tis the land where we never shall die

Never grow old, (where we'll) never grow old
In the land where we'll never grow old
Never grow old, (where we'll) never grow old
In the land where we'll never grow old

When our work here is done
And the life crown is won
And our troubles and trials are o'er
All our sorrow will end
And our voices will blend
With the loved ones who've gone on before

Never grow old, (where we'll) never grow old
In the land where we'll never grow old
Never grow old, (where we'll) never grow old
In the land where we'll never grow old

WE WILL MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY

We will march through the streets of the city
With our loved ones gone before
We will sit on the banks of the river
Where we'll meet to part no more

Jesus saw me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God
He to rescue me from all danger
And transported by His blood

From that fount of every blessing
You know how to sing God's praise
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Calls for songs of loudest praise

We will march through the streets of the city
With our loved ones gone before
We will sit on the banks of the river
Where we'll meet to part no more

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling
"Who will go and work today?
Fields are ripe and harvest is waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

Yes, we'll march through the streets of the city
With our loved ones gone before
We will sit on the banks of the river
Where we'll meet to part no more

SWEET AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY TIME

Sweet as the flowers in May time
Sweet as the dew on the rose
I would rather be somebody's darling
As a poor girl who nobody knows

Oh Mama scolds me for flirting
What else has a poor girl to do?
Oh this world would be sad without a lover
And this world would be sad without you

Oh I wish I had someone to love me
Someone just to call me their own
Be the rule over somebody's kitchen
Or the queen over somebody's home

Sweet as the flowers in May time
Sweet as the dew on the rose
I would rather be somebody's darling
As a poor girl who nobody knows

Oh what is the use of us parting?
Wherever there's a will there's a way
Tomorrow the sun may be shining
Although it is cloudy today

Sweet as the flowers in May time
Sweet as the dew on the rose
I would rather be somebody's darling
As a poor girl who nobody knows

WILL THE ROSES BLOOM IN HEAVEN

In a cold and cheerless garret
In a room so dim, so lone
With the frosty winter in silence
There was heard a little moan
And a little child is asking
At the break of the day
"Will the roses bloom in heaven?
Tell me, Mama, tell me, pray!"

"Will the roses bloom in heaven
Are there any gardens there
Any violets and clover
Way up with the angels fair?
Will the branches fill with blossoms
And in winter fill with snow
Will the roses bloom in heaven?
Tell me, Mama, ere I go!"

Now the room grows light and lighter
Everything has caught a glow
Heaven seems to stretch about her
While dream faces come and go
Then she whispered, "Birds are singing
Songs of melody
And I see the roses blooming
While the angels beckon me."

Then Mother whispered
"In the land so bright and fair
Where the roses will be blooming
There will be no parting there
Goodbye my little darling
For death is lingering near."
And on the little pale face
There was not one trace of fear

Will the roses bloom in heaven
Are there any gardens there
Any violets and clover
Way up with the angels fair?
Will the branches fill with blossoms
And in winter fill with snow
Will the roses bloom in heaven?
Tell me, Mama, ere I go

MY LITTLE HOME IN TENNESSEE

Every night I'm dreaming
Of a little home
Down among the hills of Tennessee
And I'm always lonely
Longing to return
To the place that means the world to me
Just a little shack
Roof all turning black
Still it is a palace fair to me
Songbirds always singing
'Round my kitchen door
In my little home in Tennessee

I can see my mother
Standing by the gate
As I drove the old horse up the lane
She would never scold me
When I get in late
How I wish I'd never caused her pain
With her tender smile
Beaming all the while
No one could be so kind to me
Now she's gone to heaven
And she'll never return
To my little home in Tennessee

I can still remember
Many years ago
When my sweetheart wandered by my side
Down among the mountains
Where wild flowers grow
There she promised she would be my bride
Then another man
Won her heart and hand
Then I knew how much she meant to me
I was broken-hearted
And I went away
From my little home in Tennessee

THE SUN OF THE SOUL

When the sun of your life has gone down
And the clouds in the west turn to gold
Endless death will to you then have come
If the light has gone out in your soul

Oh just think how in death you would feel
With the light growing dim in your soul
Oh how lone it will be, oh how still
If the light has gone out in your soul

When you come to the end of the way
And life's story for you has been told
Oh how sad all to you will appear
If the light has gone out in your soul

Oh just think how in death you would feel
With the light growing dim in your soul
Oh how lone it will be, oh how still
If the light has gone out in your soul

When the chilly winds of death around you steal
And the sweat upon your brow is damp and cold
What a dread in your life you would feel
If the light has gone out in your soul

When before the judgement bar you shall stand
And your deeds of you have control
Good and evil appear, so what then?
If the light has gone out in your soul

Oh just think how in death you would feel
With the light growing dim in your soul
Oh how lone it will be, oh how still
If the light has gone out in your soul

IF ONE WON'T ANOTHER ONE WILL

I went one Sunday evening
My true love for to see
I asked her to marry
And she would not answer me

"The night is almost ended
It's near the break of day
I'm waiting for an answer
Oh what will you say?"

Kind sir if I must tell you
I choose a single life
I never thought it suited
For me to be your wife!"

"I'll take this for your answer
And for yourself provide
I have another lover
And you must be denied!"

In the course of six weeks later
This lady's mind did change
She wrote me a letter,
"Kind sir, I feel ashamed!

I feel as though I slighted you
I cannot hear you mourn
So here's my heart, come take it
And claim it as your own."

I wrote her back an answer
I sent it back in speed
"I only once did love you,
I love you, dear, indeed!

But since, my mind has changed me
I seek some other way
Upon some pretty, fair maiden
My heart will have its way.

Upon some pretty, fair maiden
My heart shall have its fill
This world is wide and lonely
If one won't, another one will."

THE BROKEN HEARTED LOVER

Would you let her part us, darling
Could you truly turn away?
Would it make your heart ache, darling
Not to see me night or day?

I've been dreaming of you, darling
Dreaming of your eyes so blue
Take me back, for love I'm dying
For I love none else but you

Many a day with you I've rambled
Down by the shades of the deep blue sea
There you told me that you loved me
That you loved none else but me

I've been dreaming of you, darling
Dreaming of your eyes so blue
Take me back, for love I'm dying
For I love none else but you

I will give you back your letter
And your picture I love so well
How it makes my heart ache, darling
Oh, 'tis hard to say farewell

I've been dreaming of you, darling
Dreaming of your eyes so blue
Take me back, for love I'm dying
For I love none else but you

TWO SWEETHEARTS

A crowd of young fellows one night at a ball
Were telling of sweethearts they'd had
All seemed jolly except one lad
Who seemed downhearted and sad
"Come join us, Ned," his comrades then said
"Surely some girl has loved you."
Then raising his head, proudly he said,
"I'm in love with two!

One has hair of silver-gray
The other one is just like gold
One is young and youthful too
The other one is aged and old
But dearer than life are they both to me
From neither would I part
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her
The other one is my sweetheart

My sweetheart is a poor working girl
Whom I'm determined to wed
Father said, "No, 'twill never be so
You must marry an heiress instead."
Mother was young, she knows how it is
When Father met her she was poor
"Ned, don't fret, she'll be your wife yet
For he will consent I am sure."

One has hair of silver-gray
The other one is just like gold
One is young and youthful too
The other one is aged and old
But dearer than life are they both to me
From neither would I part
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her
The other one is my sweetheart

THE WINDING STREAM

Oh give to me a winding stream
It must not be too wide
Where waving leaves from maple trees
Do meet from either side
The water must be deep enough
To float a small canoe
With no one else but you

Do not disturb
My waking dreams
The splendor of
That winding stream
Flower in my canoe
Her eyes they look me through
A maiden fair with golden hair
Is very much like you

The sparkling trout beneath the bank
Does leave his hiding place
Kingfisher from the bough above
So eager to give chase
The spreading branches overhead
The sunrise peeping through
When looking, dear, at you

Do not disturb
My waking dreams
The splendor of
That winding stream
Flower in my canoe
Her eyes they look me through
A maiden fair with golden hair
Is very much like you

I WOULDN'T MIND DYING

Bye and bye we're going to see the King
Bye and bye we're going to see the King
Bye and bye we're going to see the King
Well, I wouldn't mind dying if dying was all

Wouldn't mind dying, got to go by myself
Wouldn't mind dying, got to go by myself
Wouldn't mind dying, got to go by myself
Well, I wouldn't mind dying if dying was all

After death, we're going to stand the test
After death, we're going to stand the test
After death, we're going to stand the test
Well, I wouldn't mind dying if dying was all

Ezekiel saw a wheel, a wheel in a wheel
Ezekiel saw a wheel, a wheel in a wheel
Ezekiel saw a wheel, a wheel in a wheel
Well, I wouldn't mind dying if dying was all

Bye and bye we're going to see the King
Bye and bye we're going to see the King
Bye and bye we're going to see the King
Well, I wouldn't mind dying if dying was all

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE WATCHES ME

Thou art gone from my gaze
Like a beautiful dream
And I seek thee in vain
By a meadowland stream
Oft I breathe thy dear name
To the winds floating by
But thy sweet voice is mute to my cry

In the stillness of night
When the stars smile and shine
My heart fondly holds
A communion with thine
For I feel thou art near
And where'er I may be
That the spirit of love watches me

Of the birds in the bower
My companion I make
Every simple wildflower
I prize for their sake
These woods and dark wilds
Can a pleasure impart
For the solace just suits my poor heart

Thou art gone from my gaze
Yet I will not repine *("repine" can mean "complain")*
Here alone we shall meet
In a home that is thine
For I feel thou art near
And where'er I may be
That the spirit of love watches me

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood
No lovelier place in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the dale

(Oh, come come come come)
Come to the church in the wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the dale

How sweet on a clear sabbath morning
To listen to the clear ringing bell
Its tone so sweetly a-calling
Oh, come to the church in the dale

(Oh, come come come come)
Come to the church in the wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the dale

There close by the side of a loved one
'Neath the trees where the wildflowers bloom
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow
Disturb not her rest in the tomb

(Oh, come come come come)
Come to the church in the wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the dale

(Oh, come come come come)
Come to the church in the wildwood
Oh, come to the church in the dale
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the dale

Anita, June, Helen, Sara, Maybelle, A.P.

GIVE ME THE ROSES WHILE I LIVE

Wonderful things of folks are said
When they have passed away
Roses adorn their narrow bed
Over the sleeping clay

Give me the roses while I live
Trying to cheer me on
Useless are flowers that you give
After the soul has gone

Let us not wait to do good deeds
'Till they have passed away
Now is the time to sow good seeds
While here on earth we stay

Give me the roses while I live
Trying to cheer me on
Useless are flowers that you give
After the soul has gone

Kind words are useless when folks lie
Cold in a narrow bed
Don't wait till death to speak kind words
Now should the words be said

Give me the roses while I live
Trying to cheer me on
Useless are flowers that you give
After the soul has gone

Give me the roses while I live
Don't wait until I die
To spread the roses o'er my grave
To see as you pass it by

Give me the roses while I live
Trying to cheer me on
Useless are flowers that you give
After the soul has gone

I NEVER WILL MARRY

One morning as I rambled
All down the seashore
The wind it did whistle
And the waters did roar
I heard a fair damsel
Make a pitiful sound
It sounded so lonesome
In the waters around

I never will marry
Or be no man's wife
I expect to live single
All the days of my life
The shells in the ocean
Shall be my deathbed
The fish in deep water
Swim over my head

She plunged her fair body
In the waters so deep
She closed her blue eyes
In the waters to sleep
My love's gone and left me
The one I adore
She's gone where I never
Will see her anymore

I never will marry
Or be no man's wife
I expect to live single
All the days of my life
The shells in the ocean
Shall be my deathbed
The fish in deep water
Swim over my head

ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

Am I a soldier of the cross
A follower of the Lamb
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?

On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea
On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea
On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast

On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea
On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea

HOME BY THE SEA

There's a lonely cottage by the seaside
Where the water lilies strew the shore
It was there I passed my happy childhood
With the loved ones that's gone before

Then give me back my dear old home
That old home by the sea
And I never will wander far away
From my home, my dear old cottage home

Oh de lay hee-ee-ee-ee-hee
Hi lee oh lay ee hee-ee-ee-ee-ee-hee

Many years have passed since there I wandered
But the old cot ne'er has been forgot
And my heart in fancy oft returns
To that dear old familiar spot

Then give me back my dear old home
That old home by the sea
And I never will wander far away
From my home, my dear old cottage home

Oh de lay hee-ee-ee-ee-hee
Hi lee oh lay ee hee-ee-ee-ee-ee-hee

Yes my heart is like the humming sea shell
That tells of its birth where e'er it roams
I will sing of my cottage by the seashore
Of my home, my dear old cottage home

Then give me back my dear old home
That old home by the sea
And I never will wander far away
From my home, my dear old cottage home

Oh de lay hee-ee-ee-ee-hee
Hi lee oh lay ee hee-ee-ee-ee-ee-hee

WHEN THE ROSES COME AGAIN

'Neath the shadows down the meadow
Leaves lying on each side
By the river, flowers shiver
Fading, dying in their pride
Someone's straying, long delaying
Sad the parting down the lane
"I must leave you," someone's saying
"Till the roses come again."

When the roses come again
When the roses come again
I will meet you, I will greet you
When the roses come again
Oh luh lay ee ee, oh lay ee ee, oh lay ee

As I wander I will ponder
On a happy bye and bye
On a summer over yonder
With joy to you and I
Do not borrow grief or sorrow
In the hours that yet remain
We shall know a glad tomorrow

When the roses come again
When the roses come again
I will meet you, I will greet you
When the roses come again
Oh luh lay ee ee, oh lay ee ee, oh lay ee

Sunshine over clover
Blossom on the meadow wide
Summer fingers sweetly linger
Everywhere on every side
Someone's roaming in the gloaming
Happy hearts that feel no pain
All their sadness turn to gladness
Now the roses come again

When the roses come again
When the roses come again
I will meet you, I will greet you
When the roses come again
Oh luh lay ee ee, oh lay ee ee, oh lay ee

I LOVED YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNEW

Our hands are clasped, alas, forever
Perhaps we'll never meet again
I love you as I love no other
This parting fills my heart with pain

As through this weary world I wander
My thoughts alone will be of you
In memory I will see you ever
I loved you better than you knew

You ask and freely I'll forgive you
The happy past I must forget
And while I wander alone in silence
I hope that you'll be happy yet

As through this weary world I wander
My thoughts alone will be of you
In memory I will see you ever
I loved you better than you knew

Perhaps when I am gone forever
You'll sometimes sit and think of me
And wonder if I'm dead or living
Perhaps I'll think the same of you

As through this weary world I wander
My thoughts alone will be of you
In memory I will see you ever
I loved you better than you knew

THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME

I find many people who can't understand
Why I am so happy and free
I've crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land
And this is like Heaven to me

Oh, this is like Heaven to me
Yes, this is like Heaven to me
I've crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land
And this is like Heaven to me

I've heard the sweet music, the heavenly chorus
From Gloryland over the sea
The soul thrilling message from Jesus, my Lord
And this is like Heaven to me

Oh, this is like Heaven to me
Yes, this is like Heaven to me
The soul thrilling message from Jesus, my Lord
And this is like Heaven to me

I'm looking for Jesus in glory to come
From Gloryland over the sea
A cloud of bright angels to carry me home
And that will be Heaven to me

Oh, that will be Heaven to me
Yes, that will be Heaven to me
A cloud of bright angels to carry me home
And that will be Heaven to me

SEE THAT MY GRAVE IS KEPT GREEN

When I am dead and gone from you, darling
When I am laid away in my grave
When the spirit has gone to Heaven above
To Him who my soul will save

Oh the day will come to you, darling
When no more on earth I'll be seen
There's one little wish, darling, grant me
See that my grave is kept green

When from this world I go
Leaving forever the scene
While others are dead, oh will you then
See that my grave is kept green

Oh the hour of joy is passing
But, alas, how soon it will fade
Your glances of love are meeting my own
And sunlight will turn to shade

Oh the day will come to you, darling
When no more on earth I'll be seen
There's one little wish, darling, grant me
See that my grave is kept green

When from this world I go
Leaving forever the scene
While others are dead, oh will you then
See that my grave is kept green

I shall never be happy again, my love
Never be happy again
For girls in their teens don't know what love means
I shall never be happy again

When from this world I go
Leaving forever the scene
While others are dead, oh will you then
See that my grave is kept green

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

My love stood under a walnut tree
Over the garden wall
She whispered and said she'd be true to me
Over the garden wall
She has beautiful eyes and beautiful hair
She's not very tall so she stood in a chair
Many a time I kissed her there
Over the garden wall

Over the garden wall
The sweetest girl of all
There never were yet such eyes of jet
(i.e., "such dark eyes")
And you can bet I'll never forget
The night our lips and kisses met
Over the garden wall

There's always a will, there's always a way
Over the garden wall
There's always the night as well as the day
Over the garden wall
We hadn't much money but weddings were cheap
So while the old feller was snoring asleep
With a lad and ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall

Over the garden wall
The sweetest girl of all
There never were yet such eyes of jet
And you can bet I'll never forget
The night our lips and kisses met
Over the garden wall

GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN

Darling, how can I stay here without you?
I have nothing to cheer my poor heart
This old world would seem sad, love, without you
Tell me now that we're never to part

Oh, I'll pawn you my gold watch and chain, love
And I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring
I will pawn you this heart in my bosom
Only say that you'll love me again

Take back all the gifts you have given
But a ring and a lock of your hair
And a card with your picture upon it
It's a face that is false, but it's fair

Oh, I'll pawn you my gold watch and chain, love
And I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring
I will pawn you this heart in my bosom
Only say that you'll love me again

Tell me why that you do not love me
Tell me why that your smile is not bright
Tell me why you have grown so cold-hearted
Is there no kiss for me, love tonight

Oh, I'll pawn you my gold watch and chain, love
And I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring
I will pawn you this heart in my bosom
Only say that you'll love me again

Oh, I'll pawn you my gold watch and chain, love
And I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring
I will pawn you this heart in my bosom
Only say that you'll love me again

SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE HILL

Fond memory paints us scenes of other years
Green be their memory still
And bright amid those joyous scenes appears
The schoolhouse on the hill

Oh, the schoolhouse that stands upon the hill
I never, never can forget
Dear happy days are gathered 'round me still
I never, no never can forget

There hangs the swing upon the maple tree
Where you and I once swung
There flows the spring, forever flowing free
As when we both were young

Oh, the schoolhouse that stands upon the hill
I never, never can forget
Dear happy days are gathered 'round me still
I never, no never can forget

There climbs the vines and there the berries grow
Which once we prized so high
And there the ripe nuts glisten in the grove
Of rich October skies

Oh, the schoolhouse that stands upon the hill
I never, never can forget
Dear happy days are gathered 'round me still
I never, no never can forget

WILL MY MOTHER KNOW ME THERE?

Sara (A.P.)

I have changed (I have changed) with changing
seasons (changed with changing seasons)
I am bent (I am bent) with toil and care
(toil and care)
When I stand (when I stand) among the angels
(with the angels)
Will my mo- (will my mother) -ther know me there

Yes I know (yes I know) that she will know me
(know me, surely know me)
In those ma- (in those mansions) -nsions bright
and fair (mansions fair)
Mother's lo- (her dear love) -ve can ne'er forget me
(ne'er forget me)
And I'm su- (and I'm sure) -re she'll know me there

All for me (all for me) my mother wrestled
(mother wrestled)
When she u- (when she used) -sed to kneel
in prayer (kneel in prayer)
Do you thi- (do you think) -nk she has forgotten
(has forgotten)
Will my mo- (will my mother) -ther know me there

Yes I know (yes I know) that she will know me
(know me, surely know me)
In those ma- (in those mansions) -nsions bright
and fair (mansions fair)
Mother's lo- (her dear love) -ve can ne'er forget me
(ne'er forget me)
And I'm su- (and I'm sure) -re she'll know me there.

Mother's face (mother's face) has been a beacon
(been a beacon)
For a sea (for the sea) of deep despair
(deep despair)
I shall lo- (I shall look) -ok for her up yonder
(her up yonder)
Will my mo- (will my mother) -ther know me there

Yes I know (yes I know) that she will know me
(know me, surely know me)
In those ma- (in those mansions) -nsions bright
and fair (mansions fair)
Mother's lo- (her dear love) -ve can ne'er forget me
(ne'er forget me)
And I'm su- (and I'm sure) -re she'll know me there.

FADED FLOWERS

The flowers I saw in the wildwood
Have since dropped their beautiful leaves
And the many dear friends of my childhood
Have slumbered for years in their graves
But the bloom of the flowers I remember
Though their smiles I may nevermore see
For the cold, chilly winds of December
Stole my flowers' companions from me

It's no wonder that I'm broken-hearted
And stricken with sorrow should be
For we have met, we have loved, we have parted
My flowers' companions and me

How dark looks this world, and how dreary
When we part from the ones that we love
There is rest for the faint and the weary
And friends meet with loved ones above
For in Heaven I can but remember
When from earth my soul shall be free
That no cold chilly winds of December
Shall steal my companions from me

It's no wonder that I'm broken-hearted
And stricken with sorrow should be
For we have met, we have loved, we have parted
My flowers' companions and me

POOR LITTLE ORPHANED BOY

My mother died when I was young
My sisters they were sad
They laid their hands upon my head
And taught me how to pray

So now my mother, she's gone to rest
In the land of purest joy
And I wonder if she thinks of me
Her poor little orphan boy

When I was only two years old
I never shall forget
The parting kiss she gave to me
I sometimes feel it yet

So now my mother, she's gone to rest
In the land of purest joy
And I wonder if she thinks of me
Her poor little orphan boy

When I was sick and every hour
She watched me as I lay
And with her kind and gentle hands
She smoothed me tenderly

So now my mother, she's gone to rest
In the land of purest joy
And I wonder if she thinks of me
Her poor little orphan boy

So now I press this world alone
Her love with me shall stay
And from the throne above the sky
Her smile shall rest on me

So now my mother, she's gone to rest
In the land of purest joy
And I wonder if she thinks of me
Her poor little orphan boy

ON A HILL LONE AND GRAY

On a hill lone and gray
In a land far away
In a country beyond the blue sea
Where beneath that far sky
Went a Man forth to die
For the world and for you and for me

Oh, it bows down my heart
And the teardrops do start
When in memory that gray hill I see (hill I see)
It was there on his side
Jesus suffered, yes He died
To redeem a poor sinner like me

Hark, I hear the dull blow
Of the hammer swung low
They are nailing my Lord to the tree
With the cross he upraised
While I'm only to gaze
He ascended that hill lone and gray

Oh, it bows down my heart
And the teardrops do start
When in memory that gray hill I see (hill I see)
It was there on his side
Jesus suffered, yes He died
To redeem a poor sinner like me

Shout aloud then, my soul
Let the glad tidings roll
From the land to the end of the sea (of the sea)
Where beneath that far sky
Went a Man forth to die
For the world and for you and for me

COWBOY JACK

He was just a lonely cowboy
With a heart so brave and true
He learned to love a maiden
With eyes of heaven's own blue
They learned to love each other
And named their wedding day
When a quarrel came between them
And Jack, he rode away

He joined a band of cowboys
And tried to forget her name
But out on the lonely prairie
She waits for him the same
One night when work was finished
Just at the close of day
Someone said, "Sing a song, Jack
'Twill drive those cares away."

When he reached the prairie
He found a new made mound
His friends, they sadly told him
They had laid his loved one down
They said as she was dying
She breathed her sweetheart's name
And asked them with her last breath
To tell him when he came

"Your sweetheart waits for you, Jack
Your sweetheart waits for you
Out on the lonely prairie
Where the skies are always blue."

I'LL BE ALL SMILES TONIGHT

I'll deck my brow with roses
The loved ones may be there
And gems that others give *(sic)* me
Will shine within my hair
And even those who know me
Will think my heart is light
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

I'll be all smiles tonight, love
I'll be all smiles tonight
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

Oh when the dance commences
Oh how I will rejoice
I'll sing the song he taught me
Without a faultering voice
When the flattering ones come around me
They'll think my heart is light
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

I'll be all smiles tonight, love
I'll be all smiles tonight
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

And when the room he entered
With the bride upon his arm
I stood and gazed upon him
As though he was a charm
And once't he smiled upon her
And once he smiled on me
They knew not what I suffered
They found no change in me

I'll be all smiles tonight, love
I'll be all smiles tonight
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

from left:
A.P., Ezra, Maybelle, Anita, Jane, Helen, Sara, Flo Millard (A.P. and Sara's granddaughter), Gladys Carter Millard, Margaret Addington (Maybelle's mother) and Joe.

AWAY OUT ON THE OLD SABBETH

Away out on the old San Saba
Laid down to take my rest
My knapsack for my pillow
And my gun across my chest

Please don't bury me on the lone prairie
(pronounced "per-airie")
Please don't bury me on the lone prairie
You can bury me in the east
You can bury me in the west
Please don't bury me on the lone prairie

My father, he lies sleeping
Beneath the deep blue sea
I have no father, no mother
There's none but Nell and me

Please don't bury me on the lone prairie
Please don't bury me on the lone prairie
You can bury me in the east
You can bury me in the west
Please don't bury me on the lone prairie

My mother, she lies sleeping
Beneath the church yard sod
Her body lies there moldering
And her spirit has gone to God

Please don't bury me on the lone prairie
Please don't bury me on the lone prairie
You can bury me in the east
You can bury me in the west
Please don't bury me on the lone prairie

**I hear "San Saba" rather than "Sabbeth". The San Saba is a river in Texas; there is also a town of San Saba that is on the river.*

DARLING LITTLE JOE

What will the birds do, Mother, in the spring
The little brown birds around the door
Will they fly from the trees and tap at my window
Asking why Joe wanders out no more?

What will the kitten do, Mother, all alone
Will it stop from its frolic for a day
Will it lie on its rug by the side of my bed
As it did before I went away?

Keep tied, dearest Mother, my poor little dog
For I know that (mourn for me too)
Feed him when old and useless he grows
Sleeping all the long summer through

Show him my coat, Mother, so he'll not forget
Little Master who will then be dead
Speak to him kindly and often of Joe
And pat him on his curly head

What will Thomas, the old gardener say
When you ask him for a flower for me
Will he give you a rose he has tended with care
The first, fairest bloom of the tree?

And you, dearest Mother, will miss me for awhile
Though in Heaven I'll no larger grow
Any kind angel will tell you at the gate
When you ask for your darling Little Joe

HAPPY OR LONESOME

Come back to me in my dreaming
Come back to me once more
Come with the love light gleaming
As in the days of yore
I wonder if you still love me
And if your heart is still true
When the spring roses are blooming
Then I'll come back to you

Somewhere a heart is breaking
Calling me back to you
Memories of love come waking
Each happy home and you
Absence makes my heart fonder
Is it the same with you
Are you still happy I wonder
Or do you feel lonesome too?

When the sun is sinkin'
In the golden west
And the birds and flowers
They have gone to rest
Come tell me that you still love me
And that your heart is still true
When the spring roses are blooming
Then I'll come back to you

Somewhere a heart is breaking
Calling me back to you
Memories of love come waking
Each happy home and you
Absence makes my heart fonder
Is it the same with you
Are you still happy I wonder
Or do you feel lonesome too?

ONE LITTLE WORD

The dream of love is over
Today we said goodbye
We parted not in anger
Though tears came in our eyes
Was just as fate decreed, dear
That we should never wed
Yet in her heart she loved me
She married wealth instead

One little word could've changed my future life
One little word could've made her my wife
Too late, too late, now my fondest hopes are dead
One little word, that word was never said

Since school days we had been sweethearts
She was her father's pride
Her folks lived in a mansion
Our cottage by its side
Though years have brought their changes
The same old love tale told
She wed to please her parents
A man of wealth and gold

One little word could've changed my future life
One little word could've made her my wife
Too late, too late, now my fondest hopes are dead
One little word, that word was never said

DARLING DAISIES

When first I met my darling Daisy
Down by the garden wall
I was knocking along the street so shady
I was going for a twilight call

I'd love to sing and dance among the roses
Down by the garden wall
'Tis there I'd like to meet my Daisy
When I make a twilight call

She was sleeping in a bed of roses
Dreaming of the bye and bye
While the little birds around were singing
Up above the branches so high

I'd love to sing and dance among the roses
Down by the garden wall
'Tis there I'd like to meet my Daisy
When I make a twilight call

If you want to see a bright-eyed beauty
Bright as the stars that shine
Just come and go with me some evening
To see that pretty girl of mine

I'd love to sing and dance among the roses
Down by the garden wall
'Tis there I'd like to meet my Daisy
When I make a twilight call

THE EAST VIRGINIA BLUES

I was born in East Virginia
North Carolina I did go
There I spied a fair young lady
And her age I do not know

Her hair was dark in color
Her cheeks were rosy red
Upon her breast she wore a white lily
Where I longed to lay my head

Oh, at my heart you are my darlin'
At my door you're welcome in
At my gate I'll always meet you
For you're the girl I've tried to win

I'd rather be in some dark holler
Where the sun refused to shine
Than for you to be another man's darlin'
And to know you'll never be mine

LOVERS RETURN

And so, you have come back to me
And say the old love's growing yet
You've tried through all these weary years
You've tried too vainly to forget

No, no, I cannot take your hand
God never gives us back our youth
The loving heart you slighted then
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Farewell, farewell now we must part
You never meant to do me wrong
God sent this anguish to my heart
To teach me to be brave and strong

No, no, I cannot take your hand
God never gives us back our youth
The loving heart you slighted then
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

Farewell, I think I love you yet
As friend to friend to friend, God bless you, dear
And guide you through these weary years
To where the skies are always clear

No, no, I cannot take your hand
God never gives us back our youth
The loving heart you slighted then
Was yours, my friend, in perfect truth

IT'LL AGGRAVATE YOUR SOUL

Come all o' you people, take warning from me
Don't take no girl to Tennessee
For if you get married and don't agree
It'll aggravate your soul
We left Maces early in the night
Expected to get married before daylight
So many things happened to hinder our flight
It aggravated my soul
Arrived into Bristol at eleven o'clock
The parson was there right on the spot
We found that the license had been forgot
It aggravated my soul

We went for the license in an automobile
Run so fast you couldn't see the wheel
No one can explain how bad I did feel
It aggravated my soul
We stayed all night at the Bristol Hotel
Just to make folks think we were swell
Next morning they put it in the Bristol Herald
It aggravated my soul
And when the new styles go to comin' around
She begins to get ready to go to town
You know right then she's millinery shop bound
It'll aggravate your soul

She wants a new coat and a hobbled skirt
And you can't get in for the young 'uns and dirt
And when she gets out, oh how she will flirt
It'll aggravate your soul
And when depressions gather 'round your head
You'll think of what your dear old mother said
With a pain in your back, and heart and head
It'll aggravate your soul
Now, young men, take warning from me
Don't take no girl to Tennessee
For if you get married and don't agree
It'll aggravate your soul

HELLO, CENTRAL! GIVE ME HEAVEN

Hello, Central, give me Heaven
For I know my Mother's there
And you'll find her with the angels
Over on the golden stair
She'll be glad it's me a-speaking
Won't you call her for me please?
For I surely want to tell her
That we're sad without her here

Hello, Central, give me Heaven
For I know my Mother's there
You will find her with the angels
Over on the golden stair

"Papa dear is sad and lonely,"
Sobbed a tearful little child
"Since Mama's gone to Heaven
Papa dear, you do not smile
I will speak to her and tell her
That we want her to come home
You just listen while I call her
Call her through the telephone."

Hello, Central, give me Heaven
For I know my Mother's there
You will find her with the angels
Over on the golden stair

I will answer just to please her
"Yes, dear hearts, I'll soon come home."
"Kiss me, Mama, it's your darling
Kiss me through the telephone!"

I'M WORKING ON A BUILDING

I'm a-workin' on a building
I'm a-workin' on a building
I'm a-workin' on a building
For my Lord, for my Lord
It's a Holy Ghost building
It's a Holy Ghost building
It's a Holy Ghost building
For my Lord, for my Lord

If I was a liar
I'll tell you what I would do
I would quit my lyin'
And work on a buildin' too

I'm a-workin' on a building...

It's a Holy Ghost building...

If I was a drunkard
I'd tell you what I would do
I would quit my drinkin'
And work on a buildin' too

I'm a-workin' on a building...

It's a Holy Ghost building...

If I was a preacher
I'd tell you what I would do
I would keep on preachin'
And work on a buildin' too

I'm a-workin' on a building...

It's a Holy Ghost building...

For my Lord, for my Lord

YOU'VE BEEN FOOLING ME, BABY

I don't want you, mean mama
They ain't no use you hangin' around
For I found me another mama
And now I am Chicago bound

You've been fooling me, baby
You've been telling me your lies
When I thought you were an angel
Just sent down from the skies

Sing those parting blues to me,sweet Nell
When you leave, you leave me sad
'Cause my daddy's gone and left me
I just wouldn't treat him right

You've been fooling me, baby
You've been telling me your lies
When I thought you were an angel
Just sent down from the skies

I wouldn't give him much lovin'
Wouldn't stay home at night
Now I hear the train a-comin'
He has gone out of sight

You've been fooling me, baby
You've been telling me your lies
When I thought you were an angel
Just sent down from the skies

LONGING FOR OLD VIRGINIA

'Mid the green fields of Virginia, dear I met you
Where the roses red and white around us grew
When I held you in my arms and gently kissed you
The robin sang the sweetest song he knew

I'm longing for old Virginia
For old Virginia and you
And I'm hoping
The soul within you
Is longing for me too
To Virginia, just like the ivy
My heart clings ever true
And I reckon in the spring
I'll bring a little ring
To old Virginia and you

Though tonight I'm far from you and old Virginia
I love you as I did that day in June
And when springtime comes again to old Virginia
I'll build a little cottage just for two

I'm longing for old Virginia
For old Virginia and you
And I'm hoping
The soul within you
Is longing for me too
To Virginia, just like the ivy
My heart clings ever true
And I reckon in the spring
I'll bring a little ring
To old Virginia and you

MARCH WINDS GOIN' TO BLOW MY BLUES ALL AWAY

Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
March winds gonna blow my blues all away

Low down fireman, dirty engineer
Low down fireman, dirty engineer
Low down fireman, dirty engineer
Stole my gal, left me standing here

Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
March winds gonna blow my blues all away

My mama told me long years ago
Never to marry no girl that I know
Spend all your money and wear out your clothes
What will become of you, God only knows

Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
Sun's gonna shine in my back door someday
March winds gonna blow my blues all away

THERE'LL BE JOY, JOY, JOY

There'll be joy, joy, joy, up in my Father's house
Up in my Father's house, up in my Father's house
There'll be joy, joy, joy, up in my Father's house
Where there's peace, sweet peace

We'll all be happy there, up in my Father's house
Up in my Father's house, up in my Father's house
We will all be happy there, up in my Father's house
Where there's peace, sweet peace

Don't you want to go up there, to my Father's house
To my Father's house, to my Father's house
Don't you want to go up there, to my Father's house
Where there's peace, sweet peace

There'll be no drunkards there, up in my Father's house
Up in my Father's house, up in my Father's house
There'll be no drunkards there, up in my Father's house
Where there's peace, sweet peace

We'll all be as one, up in my Father's house
Up in my Father's house, up in my Father's house
We will all be as one, up in my Father's house
Where there's peace, sweet peace

There'll be joy, joy, joy, up in my Father's house
Up in my Father's house, up in my Father's house
There'll be joy, joy, joy, up in my Father's house
Where there's peace,wonderful peace

HOME IN TENNESSEE

Oh yes I'm going back
To my home in Tennessee
Back to the girl that's waiting
In the cotton fields to see
There's a mother and a dad
That's waiting patiently
And the place I'm longing for tonight's
My home in Tennessee

I've sailed the skies in airplanes
Saw a place called Bunker's Hill
I've dropped from the clouds in a parachute
And, oh boys, what a thrill!
I saw shells fall in no man's land
And dined in the great prairie
But the place I'm longing for tonight's
My home in Tennessee

Oh yes I'm going back
To my home in Tennessee
Back to the girl that's waiting
In the cotton fields to see
There's a mother and a dad
That's waiting patiently
And the place I'm longing for tonight's
My home in Tennessee

I've been through 'Frisco's Golden gate
Also that of Maine
I've been to the Rocky Mountains
And back down again
Been up to old New York
Saw the Statue of Liberty
But the place I'm longing for tonight's
My home in Tennessee

Yes I'm going back
To my home in Tennessee
Back to the girl that's waiting
In the cotton fields to see
There's a mother and a dad
That's waiting patiently
And the place I'm longing for tonight's
My home in Tennessee

ARE YOU TIRED OF ME, MY DARLING

Are you tired of me, my darling
Did you mean those words you said
That has made me yours forever
Since the day that we were wed?

Tell me, could you live life over
Could you make it otherwise?
Are you tired of me, my darling?
Answer only with your eyes

Do you ever rue the springtime
Since we first each other met
How we spoke in warm affection
Words my heart can ne'er forget?

Tell me, could you live life over
Could you make it otherwise?
Are you tired of me, my darling?
Answer only with your eyes

Do you think the bloom's departed
From the cheeks you thought so fair?
Do you think I've grown cold-hearted
Beneath the load of woman's cares?

Tell me, could you live life over
Could you make it otherwise?
Are you tired of me, my darling?
Answer only with your eyes

I CANNOT BE YOUR SWEETHEART

Last night I told my heart's love
All under the pale blue sky
Eagerly waiting an answer
I plainly could read in her eye
"I love you, sweetheart, I love you
And ask you to be my bride!"
Her face turned pale and she trembled
And sadly to me she replied

"I cannot be your sweetheart
I cannot stay by your side
One is waiting up yonder
One has claimed me his bride
My heart is almost broken
Your vows only add to my pain
I love you, sweetheart, I love you
Though we may never meet again."

We said goodbye in the moonlight
My heart was turned to stone
One blissful hour was made happy
But now I'm sad and alone
Amidst my sorrows forever
Though you may go far away
Wherever you go, I love you
But still I can hear you say

"I cannot be your sweetheart
I cannot stay by your side
One is waiting up yonder
One has claimed me his bride
My heart is almost broken
Your vows only add to my pain
I love you, sweetheart, I love you
Though we may never meet again."

MY HEART'S TONIGHT IN TEXAS

In the distant state of Texas by the silver Rio Grande
Strolled a couple out one evening was two
sweethearts hand in hand
Was the rich man's pretty daughter and the lad
she loved so dear
Though tomorrow they must part for many a year
My heart's tonight in Texas though I'm far across
the sea
The band is playing "Dixie"and there's where
I long to be
Dad says Sir Earl I'll marry, but although here
is my hand
My heart's tonight in Texas by the silver Rio Grande

To Europe she was going to become a lady grand
For her father hopes Sir Earl of course she'll wed
But she went away next morning and her heart
was true to Jack
For a letter came one day and this it read

My heart's tonight in Texas though I'm far across
the sea
The band is playing "Dixie"and there's where
I long to be
Dad says Sir Earl I'll marry, but although here
is my hand
My heart's tonight in Texas by the silver Rio Grande

At a stately ball in England stood the Texas
lass one night
The scenes were all splendid and the lights were
dizzling bright
Sir Earl knelt beside her asking her to be his bride
But her thoughts were by the silver Rio Grande

My heart's tonight in Texas though I'm far across
the sea
The band is playing "Dixie"and there's where
I long to be
Dad says Sir Earl I'll marry, but although here
is my hand
My heart's tonight in Texas by the silver Rio Grande

THERE'S NO HIDING PLACE DOWN HERE

Sister Mary, she wears a golden chain
Sister Mary, she wears a golden chain
Sister Mary wears the golden chain
There's every link in Jesus' name
There's no hiding place down here
There's no hiding place down here
There's no hiding place down here
Well, I run to the rocks to hide my face
The rocks cried out, "No hiding place!"
There's no hiding place down here

I'll pitch my tent on the old camp ground
I'll pitch my tent on the old camp ground
I'll pitch my tent on the old camp ground
I'll give old Satan one more round
There's no hiding place down here

There's no hiding place down here
There's no hiding place down here
Well, I run to the rocks to hide my face
The rocks cried out, "No hiding place!"
There's no hiding place down here

Oh, the devil wears a hypocrite's shoe
Oh, the devil wears a hypocrite shoe
Oh, the devil wears a hypocrite shoe
And if you don't watch he'll slip it on you
There's no hiding place down here

There's no hiding place down here
There's no hiding place down here
Well, I run to the rocks to hide my face
And the rocks cried out, "No hiding place!"
There's no hiding place down here

COWBOY'S WILD SONG TO HIS HERD

One beautiful night when the moon was full
And the air was crisp and clear
A cowboy lay on the starlit plain
And thought of his home so dear

He thought of his mother he loved so well
And the slumber of sleep was blurred
Not a sound to be heard but those of the night
As he sang a wild song to his herd

The cattle are lying so quiet and still
On the carpet that mantels the west
While the golden lights from the sky of night
Sends peace to the cowboy's breast

Still he thinks of his mother in a faraway land
And his thoughts by his memory was stirred
And he sees himself to the old home again
As he sang a wild song to his herd

He's far from the din of the city and noise
Where the lights of folly do shine
He's far from the brawls of the dives of sin
And the flow of the sparkling wine

He's in the great west with its mantle of green
Where his neighbors say never a word
A land of narrow ridges, mountains and plains
Where the cowboy sings low to his herd

THE EVENING BELLS ARE RINGING

Moonlight shining over Dixie
To my heart will ever bring
Dreams of snowy fields of cotton
Everywhere the darkies sing

In the evening by the moonlight
In dear old Tennessee
And the evening bells are ringing
Across the hills so tenderly

Moonlight makes me sigh for you, dear
Makes me long to hold your hand
I know I'm missing hugs and kisses
Far away from Dixieland

In the evening by the moonlight
In dear old Tennessee
And the evening bells are ringing
Across the hills so tenderly

My darling, come, come I am waiting
Come, let me hold you very near
We'll build a bower among the flowers
Growing down in Dixieland

In the evening by the moonlight
In dear old Tennessee
And the evening bells are ringing
Across the hills so tenderly

THE MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE

Take me back, take me back
To my old mountain home
Take me back where my heart longs to be
Where we played by the brook
In the cool, shady nook
In the mountains of Tennessee
In my old mountain home
Where the wild roses bloom
Is a spot just like heaven to me
Take me back, take me back
To my old mountain home
In the mountains of Tennessee

Take me back, take me back
To my old mountain home
Take me back to my old mother's knee
Where the stars shine bright
And the birds sing free
In the mountains of Tennessee
'Round my old mountain home
Where I used to roam
They're waiting a welcome for me
Take me back to my old
Log cabin home
In the mountains of Tennessee

I'LL BE HOME SOME DAY

I was standing by the bedside of a neighbor
Who was just about to cross the swelling tide
I asked if he would do me a favor
Just take a message to the other side

If you see my Savior, tell Him that you saw me
When you saw me I was on my way
You may meet some old friends who may ask about me
Just tell them I'll be home someday

Now you have to take this journey on without me
It's debt that sooner or later must be paid
If you see my Savior don't forget to tell Him
Don't forget to tell Him what I say

You may chance to see my father or my mother
Or some friends who have gone before
You may chance to see my sister or my brother
But try and see my Savior first of all

FADED COAT OF BLUE

My brave boy sleeps
In his faded coat of blue
In a lonely grave unknown
Lies the heart that beat so true
He sank faint and hungry
Among the Spanish brave
And they laid him sad and lonely
Within his nameless grave

No more the bugle calls the weary one
Rest, noble spirit in their graves unknown
For we'll find you and know you among the good
and true
Where a robe of white is given for a faded coat of blue

He cried, "Give me water
And just a little crumb
And my mother she will bless you
Through all the years to come
And tell my sweet sister
So gentle, good and true
That I'll meet her up in heaven
In my faded coat of blue!"

No more the bugle calls the weary one
Rest, noble spirit in their graves unknown
For we'll find you and know you among the good
and true
Where a robe of white is given for a faded coat of blue

No dear one was nigh him
To close his mild blue eyes
No gentle voice was by him
To give him sweet replies
No stone marks the lonely sod
Of my lad so brave and true
In a lowly grave he's sleeping
In his faded coat of blue

No more the bugle calls the weary one
Rest, noble spirit in their graves unknown
For we'll find you and know you among the good
and true
Where a robe of white is given for a faded coat of blue

SAILOR BOY

'Twas on one dark and stormy night
The snow was on the ground
The sailor boy was at his post
His ship was outward bound
His sweetheart standing by his side
She mourned a bitter tear
Though as he pressed her to his side
He whispered in her ear

"Farewell, my own true love
This parting gives me pain
And you will be my guiding star
'Til I return again!"

"And then I think of you, my love
While storms are raging high
Then, oh sweetheart, remember me
Your faithful sailor boy."

'Twas sad to say the ship returned
Without the sailor boy
For he had died while on the sea
His flag was held most high

"Farewell, my own true love
This parting gives me pain
And you will be my guiding star
'Til I return again!"

And as his shipmate steps on shore
To tell that he was dead
A letter that he gave to her
These words it sadly read

"Farewell, my own true love
On earth we'll meet no more
Though may we meet in heaven above
Where parting is no more!"

GLORY TO THE LAMB

Oh glory, glory
Oh glory to the Lamb
Hallelujah, I am saved
And I'm so glad I am

On Monday I am happy
On Tuesday full of joy
Wednesday I've got the faith
The Devil can't destroy
On Thursday and Friday
Walking in the light
Saturday I've got the victory
And Sunday's always bright

Oh glory, oh glory
Oh glory to the Lamb
Hallelujah, I am saved
And I'm so glad I am
Oh glory, glory
Oh glory to the Lamb
Hallelujah, I am saved
And I'm so glad I am

I fell in love with Jesus
And He fell in love with me
That's the very reason
I've got the victory
I'm happy when it's raining
I'm happy when it shines
I'm happy now with Jesus
I'm happy all the time!

Oh glory, oh glory
Oh glory to the Lamb
Hallelujah, I am saved
And I'm so glad I am
Oh glory, glory
Oh glory to the Lamb
Hallelujah, I am saved
And I'm so glad I am
(Repeat)

BEHIND THOSE STONE WALLS

'Twas in St. Louis city where I first saw the light
Brought up by honest parents in the pathway of right
I was left an orphan at the age of ten years
On mother's grave I've shed many tears

I'd scarcely reached manhood when I left my old home
With some other fellows to the west we did roam
Seeking employment though we scarcely could find
We seemed so poor and the people unkind

'Twas in New York City where we first met our fate
We were arrested while roaming the street
The charges were "burglars," the theft it was small
But they said it would place us behind the stone wall

We were marched next morning for the courthouse for trial
My pal was downhearted though I gave him a smile
We pleaded for mercy, but was shown none at all
They gave us twenty years behind the stone wall

We were handcuffed next morning and marched to the pen
We arrived there at midnight with a few other men
The doors were thrown open, we marched in the hall
Said, "Learn to be a convict behind the stone wall!"

While lying that night on a pallet of straw
I swore I would never again break the law
There's none but your mother to bear your downfall
When you are a convict behind the stone wall

Come all you young fellows and listen to me
When you lose life's pleasure you've lost liberty
I've tasted life's pleasures, its bitters and gall
It'll lead to a cell behind the stone wall

SINKING IN THE LONESOME SEA

There was a little ship, and she sailed upon the sea
And she went by the name of the "Merry Golden Tree"
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea

There was a little sailor unto his captain said
"Oh captain, captain what'll you give to me
If I sink them in the low and lonesome low
If I sink them in the lonesome sea?"

"Two hundred dollars I will give unto thee
And my oldest daughter I'll wed unto you
If you sink them in the low and lonesome low
If you sink them in the lonesome sea!"

He bowed upon his breast, and away swam he
'Til he came to the ship of the Turkish Revilee
As she sailed upon the low and lonesome low
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea

See note below

If it wasn't for the love of your daughter and your men
I would do unto you as I did unto them
I would sink you in the low and lonesome low
I would sink you in the lonesome sea

He bowed his head, and down sank he
"Farewell, farewell to the 'Merry Golden Tree'"
For I'm sinking in the low and lonesome low
For I'm sinking in the lonesome sea!"

Note: This seems to be missing the most important part where the sailor sinks the Turkish ship, but then his own captain won't pull him out of the water.

HE TOOK A WHITE ROSE FROM HER HAIR

Oh, Willie, my darling, come back
I will ever be faithful and true
Oh, Willie, my darling, come back
I'll forever be faithful to you

I remember once that he said
He loved me better than his life
He called me his darling, his one
Then asked me to be his own bride

"Oh, darling," he said, "I am sure
Your heart is made of a stone!"
He took a white rose from my hair
Then left me a-standing alone.

Oh, Willie, my darling, come back
I will ever be faithful and true
Oh, Willie, my darling, come back
I'll forever be faithful to you

The next day poor Willie was dead
He was found in the pond near the mill
Oh the clear precious water so fair
That floats from the branch up the hill

His blue eyes were forever closed
And damp was his golden hair
And close to his pale lips was found
The white rose which he took from my hair

Oh, Willie, my darling, come back
I will ever be faithful and true
Oh, Willie, my darling, come back
I'll forever be faithful to you

CAN THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN (BYE AND BYE)

I was standin' by the window
On one cold and cloudy day
And I saw the hearse come rollin'
For to carry my mother away

Oh, can the circle be unbroken
Bye and bye, Lord, bye and bye
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

Lord, I told the undertaker,
"Undertaker, please drive slow
For this body you are hauling
Lord, I hate to see her go!"

Can the circle be unbroken
Bye and bye, Lord, bye and bye
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

I followed close behind her
Tried to hold up and be brave
But I could not hide my sorrow
When they laid her in the grave

Can the circle be unbroken
Bye and bye, Lord, bye and bye
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

Went back home, Lord, my home was lonesome
Missed my mother, she was gone
All my brothers, sisters cryin'
What a home so sad and lone

Can the circle be unbroken
Bye and bye, Lord, bye and bye
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

LET'S BE LOVERS AGAIN

Jack and May
Sweethearts were they
They were engaged to be wed
Many a promise he made her
Many a love word he said
As most lovers do
They quarrelled one night
She bid him not come anymore
She gave him his hat
Jack started away
But he lingered to stay at the door

"Tie up those broken cords
And lets be lovers again
Darling, you know I love you
To part would give me pain
Let us forget the past
And make up, my pet
Make up and be lovers again."

Years rolled by
Neither were wed
All of Jack's pleadings were vain
One quiet evening poor Jack was found dead
All through life in dismay
Two lives that have been wrecked
But she loves, oh, too late
She goes to his grave every day
She can't tell you why
But it seems to her cry
The wind seems to whisper and say

"Tie up those broken cords
And lets be lovers again
Darling, you know I love you
To part would give me pain
Let us forget the past
And make up, my pet
Make up and be lovers again!"

YOUR MOTHER STILL PRAYS (FOR YOU, JACK)

The night was dark and stormy
The wind was howling wild
As an aged mother gazed upon
The portrait of her child
As she gazed on the baby's features
That once filled her heart with joy
He's now in this wild world roaming
That mother's long lost boy

Your mother still prays for you, Jack
Your mother still prays for you
In a home far over the ocean
Your mother still prays for you

At last there came a letter
It was deeply edged in black
From a comrade long forgotten
Who still remembered Jack
"They have lain your dear old mother
In a grave so dark and cold
And she wants her boy who is roaming
To meet her on the streets of gold."

Your mother still prays for you, Jack
Your mother still prays for you
In a home far over the ocean
Your mother still prays for you

His stony heart was broken
As he thought of his mother dear
And in spite of his comrades laughing
He could not keep back his tears
In spite of the great tempolations*
That once filled his heart with tears
So he started for Heaven that evening
As sweetly the people did sing

Your mother still prays for you, Jack
Your mother still prays for you
In a home far over the ocean
Your mother still prays for you

**She may mean "temulence", an archaic word for "intoxication", or "temporal (-ations)", which refers to temporal or worldy matters as contrasted to spiritual.*

KISSING IS A CRIME

I know a little girl, and I want her for my wife
She's pretty and sweet, neat little feet
Never been kissed in her life
You can ask her for a kiss, she said, "Oh what a bore!"
Every time she vows and declares she'll never do so anymore

"Born to be a better girl and never kiss again
'Fraid my ma might find it out and cause her great pain.
You may walk and talk and hold my hand but kissin' is a crime.
I'll not kiss you anymore until next time!"

I called at her house one night, but I didn't intend to stay
She laid her head on my shoulder and said, "The old folks are away!"
I kissed her a dozen times, and someone came to the door
Every time she vowed and declared she'd never do so anymore

"Born to be a better girl and never kiss again
'Fraid my ma might find it out and cause her great pain.
You may walk and talk and hold my hand but kissin' is a crime.
I'll not kiss you anymore until next time!"

She'll see you to the door, kiss and then goodnight
Every time she vows and declares she'll never do so anymore

"Born to be a better girl and never kiss again
'Fraid my ma might find it out and cause her great pain.
You may walk and talk and hold my hand but kissin' is a crime.
I'll not kiss you anymore until next time!"

DON'T FORGET ME LITTLE DARLING

Don't forget me, little darling
When from me you're far away
But remember, little darling
We will meet again some day

Darling, I have come to tell you
Though this message breaks my heart
At the dawning of the morning
We'll be many miles apart

Take this little bunch of roses
That you gave me long ago
Many a time I've kissed them, darling
These I'll never kiss no more

Who is going to love you, darling,
Who will hold you to their breast?
Who will talk the future over,
While I roam the desert west?

You may meet with many changes
Driving down life's river stream
But remember, little darling
You are always in my dreams

You may meet with brighter faces
Some may say that I'm not true
But remember, little darling
None can love you as I do

At my window sad and lonely
Oft times do I think of you
And I wonder, oh I wonder
If you ever think of me

SAD AND LONESOME DAY

Oh, today has been a lonesome day
Today has been a lonesome day
Today has been a lonesome day
And it seems tomorrow'll be the same old way

Oh, they carried my mother to the burying ground
They carried my mother to the burying ground
They carried my mother to the burying ground
And watched the pall bearers let her down

Did you ever hear a church bell tone?
Did you ever hear a church bell tone?
Did you ever hear a church bell tone?
You may know by that she's dead and gone!

Oh, dig my grave with a silver spade
Oh, dig my grave with a silver spade
Oh, dig my grave with a silver spade
And mark the place where I must lay

There's one kind favor I ask of you
There's one kind favor I ask of you
There's one kind favor I ask of you
That's to see my grave is kept green

BY THE TOUCH OF HER HAND

There are days so dark
That I seek in vain
For the face of my old true love
But the darkness hides
She is there to guide
By the light of the moon above

Oh, the lonesome pine
Oh, the lonesome pine
Where I met that sweetheart of mine
With her hand in mine
And our hearts entwined
As we strolled through the lonesome pines

Bright stars above
Two sweethearts in love
As we sang to the cooing dove
She has brought me back
To that mountain shack
By the touch of her hand in love

Oh, the lonesome pine
Oh, the lonesome pine
Where I met that sweetheart of mine
With her hand in mine
And our hearts entwined
As we strolled through the lonesome pines

EAST VIRGINIA BLUES NO. 2

My sweetheart has gone and left me
And my little sister too
And I'm left alone in sadness
Lord, I don't know what to do

All this world has turned against me
Nothin' but trouble do I see
There will be no more pleasures
In this whole wide world for me

I am just from east Virginia
With a heart that's brave and true
And I learned to love a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue

That same day I packed my suitcase
And I started to go away
But she met me at the station
Saying, "Darling, won't you stay?"

I am dying, captain, dying
Won't you take those words for me?
Take them over to the jailhouse
Let this whole wide world go free

MY OLD VIRGINIA HOME

It was on one winter day
From my home I went away
Far away from friends and home I longed to roam
But tonight I'm lone and sad
Just a little homesick lad
And I'm longing for my old Virginia home

I'm a lad from old Virginia
Bravely knockin' my way back home
To that cabin home in the mountains
Never more let me roam
I'm a lad from old Virginia
And I'm coming, coming home
There I'll settle down forever
In my old Virginia home

Since I left that little shack
How my mind has wandered back
How mother often prayed for her lad
But from her I went astray
And I know I've dearly paid
So I'm coming back to mother and my dad

I'm a lad from old Virginia
Bravely knockin' my way back home
To that cabin home in the mountains
Never more let me roam
I'm a lad from old Virginia
And I'm coming, coming home
There I'll settle down forever
In my old Virginia home

MY VIRGINIA ROSE IS BLOOMING

My Virginia rose is blooming
She's waiting there for me
In the hills of old Virginia
That's where I long to be

She wears a winnin' smile
And her loving eyes are blue
She's won my heart forever
For she's the girl that's true

Beneath the scarlet maple
By the twinkling little spring
That's where I bid her promise
And gave to her the ring

Springtime is approachin'
The birds and doves are here
They are singing so sweetly
But none can sing like her

It's love that calls me to you
My rose that never fades
Or loses its crimson leaves of love
Love that's perfect made

I long to see my darlin'
there in the mist of dew
With the diamond dewdrops all 'round her
She'll be a queen in the view

She's a wild rose in the forest
A fairy in a dream
My darling's in Virginia
Her age is just sixteen

I'm a long, long ways from my darlin'
Just a little too far to be
My Virginia rose is blooming
She's waiting there for me

MY TEXAS GIRL

All my life I've wondered
If what I done was wrong
All I ever cared to do
Was ride my pony on
I never had no heartaches
Was always happy and gay
Until I met a Texas girl
Who stole my heart away

Where the sleepy Rio Grande
Goes slowly to the sea
It was there she promised to be mine
Throughout eternity
But the angels, they grew jealous
Of her beauty and her smile
And came along one stormy night
And stole away my bride
The birds have hushed their singing
Sadness is over the land
Will the birds miss my darling
By the sleepy Rio Grande

Her lips was like the rushin' wine *(or "rush in wine", or "Russian wine"?)*
Her hair, it hung in curls
Her cheeks were like the dawn of day
That breaks upon the world
She's gone and left me lonely
I miss the touch of her hand
Through night while I am walking
By the sleepy Rio Grande

Where the sleepy Rio Grande
Goes slowly to the sea
It was there she promised to be mine
Throughout eternity
But the angels, they grew jealous
Of her beauty and her smile
And came along one stormy night
And stole away my bride
The birds have hushed their singing
Sadness is over the land
Will the birds miss my darling
By the sleepy Rio Grande

NO OTHER'S BRIDE I'LL BE

Just one year ago today, love
I became your happy bride
Changed a mansion for a cottage
To dwell by the riverside
You told me I'd be happy
But no happiness I see
For tonight I am a widow
In a cottage by the sea

All alone by the seaside he left me
And no other's bride I'll be
For in bridal flowers he decked me
In a cottage by the sea

From my cottage by the seaside
I can see my mansion home
I can see those hills and valleys
Where with pleasure I have roamed
The last time that I saw him
Oh how happy then were we
But tonight I am a widow
In a cottage by the sea

All alone by the seaside he left me
And no other's bride I'll be
For in bridal flowers he decked me
In a cottage by the sea

All alone by the seaside he left me
And no other's bride I'll be
For in bridal flowers he decked me
In a cottage by the sea

GATHERING FLOWERS FROM THE HILLSIDE

I've been gathering flowers from the hillside
To wreath around your brow
But you've kept me a-waitin' so long, dear
The flowers have all withered now

I know that you have seen trouble
But never hang down your head
Your love for me is like the flowers
Your love for me is dead

I've been gathering flowers from the hillside
To wreath around your brow
But you've kept me a-waitin' so long, dear
The flowers have all withered now

It was on one bright June morning
The roses were in bloom
I shot and killed my darling
And what will be my doom?

I've been gathering flowers from the hillside
To wreath around your brow
But you've kept me a-waitin' so long, dear
The flowers have all withered now

Closed eyes cannot see these roses
Closed hands cannot hold them, you know
And these lips that still cannot kiss me
Has *(sic)* gone from me forever more

I've been gathering flowers from the hillside
To wreath around your brow
But you've kept me a-waitin' so long, dear
The flowers have all withered now

GOSPEL SHIP

I'm going to take a trip in that old gospel ship
I'm a-going far beyond the sky
I'm gonna shout and sing 'til heaven rings
When I bid this world goodbye

I have good news to bring, and that is why I sing
All my joys with you I'll share
I'm going to take a trip in that old gospel ship
And go sailing through the air

I'm going to take a trip in that old gospel ship
I'm going far beyond the sky
I'm gonna shout and sing 'til heaven rings
When I bid this world goodbye

I can scarcely wait, I know I won't be late
I'll spend my time in prayer
And when the ship comes in, I'll leave this world of sin
And go sailing through the air

I'm going to take a trip in that old gospel ship
I'm going far beyond the sky
I'm gonna shout and sing 'til heaven rings
When I bid this world goodbye

If you are ashamed of me, you ought not to be
Yes, you'd better have a care
If too much fault you find, you will sure be left behind
While I'm sailing through the air

I'm going to take a trip in that old gospel ship
I'm a-going far beyond the sky
I'm gonna shout and sing 'til heaven rings
When I bid this world goodbye

THE LITTLE BLACK TRAIN

There's a little black train a-comin'
Set your business right
There's a little black train a-comin'
And it may be here tonight
Go tell that ballroom lady
All dressed in the worldly pride
That this dark train is comin'
Prepare to take a ride

God said to Hezekiah
A message from on high
"You'd better set your house in order,
For you must surely die!"
He turned to the wall, and weeping,
We see him here in tears
He got his business fixed all right
God spared him fifteen years

There's a little black train a-comin'...
Go tell that ballroom lady...

We see that train with engine
And one small baggage car
Your idle thoughts and wicked deeds
Will stop at the judgement bar

There's a little black train a-comin'...
Go tell that ballroom lady...

That poor young man in darkness
Cared not for the Gospel light
'Til suddenly he heard the whistle blow
On the little black train in sight
"Have mercy on me, Lord,
Please come and set me right!"
Before he got his business fixed
The train rolled in that night

There's a little black train a-comin'...
Go tell that ballroom lady...

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE

There's a dark and a troubled side of life
There's a bright and a sunny side too
Though we meet with the darkness and strife
The sunny side we also may view

Keep on the sunny side
Always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us every day
It will brighten all the way
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

The storm and its fury break today
Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear
Clouds and storm will in time pass away
The sun again will shine bright and clear

Keep on the sunny side
Always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us every day
It will brighten all the way
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

Let us greet with a song of hope each day
Though the moment be cloudy or fair
Let us trust in our Savior alway
Who'll keep us every one in His care

Keep on the sunny side
Always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us every day
It will brighten all the way
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

RIVER OF JORDAN

I'm goin' down to the River of Jordan, oh yes
I'm a-goin' down to the River of Jordan some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm a-goin' down to the River of Jordan
I'm goin' down to the River of Jordan some
of these days

I'm goin' to eat at the welcome table, oh yes
I'm a-goin' to eat at the welcome table some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm a-goin' to eat at the welcome table
I'm a-goin' to eat at the welcome table some
of these days

I'm a-gonna sing in the heavenly choir, oh yes
I'm gonna sing in the heavenly choir some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm gonna sing in the heavenly choir
I'm a-gonna sing in the heavenly choir some
of these days

I'm gonna put on the silver slippers, oh yes
I'm a-gonna put on the silvery slippers some
of these days (hallelujah)
I'm a-gonna put on the silvery slippers
I'm a-gonna put on the silvery slippers some
of these days

I'm a-gonna sit down by my Jesus, oh yes
I'm a-gonna sit down by my Jesus some
of these days hallelujah
I'm gonna sit down by my Jesus
I'm a-gonna sit down by my Jesus some
of these days

Note: Differences in the words between this version and the one on Disc 1 are very minor.

LONESOME VALLEY

Sara & Maybelle (A.P.):

Everybody's got to walk that lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it)
it by theirselves (by theirselves)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk
it for them (walk it for them)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it)
it by theirselves.

My father's got to walk that lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) it by hisself
(by hisself) *(sic)*
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk
it for him (walk it for him)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) it by hisself

My mother's got to walk that lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
She's got to walk (she's got to walk it) it by herself
(by herself)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk
it for her (walk it for her)
She's got to walk (she's got to walk it) by herself

My brother's got to walk that lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) it by hisself
(by hisself)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk
it for him (walk it for him)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) it by hisself

Oh sinners got to walk that lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it)
it by theirselves (by theirselves)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk
it for them (walk it for them)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it)
by theirselves

Everybody's got to walk that lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it)
it by theirselves (by theirselves)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk
it for them (walk it for them)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves.

Note: Compared to the version on Disc 3, this has an extra verse (My brother's...), switches "they've" for "we've", and "that" for "this" in several places.

GOD GAVE NOAH THE RAINBOW SIGN

I've got a home in that rock, don't you see
(don't you see)
I've got a home in that rock, don't you see
I've got a home in that rock
Just beyond the mountain top
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

God gave Noah the rainbow sign, don't you see
(don't you see)
God gave Noah the rainbow sign, don't you see
God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water but fire next time
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

Poor old Lazarus, poor as I, don't you see
(don't you see)
Poor old Lazarus, poor as I, don't you see
Poor old Lazarus, poor as I
When he died he had a home on high
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

When this world's all on fire, hide Thy me
(hide Thy me)
When this world's all on fire, hide Thy me
When this world's all on fire
Let Thy bosom be my pillow
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

East and West the fire will roll, hide Thy me
(hide Thy me)
East and West the fire will roll, hide Thy me
East and West the fire will roll
How will it be with my poor soul
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

I've got a home in that rock, don't you see
(don't you see)
I've got a home in that rock, don't you see
I've got a home in that rock
Just beyond the mountain top
Hide me, oh Rock of Ages cleft for me

SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL

Single girl, single girl, she's going dressed so fine
Oh, she's going dressed so fine
Married girl, a married girl, she wears just any kind
Oh, she wears just any kind

Single girl, single girl, she goes to the store and buys
Oh, she goes to the store and buys
Married girl, the married girl, she rocks the cradle
and cries
Oh, she rocks the cradle and cries

Single girl, single girl, she's going where she please
Oh, she's going where she please
Married girl, a married girl, a baby on her knees
Oh, a baby on her knees

THE FATE OF DEWEY LEE

'Twas on one Saturday evening
About the hour of ten
In a little mining town
Where trouble did begin
Everybody there were *(sic)* drinking
There were *(sic)* whiskey everywhere
Dewey Lee got to thinking
He had no business there

He was so tall and handsome
His heart so true and brave
Joe Jenkins pulled his pistol
And sent him to his grave
He took the life of Dewey
When life had just began
And Dewey went to Heaven
While Joe went to the pen

He took the life of Dewey
Because he would not tell
We know he murdered Dewey
For Dewey's pistol fell
His mother sits now weepin'
She weeps and mourns all day
She prays to meet her boy
In a better world some day

So hearken to my story
And what I have to say
Get right with your Maker
We'll meet Him again some day
The clerk said, "Stand up, boy
And listen to your crime!"
They sent him down to Richmond
To serve out his time

Young men all take warning
For this you must outlive
Don't take the life of anyone
For life you cannot give
You may possess great riches
Put many beneath the sod
But money won't hire a lawyer
When you stand before your God

WILDWOOD FLOWER

Oh, I'll twine with my mingles and waving black hair
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
And the myrtle so bright with the emerald dew
The pale and the leader and eyes look like blue

Oh, I'll dance, I will sing, and my laugh shall be gay
I will charm every heart, in his crown I will sway
When I woke from my dreaming, my idols was clay
All portion of love had all flown away

Oh he taught me to love him and promised to love
And to cherish me over all others above
How my heart is now wondering no misery can tell
He's left me no warning, no words of farewell

Oh he taught me to love him and called me his flower
That was blooming to cheer him through life's
dreary hour
Oh I long to see him and regret the dark hour
He's gone and neglected this pale wildwood flower

SEA OF GALILEE

Am I a soldier of the cross
A follower of the Lamb
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?

On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea
On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea
On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest
And not a thought of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast

On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea
On the Sea (the sea, the sea)
Of Galilee (of Galilee)
My Jesus is walking on the sea

DON'T FORGET THIS SONG

My home's in old Virginia
Among the lovely hills
The memory of my birth place
Lies in my bosom still

I did not like my fireside
I did not like my home
I have a mind for rambling
So far away from home

It was on one moonlight evening
The stars were shining bright
And with an ugly dagger
I made the spirit fly

To friends I'll bid "adieu"
To parents I'll bid "farewell"
I landed in Chicago
In the very midst of hell

'Twas then the sober struck me
As plain as you can see
"I'm doomed, I'm ruined forever
Throughout eternity!"

I courted a fair young lady
Her name I will not tell
Oh why should I disgrace her
When I am doomed for hell

But now I'm upon my scaffold
My time's not very long
You may forget the singer
But don't forget this song

MY CLINCH MOUNTAIN HOME

Far away on a hill to a sunny mountainside
Many years ago we parted, my little Ruth and I
From the sunny mountainside
She clung to me and trembled when I told her we must part
She said, "Don't go my darling, it almost breaks my heart
To think of you so far apart."

Carry me back to ol' Virginia
Back to my Clinch Mountain home
Carry me back to ol' Virginia
Back to my old mountain home

(No yodeling on this version)

I fold my arms around her, leaned her head upon my breast
I told her I would wed her when I came back from the West
At my old Clinch Mountain home
In my hand I hold a picture of the old home far away
In the other one my sweetheart I'm thinking of today
On the sunny mountain side

Carry me back to ol' Virginia
Back to my Clinch Mountain home
Carry me back to ol' Virginia
Back to my old mountain home

My mother's old and feeble, my father's getting gray
I'm going back to Virginia, and I expect to stay
At my old Clinch Mountain home

Carry me back to ol' Virginia
Back to my Clinch Mountain home
Carry me back to ol' Virginia
Back to my old mountain home

THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN

I'm a-going away to leave you love
I'm a-going away for awhile
But I'll return to you sometime
If I go ten thousand miles

Chorus:
The storms are on the ocean
The heavens may cease to be
This world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee

Oh, who will dress your pretty little feet
Oh, who will glove your hand
And who will kiss your rosy red cheeks
When I'm in the far-off land?

Oh, Papa will dress my pretty little feet
And Mama will glove my hand
And you can kiss my rosy red cheeks
When you return again

Oh, have you seen those mournful doves
Flying from pine to pine
A-mourning for their old true loves
Just like I mourn for mine

Chorus:
The storms are on the ocean
The heavens may cease to be
This world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee

WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE

When death shall close these eyelids
And this heart shall cease to be
And they lay me down to rest
In some flowery bound retreat

Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me when I'm gone

Perhaps you'll plant a flower
On my poor, unworthy grave
And come sit alone beside me
When the roses nod and wave

Will you miss me (when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me when I'm gone

When these footsteps ne'er are heard
And these lips are pale and cold
In a winding sheet of daisies
This frail body you'll enfold

Will you miss me (when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me (miss me when I'm gone)
Will you miss me when I'm gone

BROKEN HEARTED LOVER

We have met and we have parted
We have spoke our last goodbye
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

For I love you, dear, I love you
More than all this world, I know
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

You have wrecked the heart I've cherished
You have doomed me day by day
You have faults, but I'll forgive you
To forget you, I cannot say

For I love you, dear, I love you
More than all this world, I know
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

Down among the trees and bushes
Where the dark green willows wave
In the cold and silent rushes
There you'll find my lonely grave

For I love you, dear, I love you
More than all this world, I know
You have proved to me false-hearted
You may now forever go

LITTLE DARLING PAL OF MINE

Chorus:
My little darling, oh how I love you
How I love you none can tell
In your heart you love another
Little darling pal of mine

Many a night while you lay sleeping
Dreaming of your rambler's eyes
Was a poor boy, broken-hearted
Listening to the winds that sighed

Many a day with you I've rambled
Happiest hours with you I've spent
Thought I had your heart forever
But I find it's only lent

There is just three things I wish for
That's my casket, shroud and grave
When I'm dead, don't weep for me
Just kiss those lips that you betrayed

THE HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM

Well, I wonder how the old folks are at home
Well, I wonder if they miss me when I'm gone
I wonder if they pray
For their boy who went away
And left his dear old parents all alone

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could almost see the fields of bluegrass green
You could almost hear them cry
As they kissed their boy goodbye
I wonder how the old folks are at home

Just a village and a homestead on the farm
And a mother's love to shield you from all harm
A mother's love so true
And a sweetheart brave and true
A village and a homestead on the farm

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could almost see the fields of bluegrass green
You could almost hear them cry
As they kissed their boy goodbye
I wonder how the old folks are at home

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could almost see the fields of bluegrass green
You could almost hear them cry
As they kissed their boy goodbye
I wonder how the old folks are at home

CANNON BALL BLUES

Oh listen to the train
Coming down the line
Trying to make up
All of her lost time
From Buffalo to Washington

You can wash my jumper
Starch my overhalls *(sic)*
Catch the train
They call The Cannonball
From Buffalo to Washington

My baby's left me
She even took my shoes
Enough to give a man
These doggone worried blues
She's gone, she's solid gone!

Yonder comes a train
Comin' down the track
Carry me away
But it ain't a-goin' to carry me back
Honey babe, my blue eyed babe

I'm going up north
I'm going up north this fall
If luck don't change
I won't be back at all
My honey babe, I'm leaving you

MEET ME BY THE MOONLIGHT ALONE

I'm going to the new jail tomorrow
To leave the one that I love
To leave my friends and relations
And oh, how lonely my love

Chorus:
Meet me by the moonlight, love meet me
Meet me by the moonlight alone
For I have a sad story to tell you
To be told by the moonlight alone

My parents, how cruel they treat me
They drive me away from their door
If I live a hundred years longer
I'll never go back any more

If I had a ship on the ocean
All lain and lined with pure gold
Before my darling should suffer
I'd have that ship anchored and sold

If I had someone to love me
Someone to call me their own
Someone to always stay with me
I'm tired of living alone

If I had the wings of an angel
O'er land and sea I'd fly
I'd fly to the arms of my darling
And I'd be willing to die

ON THE ROCK WHERE MOSES STOOD

Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
Oh, in that day when the bells don't toll
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord

Sara (Maybelle & A.P.):

Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock (praise God!)
Where Moses stood

Sinners run unto the Lord
Sinners run unto the Lord
Now please don't let this harvest pass
And lose your soul at last

Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock (praise God!)
Where Moses stood

Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord
The four and twenty elders bowing all around the altar
Cryin' "Holy!" unto the Lord

Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Cryin' "Ho- ("Holy!" unto the Lord) -ly!" unto the
Lord ("Holy!" unto the Lord)
Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock (praise God!)
Where Moses stood

Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock (praise God!)
Where Moses stood

LULU WALLS

One evening getting dark
We first met at the park
A-sitting by the fountain all alone
I lifted up my hat
And then began to chat
She said she'd 'low me to see her at her home

Such a star I've never seen
She's as pretty as a queen
She's as perfect as an angel from above
If she'd only be my wife
I'd live happy all my life
With that aggravating beauty, Lula Wall

If she was only mine
I would build a house so fine
And around it so many fences tall
It would make me jealous free
That no one else but me
Could gaze upon that beauty, Lula Wall

One evening getting late
I met her at the gate
I asked her if she'd wed me in the fall
She only turned away
And nothing would she say
That aggravating beauty, Lula Wall

I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES

It would've been better for us both had we never
In this wide and wicked world had never met
For the pleasures we've both seen together
I am sure love I'll never forget

Oh, I'm thinking tonight of my blue eyes
Who is sailing far over the sea
Oh, I'm thinking tonight of my blue eyes
And I wonder if he ever thinks of me

Oh, you told me once dear that you loved me
You said that we never would part
But a link in the chain has been broken
Leaves me with a sad and aching heart

When the cold, cold grave shall enclose me
Will you come dear and shed just one tear
And say to the strangers around you
A poor heart you have broken lies here

WORRIED MAN BLUES

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep
I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep
When I woke up with the shackles on my feet

Twenty nine links of chain around my leg
Twenty nine links of chain around my leg
And on each link is the initial of my name

I asked the judge what might be my fine
I asked the judge what might be my fine
Twenty one years on the R. C. Mountain Line

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

The train arrived, sixteen coaches long
The train arrived, sixteen coaches long
The girl I love is on that train and gone

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

If anyone asks you who composed this song
If anyone asks you who composed this song
Tell 'em 'twas I, and I sing it all day long

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

MY DIXIE DARLING

My Dixie Darlin'
Listen to this song I sing
Beneath the silver moon
With my banjo right in tune
My heart is ever true
I love no one but you
My Dixie Darlin'
My Dixie queen

'Way down below the Mason Dixie Line
Down where the honeysuckles are entwined
There's where the southern winds are blowing
There's where the daisies growing
The girls of the North in their gay finerie
Whirling around in society
Singing a song of Dixie Darlin'
Where I long to be

My Dixie Darlin'
Listen to this song I sing
Beneath the silver moon
With my banjo right in tune
My heart is ever true
I love no one but you
My Dixie Darlin'
My Dixie queen

Goin' down South to have a big time
See my girl in old Caroline
I'll drink my booze and do as I please
For all those girls I long to squeeze
Singing songs of Dixie Darlin'
There's where I long to be goin'
Down where the jellyroll's rollin'
With my Dixie queen

My Dixie Darlin'
Listen to this song I sing
Beneath the silver moon
With my banjo right in tune
My heart is ever true
I love no one but you
My Dixie Darlin'
My Dixie queen

GIVE ME YOUR LOVE AND I'LL GIVE YOU MINE

Just at the close of a bright summer day
Just as the twilight had faded away
Soft on the breeze like the coo of a dove
Someone was singing an old song of love

Tell me you love me and say you'll be true
I love nobody in this world but you
Your heart and my heart in love will entwine
Give me your love and I'll give you mine

Come along with me to the quiet shady nook
Where flowers bloom at the side of the brook
Nature is sleeping, the birds are at rest
I'll place a wild rose on your beautiful breast

Tell me you love me and say you'll be true
I love nobody in this world but you
Your heart and my heart in love will entwine
Give me your love and I'll give you mine

I've something to ask you while you're by my side
A question of love, of groom and of bride
And if you refuse me my heart it will pine
Give me your love and I'll give you mine

Tell me you love me and say you'll be true
I love nobody in this world but you
Your heart and my heart in love will entwine
Give me your love and I'll give you mine

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

Are you lonesome tonight
Do you miss me I say
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memories cling
To that bright summer day
When I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"?

Like the rose on the vine
I am clinging to you
As I did when we drifted apart
I am wishing you back
To that little shack
Where I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"

Does the chair in your parlor
Seem empty and bare
Do you miss me and wish I was there?
Is your heart filled with pain
Shall I come back again
Tell me, darling, are you lonesome tonight?

Are you lonesome tonight
Do you miss me I say
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memories cling
To that bright summer day
When I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"?

I have counted the days
I have counted the nights
I've counted the months and the years
I have counted on you
Since we drifted apart
Tell me, darling, are you lonesome tonight?

Are you lonesome tonight
Do you miss me I say
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memories cling
To that bright summer day
When I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"?

THE LAST MOVE FOR ME

I've been traveling for Jesus so much of my life
Been traveling o'er land and on sea
But I'm planning on taking a trip to the sky
That will be the last move for me

When I move to the sky up in Heaven so high
What a wonderful time that will be
I'm ready to go washed in Calvary's flow
That will be the last move for me

I've seen wonderful sights as I travelled afar
How little, how empty they seem
When I make my last move to that city of gold
That will be the last move for me

When I move to the sky up in Heaven so high
What a wonderful time that will be
I'm ready to go washed in Calvary's flow
That will be the last move for me

Here I'm bothered with packing each time that I move
And carry a load in each hand
But I'll not need one thing that I've used in this world
When I move to that heavenly land

When I move to the sky up in Heaven so high
What a wonderful time that will be
I'm ready to go washed in Calvary's flow
That will be the last move for me

Everything that I'll need will be furnished up there
Not even my song books I'll bring
Or the precious old Bible that showed me the way
I'll not need when I stand by my King

When I move to the sky up in Heaven so high
What a wonderful time that will be
I'm ready to go washed in Calvary's flow
That will be the last move for me

THE WAYWORN TRAVELER

I saw a way-worn traveler in tattered garments clad
And struggling up the mountain it seemed that
he was sad
His back was laden heavy, his strength was almost gone
Yet shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear!"

The summer sun was shining, the sweat was on his brow
His garments worn and dusty, his step seemed very slow
But he kept pressing onward, for he was wending home
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear!"

The songsters in the arbor that stood beside the way
Attracted his attention inviting his delay
His watchword being "Onward!", he stopped his ears
and ran
Still shouting as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come!

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear!"

While gazing on that city just o'er that narrow flood
A band of holy angels came from the throne of God
They bore him on their pinions, they bore the
dashing foam
And joined him in his triumph, deliverance has come!

"Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wear!"

JUST ANOTHER BROKEN HEART

They stood on the beach one evening
Out in the moonlight fair
Was a boy in the pride of manhood
And a girl in beauty rare
"I never thought that you loved me!"
An innocent look of surprise
Crept out from beneath her lashes
And into those deep brown eyes

"Oh, sir, I was only a-flirting
Only a-playing a part!"
Just another boy's life ruined
Just another broken heart!

"Sir, I'm to be married this winter
Farewell!" and she gave me her hand
And drawing a robe around her
She left me alone on the sand

He goes with the crowd of passers
Always bitter and cold
Just another boy grown weary
Just another boy grown old

There's a rose grows in your garden
White rose is the embol* of peace
And when I am dead, little darling
Plant that rose at my head and my feet

"Oh, sir, I was only a-flirting
Only a-playing a part!"
Just another boy's life ruined
Just another broken heart!

**probably means "emblem"*

WHEN SILVER THREADS ARE GOLD AGAIN

Darlin', we are growing old
And show the silver in our hair
Since time has stolen all the gold
That made your youthful tresses fair
But years can never steal away
A look that never can grow old
What care we for tresses gray
Since love will always keep its gold

Love, I'll tell you with a kiss
If Heaven gives back the youth we miss
Your face will be no fairer then
When silver threads are gold again

Darlin', I can read today
The question in your thoughtful eyes
You wonder if I wish for May
Beneath the frosty autumn skies
Love of mine, be sure of this
For me, no face could be so fair
Than this one that I stoop to kiss
Beneath its crown of silver hair

Darlin', with your hand in mine
We'll journey all life's pathway through
With happy tears your dear eyes shine
Like deep blue blossoms in the dew
The sorrow of the passing years
Have made us love each other more
And every day that disappears
I count you dearer than before

Love, I'll tell you with a kiss
If Heaven gives back the youth we miss
Your face will be no fairer then
When silver threads are gold again

THERE'S NO ONE LIKE MOTHER TO ME

Sadly I'm thinking tonight
Thinking of the sweet bye and bye
Memories of childhood so bright
Come back like a dream with a sigh
I've been thinking of friends and of home
In that cottage far over the sea
No matter wherever I roam
There's no one like mother to me

There's no one like mother to me
No matter how poor she may be
I'll go back to that home o'er the sea
There's no one like mother to me

When I left that old home o'er the sea
I kissed them goodbye at the gate
Somebody whispered to me
A loving voice asked me to wait
Her blessing she gave with a smile
And tears on her cheeks I could see
How often that sweet face I've missed
There's no one like mother to me

There's no one like mother to me
No matter how poor she may be
I'll go back to that home o'er the sea
There's no one like mother to me

There's no one like mother to me
No matter how poor she may be
I'll go back to that home o'er the sea
There's no one like mother to me

IN A LITTLE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD

In a little village churchyard
There I see a grassy mound
There my sweetheart lies a-sleeping
In the cold and silent ground
Gently waves the weeping willow
Birds they warble sweet and low
And there's no one left to love me
Since my sweetheart had to go

In that little village churchyard
There I stray with a broken heart
There is no one left to love me
Since the day we had to part

That sad day will I remember
When she called me to her side
How I watched her spirit fading
And the tears did blind my sight
Then she said, "Goodbye my darling
Dry those teardrops from your eyes
Promise me, my little darling
That you'll meet me up on high."

In that little village churchyard
There I stray with a broken heart
There is no one left to love me
Since the day we had to part

Oft I've wandered to the graveyard
Flowers to plant with tender care
O'er the grave of my dear darling
Darkness finds me weeping there

JEALOUS HEARTED ME

Takes a rockin' chair to rock
Takes a rubber ball to roll
Takes the man I love
To satisfy my soul

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

Got a stove in the kitchen
And it bakes nice and brown
But I need a Papa
To turn the damper down

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

You can have my money
You can have my home
But for goodness sakes, women
Let my man alone

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

Gonna buy me a bulldog
To watch while I sleep
To watch that man of mine
On his midnight creep

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

MY NATIVE HOME

I'd like to see my native home
The lofty trees, the golden sand
The rugged hills all crowded 'round
My mother's voice how sweet would sound

Sometimes I dream of home and friends
My dreams are false, my heart is rend
And when I wake I'm all alone
My dreams are false, my friends are gone

I'd like to see my heart's delight
Her beauteous face and eyes so bright
And how she'd smile as I drew near
I'd kiss her with a falling tear

It fills my heart with fondest love
To listen to that lonesome dove
She mourns as if her mate was gone
As if like me left all alone

Nine or ten years have passed and gone
And I'm still left here all alone
Virginniay *(sic)*, oh, my native home
Among your hills I'd love to roam

SWEET HEAVEN IN MY VIEW

Got sweet Heaven in my view, hallelujah
On my journey I press on, praise the Lord
For I'm bound for that Holy City
Got sweet Heaven in my view

Oh my mother she died and left me
I'm alone in this world, I'm alone
And my father, he won't own me
Got to find me another home

Got sweet Heaven in my view, hallelujah
On my journey I press on, praise the Lord
For I'm bound for that Holy City
Got sweet Heaven in my view

Oh you need not talk about me
Just because I am crippled and blind
For I've got my ticket purchased
I'll reach Heaven just on time

Got sweet Heaven in my view, hallelujah
On my journey I press on, praise the Lord
For I'm bound for that Holy City
Got sweet Heaven in my view

And when I get to Heaven
Take a seat and sit right down
Looking up to My Heavenly Father
Looking for a robe and a crown

Got sweet Heaven in my view, hallelujah
On my journey I press on, praise the Lord
For I'm bound for that Holy City
Got sweet Heaven in my view

NO DEPRESSION

For fear the hearts of men are failing
For these are latter days we know
The Great Depression now is spreading
God's word declared it would be so

I'm goin' where there's no depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in Heaven, I'm goin' there

In that bright land there'll be no hunger
No orphan children crying for bread
No weeping widows, toil or struggle
No shrouds, no coffins and no deaths

I'm goin' where there's no depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in Heaven, I'm goin' there

This dark hour of midnight nearin'
Tribulation time will come
The storm will hurl the midnight fears
And sweep lost millions to their doom

I'm goin' where there's no depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in Heaven, I'm goin' there

BONNIE BLUE EYES

Goodbye my little Bonnie Blue Eyes
Goodbye my little Bonnie Blue Eyes
You've told me more lies than the stars in the skies
Goodbye my little Bonnie Blue Eyes

I saw my little Bonnie last night
She looked so dear to me
She's the only girl I ever loved
She's now gone back on me

Oh stand at the gate and weep
Oh stand at the gate and weep
Oh stand at the gate and weep and mourn
Oh Bonnie won't you love me once more

Come and lay your hand in mine
Come and lay your hand in mine
Come and lay your arms around my neck
And say that you will be mine

Oh you know what you promised me
Oh you know what you promised me
You promised that you'd marry me
Oh you know what you promised me

I've stayed in the country too long
I've stayed in the country too long
The only wrong that I have done
I've stayed in the country too long

Come and go with me to the train
Come and go with me to the train
Come and go with me and see me get on
Goodbye my little Bonnie, I'm gone

MY HONEY LOU

When the sun sets in the west my Honey Lou
Then's the time I love you best my Honey Lou
Come and look into my eyes
When the moon shines in the skies
I'll be in paradise my Honey Lou

Last night I waited long my Honey Lou
And told the birds my song my Honey Lou
When the bright and silver moon
Sheds its soft and mellow light
I'll love you more each night my Honey Lou

When the birds have hushed their song
my Honey Lou
All the twilight shadows on my Honey Lou
My heart forever beats
For my honey gal so sweet
I'll lay it at your feet my Honey Lou

Last night I waited long my Honey Lou
And told the birds my song my Honey Lou
When the bright and silver moon
Sheds its soft and mellow light
I love you more each night my Honey Lou

Last night I waited long my Honey Lou
And told the birds my song my Honey Lou
When the bright and silver moon
Sheds its soft and mellow light
I love you more each night my Honey Lou

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES

We had wandered in the shadow of the pines
The moon looked down on you and me
And a darkness stole across the summer sky
And a shadow came between my love and me

Oh darling, come love me as before
Come back to leave me nevermore
At that spot I'm sad and lonely
And the sun no longer shines
Come and meet me in the shadow of the pines

Oh you went away and left me and my tears
I could not hide
You went away and not a word was said
While my throbbing heart was breaking underneath
its load of pride
And the pine trees sobbed in pity o'er my head

Oh darling, come love me as before
Come back to leave me nevermore
At that spot I'm sad and lonely
And the sun no longer shines
Come and meet me in the shadow of the pines

All our future is o'ershadowed by a darkness
of despair
And across life's path the sun no longer shines
Oh I'd give this whole world gladly once't again
to meet her there
And reunite in the shadow of the pines

Oh darling, come love me as before
Come back to leave me nevermore
At that spot I'm sad and lonely
And the sun no longer shines
Come and meet me in the shadow of the pines

ANSWER TO WEEPING WILLOW

My love is dead and buried yonder
Beneath the weeping willow tree
What wrecks my life and makes me wonder
because she died for me

Then lay me down in death beside her
For she's all this life to me
That I may join and e'er caress her
In a land beyond the sea

Yes, she died before I told her
That I loved her true and kind
And that I did not mean to fool her
But she'd left me to repine

Then lay me down in death beside her
For she's all this life to me
That I may join and e'er caress her
In a land beyond the sea

God, shall I ever get forgiveness
For the deeds that I have done?
And meet up yonder her sweet charming
For I know she bids me come

Then lay me down in death beside her
For she's all this life to me
That I may join and e'er caress her
In a land beyond the sea

YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND TO ME

My bark of life was tossing down
The troubled stream of time
Since first I saw your smiling face
And youth was in its prime

Oh I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam
Wherever you may be
If ever I have had a friend
You've been that friend to me

Misfortune nursed me as her child
And loved me fondly too
I would have had a broken heart
Had it not been for you

Oh I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam
Wherever you may be
If ever I have had a friend
You've been that friend to me

I now look back upon the past
Across life's troubled sea
And smile to think 'mid all life's scenes
You've been a friend to me

Oh I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam
Wherever you may be
If ever I have had a friend
You've been that friend to me

WHERE THE SILVERY COLORADO WENDS ITS WAY

The twilight softly gathered
'Round my home among the hills
And all nature soon will settle down to rest
While I sit and sadly ponder
And my heart with longing fills
As I often think of one that I love best

We were wedded in the springtime
And our hearts they knew no pain
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day
Now she sleeps beneath the lilacs
And she'll ne'er come back again
Where the silver Colorado wends its way

There's a sob on every breeze
And a sigh comes from the trees
And the mocking birds they sing a sadder way
For the flowers creep no more
'Round my cheerless cabin door
Where the silver Colorado wends its way

The silver snow is gleaming
On your distant mountainside
Where often used to wander Nell and I
And the birds are singing gaily
In the valley far below
Where I long some day to lay me down and die

Then our lives were gay and happy
In the shadow of the hills
My heart beats fonder for her day by day
And I feel her presence near me
As I sit alone tonight
Where the silver Colorado wends its way

There's a sob on every breeze
And a sigh comes from the trees
And the mocking birds they sing a sadder way
For the flowers creep no more
'Round my cheerless cabin door
Where the silver Colorado wends its way

LAY MY HEAD BENEATH THE ROSE

Darling, clasp me to your bosom
As you did in days of yore
Lay your hand upon my forehead
'Ere I reach the golden shore

Life is from me fastly falling
Soon I'll be in sweet repose
When I'm gone I ask this favor
Lay my head beneath the rose

Darling, first you said you loved me
When you gave me hand and heart
There were roses on your cheeks, love
As we vowed we ne'er would part

One more kiss for I am going
Far beyond all earthly woe
May your life be like your cheeks, love
Covered with the blossomed rose

He has crossed the shadowed valley
Where the living waters flow
Love has answered all his pleading
And he sleeps in sweet repose

'Neath a grassy mound he's resting
Where the golden sunset glows
Love has answered all his pleading
And he sleeps in sweet repose

NO DEPRESSION IN HEAVEN

For fear the hearts of men are failing
For these are latter days we know
The Great Depression now is spreading
God's word declared it would be so

I'm goin' where there's no depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in Heaven, I'm goin' there

In that bright land there'll be no hunger
No orphan children crying for bread
No weeping widows, toil or struggle
No shrouds, no coffins and no deaths

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This dark hour of midnight nearin'
Tribulation time will come
The storm will hurl the midnight fears
And sweep lost millions to their doom

I'm goin' where there's no depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in Heaven, I'm goin' there

MY NATIVE HOME

I'd like to see my native home
The lofty trees, the golden sand
The rugged hills all crowded 'round
My mother's voice how sweet would sound

Sometimes I dream of home and friends
My dreams are false, my heart is rend
And when I wake I'm all alone
My dreams are false, my friends are gone

I'd like to see my heart's delight
Her beauteous face and eyes so bright
And how she'd smile as I drew near
I'd kiss her with a falling tear

It fills my heart with fondest love
To listen to that lonesome dove
She mourns as if her mate was gone
As if like me left all alone

Nine or ten years have passed and gone
And I'm still left here all alone
Virginniay *(sic)*, oh, my native home
Among your hills I'd love to roam

Identical to Decca version

JEALOUS HEARTED ME

Takes a rockin' chair to rock
Takes a rubber ball to roll
Takes the man I love
To satisfy my soul

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

Got a stove in the kitchen
And it bakes nice and brown
But I need a Papa
To turn the damper down

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

You can have my money
You can have my home
But for goodness sakes, women
Let my man alone

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

Gonna buy me a bulldog
To watch while I sleep
To watch that man of mine
On his midnight creep

Because I'm jealous
Jealous-hearted me
I said I'm jealous
Jealous as I can be

A DISTANT LAND TO ROAM

Oh, I remember very well
On one dark and dreary day
Just as I was leaving home
For a distant land to roam

Mother said (Mother said)
My dear boy (my dear boy)
I hope I'll see you next year again
Fare you well (fare you well)
Fare you well (fare you well)
So I left my dear old home
For a distant land to roam

Now I've wandered far away
From my home I've gone astray
Now I'm coming, coming home
Never more from thee to roam

Mother said (Mother said)
My dear boy (my dear boy)
I hope I'll see you next year again
Fare you well (fare you well)
Fare you well (fare you well)
So I left my dear old home
For a distant land to roam

And these words she said to me
As she took me by the hand
If on earth we meet no more
May we meet at God's right hand.

Mother said (Mother said)
My dear boy (my dear boy)
I hope to see you next year again
Fare you well (fare you well)
[illegible] you well (fare you well)
[illegible] my dear old home
[illegible] distant land to roam

I'M WORKING ON A BUILDING

I'm a-workin' on a building
I'm a-workin' on a building
I'm a-workin' on a building
For my Lord, for my Lord
It's a Holy Ghost building
It's a Holy Ghost building
It's a Holy Ghost building
For my Lord, for my Lord

If I was a liar
I'd tell you what I would do
I would quit my lyin'
And work on a buildin' too

I'm a-workin' on a building...

It's a Holy Ghost building...

If I was a drunkard
I'd tell you what I would do
I would quit my drinking
And work on a buildin' too

I'm a-workin' on a building...

It's a Holy Ghost building...

If I was a preacher
I'd tell you what I would do
I would keep on preaching
And work on a buildin' too

I'm a-workin' on a building...

It's a Holy Ghost building...

For my Lord, for my Lord

EAST VIRGINIA BLUES

My sweetheart has gone and left me
And my little sisters too
And I'm left alone in sadness
Lord, I don't know what to do
All this world has turned against me
Nothin' but trouble do I see
There will be no more pleasures
In this whole wide world for me

Oh, I am just from east Virginiay
With a heart so brave and true
And I learned to love a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue

That same day I packed my suitcase
And I started to go away
But she met me at the station
Saying, "Darling, won't you stay?"

Oh, I am dyin', captain, dying
Won't you take those words for me?
Take them over to the jailhouse
Let this whole wide world go free

DIXIE DARLING

My Dixie Darlin'
Listen to this song I sing
Beneath the silver moon
With my banjo right in tune
My heart is ever true
I love no one but you
My Dixie Darlin'
My Dixie queen

'Way down below the Mason Dixie Line
Down where the honeysuckles are entwined
There's where the southern winds are blowing
There's where the daisies growing
The girls of the North in their gay finerie
Whirling around in the society
Singing a song of Dixie Darlin'
Where I long to be

My Dixie Darlin'
Listen to this song I sing
Beneath the silver moon
With my banjo right in tune
My heart is ever true
I love no one but you
My Dixie Darlin'
My Dixie queen

Goin' down South to have a big time
See my girl in old Caroline
I'll drink my booze and do as I please
For all those girls I long to squeeze
Singing songs of Dixie Darlin'
There's where I long to be goin'
Down where the jellyroll's rollin'
With my Dixie queen

My Dixie Darlin'
Listen to this song I sing
Beneath the silver moon
With my banjo right in tune
My heart is ever true
I love no one but you
My Dixie Darlin'
My Dixie queen

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE

There's a dark and a troubled side of life
There's a bright and a sunny side too
Though we meet with the darkness and strife
The sunny side we also may view

Keep on the sunny side
Always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us every day
It will brighten all the way
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

Tho' the storm in its fury break today
Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear
Clouds and storm will in time pass away
The sun again will shine bright and clear

Keep on the sunny side
Always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us every day
It will brighten all the way
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

Let us greet with a song of hope each day
Though the moments be cloudy or fair
Let us trust in our Savior alway
Who'll keep us every one in His care

Keep on the sunny side
Always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us every day
It will brighten all the way
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

KISSIN' IS A CRIME

I know a little girl, and I want her for my wife
She's pretty and sweet, neat little feet
Never been kissed in her life
You can ask her for a kiss, she said, "Oh what a bore!"
Every time she vows and declares she'll never do so anymore

"Born to be a better girl and never kiss again
'Fraid my ma might find it out and cause her great pain.
You may walk and talk and hold my hand but kissin' is a crime.
I'll not kiss you anymore until next time!"

I called at her house one night, but I didn't intend to stay
She laid her head on my shoulder and said, "The old folks are away!"
I kissed her a dozen times, and someone came to the door
And every time she vowed and declared she'd never do so anymore

"Born to be a better girl and never kiss again
'Fraid my ma might find it out and cause her great pain.
You may walk and talk and hold my hand but kissin' is a crime.
I'll not kiss you anymore until next time!"

SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL

Single girl, single girl, she's going dressed so fine
Oh, she's going dressed so fine
Married girl, a married girl, she wears just any kind
Oh, she wears just any kind

Single girl, single girl, she goes to the store and buys
Oh, she goes to the store and buys
Married girl, a married girl, she rocks the cradle and cries
Oh, she rocks the cradle and cries

Single girl, single girl, she's going where she please
Oh, she' going where she please
Married girl, a married girl, a baby on her knees
Oh, baby on her knees

LITTLE DARLING PAL OF MINE

Chorus:
My little darling, oh how I love you
How I love you none can tell
In your heart you love another
Little darling pal of mine

Many a night while you lay sleeping
Dreaming of your rambler's eyes
Was a poor boy, broken-hearted
Listening to the winds that sigh

Chorus

Many a day with you I've rambled
Happiest hours with you I've spent
Thought I had your heart forever
But I find it's only lent

Chorus

There is just three things I wish for
That's my casket, shroud and grave
When I'm dead, don't weep for me
Just kiss those lips that you betrayed

Chorus

LONESOME VALLEY

Sara & Maybelle (A.P.):

Everybody's got to walk this lonesome valley
We've got to walk it by ourselves (by ourselves)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for us
(walk it for us)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves.

My mother's got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
She's got to walk (she's got to walk it) it by herself
(by herself)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it
for her (walk it for her)
She's got to walk (she's got to walk it) by herself

My father's got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) it by hisself
(by hisself) *(sic)*
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for him
(walk it for him)
He's got to walk (he's got to walk it) by hisself

Oh sinners got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it) it by
theirself (by theirself) *(sic)*
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for
them (can walk it for them)
They've got to walk (they've got to walk it) by theirself

Everybody's got to walk this lonesome valley
(lonesome valley)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves
(by ourselves)
There's nobody here (nobody here) can walk it for us
(walk it for us)
We've got to walk (we've got to walk it) it by ourselves.

CANNONBALL BLUES

Oh listen to the train
Coming down the line
Trying to make up
All of her lost time
From Buffalo to Washington

You can wash my jumper
Starch my overhalls *(sic)*
Catch the train
They call The Cannonball
From Buffalo to Washington

Yonder comes a train
Comin' down the track
Carry me away
But ain't a-goin' to carry me back
My honey babe, my blue-eyed babe

My baby's left me
She even took my shoes
Enough to give a man
These doggone worried blues
She's gone, she's solid gone!

I'm going up north
I'm going up north this fall
If luck don't change
I won't be back at all
My honey babe, I'm leaving you

HAPPY OR LONESOME

Come back to me in my dreaming
Come back to me once more
Come with the love light gleaming
As in the days of yore
Come tell me that you still love me
And that your heart is still true
When the spring roses are blooming
Then I'll come back to you

Somewhere a heart is breaking
Calling me back to you
Memories of loved ones are waiting
Each happy home and you
Absence makes my heart fonder
Is it the same with you?
Are you still happy I wonder
Or do you feel lonesome too?

When the sun is sinkin'
In the golden west
And the birds and flowers
They have gone to rest
Come tell me that you still love me
And that your heart is still true
When the spring roses are blooming
Then I'll come back to you

Somewhere a heart is breaking
Calling me back to you
Memories of loved ones are waiting
Each happy home and you
Absence makes my heart fonder
Is it the same with you
Are you still happy I wonder
Or do you feel lonesome too?

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT

Are you lonesome tonight
Do you miss me I say
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memories cling
To that bright summer day
Where I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"?

Like the rose on the vine
I am clinging to you
As I did when we drifted apart
I am wishing you back
To that little shack
Where I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"

Does the chair in your parlor
Seem empty and bare
Do you miss me and wish I was there?
Is your heart filled with pain
Shall I come back again
Tell me, darling, are you lonesome tonight?

Are you lonesome tonight
Do you miss me I say
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memories cling
To that bright summer day
When I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"?

I have counted the days
I've counted the nights
I've counted the months and the years
I have counted on you
Since we drifted apart
Tell me, darling, are you lonesome tonight?

Are you lonesome tonight
Do you miss me I say
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memories cling
To that bright summer day
When I kissed you and called you "Sweetheart"?

JUST ANOTHER BROKEN HEART

They stood on the beach one evening
Out in the moonlight fair
Was a boy in the pride of manhood
And a girl in beauty rare
"I never thought that you loved me!"
An innocent look of surprise
Crept out from beneath her lashes
And into those deep brown eyes

"Oh, sir, I was only a-flirting
Only a-playing a part!"
Just another boy's life ruined
Just another broken heart!

"Sir, I'm to be married this winter
Farewell!" and she gave me her hand
And drawing a robe around her
She left me alone on the sand
He goes with the crowd of passers
Always bitter and cold
Just another boy grown weary
Just another boy grown old

"There's a rose grows in your garden
White rose is the embol* of peace
And when I am dead, little darling
Plant that rose at my head and my feet"

"Oh, sir, I was only a-flirting
Only a-playing a part!"
Just another boy's life ruined
Just another broken heart!

**probably means "emblem"*

THE BROKEN DOWN TRAMP

I'm a broken-down tramp without money
My clothes are all tattered and torn
And I am so sad and so lonely
I wish I had never been born

All through this wide world I have wandered
Inquiring for something to do
But whenever I ask for a job of work
They say they have none for a tramp

Now drink was the cause of my downfall
From the money I had I bought rum
And the friends that were mine when I had it
Now pass by and call me a bum

Now don't be too hasty to judge me
As I drift along with the tide
My clothes may be ragged and dirty
But a clean heart is beating inside

One night on a dark lonely railroad
A hobo all hungry and cold
Saw an empty boxcar on the siding
He climbed in and closed up the door

Six miles he had rode on the railway
When a brakeman came 'round with his light
He was shoved from the car and was killed
by the train
Because he was only a tramp

Now young men, let this be a warnin'
For all you who long for the road
Better stick to the straight life and don't
be like me
A poor bum to die in the cold

Now don't be too hasty to judge me
As I drift along with the tide
My clothes may be ragged and dirty
But a clean heart is beating inside

LOVER'S LANE

I first met you down in lover's lane
You were just like an angel
With angel's golden wings
We walked along, we sang a song
The birds were singing too
It seems like Heaven's here on earth
Just to be again with you

You're just the girl of my dreams
Though it seems that my dreams
Never come true

At night we'd sit out in the old porch swing
The stars were shining brightly
And softly you would sing
You'd sing of happy days gone by
It makes me happy too
It'd be like Heaven here on earth
If I could be with you

You're just the girl of my dreams
Though it seems that my dreams
Never come true

I first met you down in lover's lane
You were just like an angel
My little brown-eyed Jane
We walked along, we hummed a song
The birds were singing too
It seems like Heaven's here on earth
Just to be again with you

You're just the girl of my dreams
Though it seems that my dreams
Never come true

You're just the girl of my dreams
Though it seems that my dreams
Never come true

HOLD FAST TO THE RIGHT

Kneel down by the side of your mother, my boy
You have only a moment, I know
But stay till I give you my parting advice
It is all that I have to bestow

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right
Wherever your footsteps may roam
And forsake not the way of salvation, my boy
That you learned from your mother at home

You leave us to seek your employment, my boy
By the world you have yet to be tried
But in the temptations and trials you meet
May your heart to the Savior confide

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right
Wherever your footsteps may roam
And forsake not the way of salvation, my boy
That you learned from your mother at home

I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy
And taught you the best that I knew
And as long as His mercies *(sic)* permits me to live
I shall never stop praying for you

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right
Wherever your footsteps may roam
And forsake not the way of salvation, my boy
That you learned from your mother at home

You will find in this satchel a Bible, my boy
It's the book of all others the best
It will help you to live and prepare you to die
And will lead to the gates of the blest

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right
Wherever your footsteps may roam
And forsake not the way of salvation, my boy
That you learned from your mother at home

LORD I'M IN YOUR CARE

Oh Lord, I'm in your care
Oh Lord, I'm in your care
Your loving arms around me
Evil cannot harm me
Lord, I'm in your care

All day long I'm in your care
All day long I'm in your care
Your loving arms around me
Evil cannot harm me
Lord, I'm in your care

When I was sick, I was in your care
When I was sick, I was in your care
Your loving arms around me
Evil cannot harm me
Lord, I'm in your care

My room was dark, I was in your care
My room was dark, I was in your care
Your loving arms around me
Evil cannot harm me
Lord, I'm in your care

I'm a friendless child, but I'm in your care
I'm a friendless child, but I'm in your care
Your loving arms around me
Evil cannot harm me
Lord, I'm in your care

FUNNY WHEN YOU FEEL THAT WAY

I can't forget how far I fell
Since first I fell in love
I had a most sincere attack
Through squeezing a lady's glove
Her lovely hand was in it
As I waltzed around so gay
I thought myself in paradise
It's funny when you feel that way

It's funny when you feel that way
It's funny when you feel that way
I thought myself in paradise
It's funny when you feel that way

Again we met one afternoon
As we were all alone
I plucked up nerve to ask if she
Someday would be my own
She blushed and said, "Go ask Papa
And ask him if I may."
I danced a canter around the room
It's funny when you feel that way

It's funny when you feel that way
It's funny when you feel that way
I danced a canter around the room
It's funny when you feel that way

The old boy said that we might wed
And so he crowned my bliss
And I shall be a double man
In about a month from this
Though it seemed to me somehow the time
Shall never pass away
For I long to hear those wedding bells
It's funny when you feel that way

It's funny when you feel that way
It's funny when you feel that way
I long to hear those wedding bells
It's funny when you feel that way

IN THE SHADOW OF CLINCH MOUNTAIN

I grew up on the side of Clinch Mountain
With the beauties and the music of the wood
The sweet song of the bright bubbling fountain
And the warble of the birds I understood

When I've sung my last song in the evening
And the sun sets in the golden west
All the scenes of this world I'll be leaving
In the shadow of Clinch Mountain I will rest

"Long ago," stood the oak and two cedars
Singing deeply in a whisper of the past
"Stood not then this gray, towering leader
Nor the fountain where the crystal gems are cast."

When I've sung my last song in the evening
And the sun sets in the golden west
All the scenes of this world I'll be leaving
In the shadow of Clinch Mountain I will rest

When I asked how this green, lofty mountain
In the caldron of the lonely desert stood
Said the song of the bright sunny fountain
"We were given by the waters of the Flood."

When I've sung my last song in the evening
And the sun sets in the golden west
All the scenes of this world I'll be leaving
In the shadow of Clinch Mountain I will rest

Out that gate I have passed since my childhood
For the railway through the tunnel to the west
Singing songs of the Clinch Mountain wildwood
Songs that people found and birds they sing the best

When I've sung my last song in the evening
And the sun sets in the golden west
All the scenes of this world I'll be leaving
In the shadow of Clinch Mountain I will rest

HELLO STRANGER

Hello stranger, put your lovin' hand in mine
Hello stranger, put your lovin' hand in mine
You are a stranger, and you're a pal of mine

Get up, rounder, let a workin' man lay down
Get up, rounder, let a workin' man lay down
You are a rounder, but you're all out and down

Every time, I ride the six and fourth street car
Oh every time, I ride the six and fourth street car
I can see my baby, peepin' through the bar

She bowed her head, she waved both hands at me
She bowed her head, she waved both hands at me
I'm prison bound, I'm longin' to be free

Oh I'll see you, when your troubles are like mine
Oh I'll see you, when your troubles are like mine
Oh I'll see you, when you haven't got a dime

Weeping like a willow, mournin' like a dove
Weeping like a willow, mournin' like a dove
There's a girl up the country, that I really love

Hello stranger, put your lovin' hand in mine
Hello stranger, put your lovin' hand in mine
You are a stranger, and you're a pal of mine

NEVER LET THE DEVIL GET THE UPPER HAND OF YOU

My tender parents brought me up
Provided for me well
Was in the city of Lanson town
They placed me in a mill
It was there I spied a pretty fair miss
On whom I cast my eye
I asked her if she'd marry me
And she'd believe a lie

Three weeks ago last Saturday night
Of course it was the day
The Devil put it in my mind
To take her life away
I went into her sister's house
At eight o'clock one night
But little did the Creator think
On her I had my spite

I asked her if she'd take a walk
With me a little way
That she and I might have a talk
About our wedding day
We walked along until we came
To my little desert place
I grabbed a stick off of the fence
And struck her in the face

I run my fingers through her coal black hair
To cover up my sin
I drug her to the riverside
And there I plunged her in
I started back unto my mill
I met my servant, John
He asked me why I was so pale
And it so very warm

Come all young men and warning take
Unto your lovers be true
And never let the Devil get
The upper hand of you

WHEN THIS EVENING SUN GOES DOWN

(Tune same as "Careless Love")

When this evening sun goes down
Then in Heaven I'll be found
I will end life's other side
When I cross the Great Divide

When this evening sun goes down
When I wear my starry crown
When I'll see a smiling face
And rest in amazing grace

He will wipe away my tears
He will banish all my fears
Then in joy I'll ever be bound
When this evening sun goes down

When this evening sun goes down
When they lay me 'neath the ground
When we'll meet, weep and mourn
Then I'll be in my heavenly home

JIM BLAKE'S MESSAGE

"Jim Blake, your wife is dying!"
Went over the wires tonight
The message was brought to the depot
By a lad all trembling with fright
He entered the office crying
His face was terribly white
"Send this message to dad and his engine
Mother is dying tonight!"

In something less than an hour
Jim's answer back to me flew
"Tell wife I'll be there at midnight
I'm praying for her too."
I left my son in the office
Took the message to Jim's wife
There found the dying woman
Was scarce of breath and life

O'er hill and dale and valley
Thunders the heavy train
Its engine is sobbing and throbbing
And under a terrible strain
But Jim hangs on to his throttle
Guiding her crazy flight
And his voice cries out in the darkness
"God speed the Express tonight!"

I telephoned the doctor
"How is Jim's wife?" I ask
"About the hour of midnight
Is long as she can last!"
In something less than an hour
The train will be along
But here I have a message
Oh God, there is something wrong!

The message reads, "Disaster!
The train is in the ditch
The engineer is dying
Derailed by an open switch."
And there's another message
To Jim's wife it is addressed,
"I'll meet her at midnight in Heaven
Don't wait for the fast Express!"

HONEY IN THE ROCK

Oh my brother, do you know the Savior
Who is wondrous kind and true?
He's the Rock of your salvation
There is honey in the Rock for you

Oh, honey in the Rock (oh, honey in the Rock)
Sweet honey in the Rock (sweet honey in the Rock)
Oh it tastes just like honey in the Rock
Oh taste and see if the Lord is good
Oh it tastes just like honey in the Rock

Have you tasted that the Lord is gracious?
Do you walk in the way that's new?
Have you drank from the living fountain?
There is honey in the Rock for you

Oh, honey in the Rock (oh, honey in the Rock)
Sweet honey in the Rock (sweet honey in the Rock)
Oh it tastes just like honey in the Rock
Oh taste and see if the Lord is good
Oh it tastes just like honey in the Rock

Oh, there's honey in the Rock my brother
There is honey in the Rock for you
Leave your sins for the Blood to cover
There is honey in the Rock for you

Oh, honey in the Rock (oh, honey in the Rock)
Sweet honey in the Rock (sweet honey in the Rock)
Oh it tastes just like honey in the Rock
Oh taste and see if the Lord is good
Oh it tastes just like honey in the Rock

LOOK HOW THIS WORLD HAS MADE A CHANGE

We see our friends are weeping
With the badges on their door
We see their homes in mourning
For their loved ones come no more
You can say just what you please
Death rides on every breeze
Look how this world has made a change

Just look how this world has made a change
(made a change)
Just look how this world has made a change
(made a change)
You can see every day how the people pass away
Look how this world has made a change

Our friends are passing over
To some far distant shore
We seek them and we call them
But they answer us no more
Their throbbing hearts today
Tomorrow pass away
Look how this world has made a change

Just look how this world has made a change
(made a change)
Just look how this world has made a change
(made a change)
You can see every day how the people pass away
Look how this world has made a change

Dear sinner, oh get ready
You must meet your God on high
For death is all around you
And it will not pass you by
Death knocks at every door
No matter where you go
Look how this world has made a change

Just look how this world has made a change
(made a change)
Just look how this world has made a change
(made a change)
You can see every day how the people pass away
Look how this world has made a change

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT PLAYED ON MY KNEE

Many years have passed away and gone
Since I left my old native home
Since I left the scenes of my childhood there
Where the dark days seem to roam

I left my aged father there
And my mother so dear unto me
I left a brother and a sister fair
And a little girl that played upon my knee

Don't Jenny remember, will she e'er forget
Those many hours of pleasure to me?
Does she sigh when she thinks of those many
happy hours
When a little girl she played upon my knee?

I am homeward bound with the thrills of joy
Of my wandering so far o'er the sea
I shall soon see my home, my old native home
And the little girl that played upon my knee

I am tired of life, I cannot live
In this dark world so weary unto me
Come bury me low, by the one I love so well
By the little girl that played upon my knee

YOU BETTER LET THAT LIAR ALONE

Just let me tell you how a liar will do
He's always coming with something new
He'll steal your heart with a false pretense
Making out like he's your bosom friend

If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
Better let that liar alone

When a liar takes a notion to fend and prove
He'll lay around his neighbors and get the news
And nearly every day when you look out
You can see that liar coming to your house

If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
Better let that liar alone

He'll tell you such a lie it'll s'prise your mind
He'll mix a little truth for to make it shine
When he gets his business fixed just right
Then that liar's going to cause a fight

If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
Better let that liar alone

He studies up a lie, he'll tell it so smooth
You'll think absolutely that it must be true
And he'll urge you out for to trace the tale
And if you don't mind you'll be put in jail

If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
Better let that liar alone

When everything's in perfect peace
Then comes that liar with his deceit
A hypocrite liar, both keeps up a fuss
They're both very bad, but a liar's the worst

If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
If you don't want to get in trouble
Better let that liar alone

FAREWELL NELLIE

Farewell Nellie, farewell
Soon with strangers I must roam
Don't forget the one that loves you
Far away from friends and home

Fly across the ocean, birdie
Fly across the deep blue sea
Take this message to my darling
She'll be glad to hear from me

You have told me that you love me
But you haven't proved it true
So I'll go and court some other
That will love me more than you

Fly across the ocean, birdie
Fly across the deep blue sea
Take this message to my darling
She'll be glad to hear from me

When the whippoorwills are singing
Across the dark and lonely sea
When you're thinking of ten thousand
Will you sometimes think of me?

Fly across the ocean, birdie
Fly across the deep blue sea
Take this message to my darling
She'll be glad to hear from me

Now my heart is filled with sorrow
And my eyes are filled with tears
No, I'll not forget you, darling
If I live ten thousand years

THE ONLY GIRL (I EVER CARED ABOUT)

There's a town not far from here
Lived a maiden sweet and fair
And a lad that loved her better than his life
He was pleading every way
Just to have her name the day
That he might claim her for his little wife

When on the streets they meet
A question he'd repeat
She would laugh and turn her little face away
Till he saw with grief and pain
That his pleadings were in vain
In a jealous rage she softly heard him say,

"You are the only girl I ever cared about
You are the one I love and cannot live without
Won't you brighten up my life
Come and be my little wife
You are the only girl I ever cared about."

She never seen his face no more
Till one day he passed her door
Another girl was walking by his side
They seemed so bright and gay
As they strolled along the way
In a jealous rage she turned away and cried,

"You are the only girl I ever cared about
You are the one I love and cannot live without
Won't you brighten up my life
Come and be my little wife
You are the only girl I ever cared about."

"He has gone beyond recall
And I love him after all!"
When she met the couple on the street next day
He called on her to wait
Introduced his cousin, Kate
Now she's happy 'cause she softly heard him say,

"You are the only girl I ever cared about
You are the one I love and cannot live without
Won't you brighten up my life
Come and be my little wife
You are the only girl I ever cared about."

GOODBYE TO THE PLAINS

Goodbye to the pals of the prairie
Goodbye to the pals of the plains
Goodbye to the dash and the danger
Goodbye to the heartaches and pains

Goodbye to my faithful old pony
Take care of him, boys, when I go
I'm riding away on life's roundup
Away to where the sun sinks low

Goodbye to the hoof-rushing cattle
Goodbye to the clanking of spurs
Goodbye to the laugh and the chatter
Goodbye to the wild life and steers

Goodbye to the dawning's first blushes
That spare in the east faintly glow
I'm riding away on life's roundup
Away to where the sun sinks low

Goodbye to the girls and the boys
Goodbye to all of my friends
Goodbye to the dear girl, my sweetheart
For I know this is my end

For the pale rider comes with his summons
And I'm willing and ready to go
I'm riding away on life's roundup
Away where the sun sinks low

MY HOME'S ACROSS THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

My home's across the blue ridge mountain
My home's across the blue ridge mountain
My home's across the blue ridge mountain
For I never expect to see you anymore

How can I keep from crying
How can I keep from crying
How can I keep from crying
For I never expect to see you anymore

My home's across the blue ridge mountain
My home's across the blue ridge mountain
My home's across the blue ridge mountain
For I never expect to see you anymore

Oh, how I hate to leave you
Oh, how I hate to leave you
Oh, how I hate to leave you
For I never expect to see you anymore

My home's across the blue ridge mountain
My home's across the blue ridge mountain
My home's across the blue ridge mountain
For I never expect to see you anymore

Goodbye my little darling
Goodbye my little darling
Goodbye my little darling
For I never expect to see you anymore

DARK HAIRED TRUE LOVER

I once't had a dark-haired true lover
She was all this world to me
She promised herself to another
Now don't you think this was mean?

Take back every word you have spoken
Let it be as though we never met
For tonight I'm a poor boy, heart-broken
I'll forgive, but I'll never forget

I was young when I wrote my first letter
I blotted the lines with tears
But now I am old I know better
We parted for many long years

Take back every word you have spoken
Let it be as though we never met
For tonight I'm a poor boy, heart-broken
I'll forgive, but I'll never forget

Oh Ruth, oh Ruth, how I love you
You just seem to me like a bird
Although you went back on your promise
Although you went back on your word

Take back every word you have spoken
Let it be as though we never met
For tonight I'm a poor boy, heart-broken
I'll forgive, but I'll never forget

We parted in the month of September
Some says we parted for life
But I hope some day or another
I'll call you my sweet darling wife

Take back every word you have spoken
Let it be as though we never met
For tonight I'm a poor boy, heart-broken
I'll forgive, but I'll never forget

I wish I had someone to love me
Someone to call me their own
For I'm out in this wide world a-wandering
I'm tired of living alone

HE NEVER CAME BACK

An old Jane about forty nine
Came in to view the town
She registered up at Smith's Hotel
As Miss Ada Brown
She said she was just twenty-five
And that she was in love
With a young lad about sixteen
She called him her turtle dove
The wedding day at last arrived
The birds did merrily sing
He touched her up for a hunderd *(sic)*
To go out and buy the ring

He never came back
No he never came back
He's been gone for a year or more
That sassy young thing
Better have that ring
When we meet on that beautiful shore!

I went down to a rest'ernt *(sic)*
As hungry as a bear
And like a raving thief I did
I grabbed the bill of fare
The waiter said, "Now what for you?"
"A piece of steak", I said
He'd taken my order and bowed his head
And slowly walked away

No he never came back
No he never came back
I waited an hour or more
His neck I will break
If he has not that steak
When we meet on that beautiful shore!

HAPPY IN THE PRISON

I am happy in the prison
Yes, I'm happy anywhere
In my soul my Savior's risen
Of ten thousand He is spared

Glory glory, hallelujah
Sinners, lay your burdens down
Glory glory, hallelujah
For a cross, receive a crown

When the food is low and failing
And the children bare for clothes
I look up to Father's healing
For I know my Savior knows

I am happy in the prison
Yes, I'm happy anywhere
In my soul my Savior's risen
Of ten thousand He is spared

Pentecostal fire is burning
And its coming draweth nigh
But I'm happy, always happy
Though in prison I must die

I am happy in the prison
Yes, I'm happy anywhere
In my soul my Savior's risen
Of ten thousand He is spared

WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY

We shall see the desert as a rose
Walking in the King's Highway
There'll be singing where salvation goes
Walking in the King's Highway

There's a highway there and a way
Where sorrow shall flee away
And the light shines bright as the day
Walking in the King's Highway

We shall see the glory of the Lord
Walking in the King's Highway
And behold the glory of His word
Walking in the King's Highway

There the rain shall fall upon the ground
Walking in the King's Highway
And the springs of water shall be found
Walking in the King's Highway

No unclean thing shall pass o'er here
Walking in the King's Highway
Just the ransomed ones without a fear
Walking in the King's Highway

ST. REGIOUS GIRL

In a pine-shaded grave by the river
Where the nightingale sings sad and low
All alone lies the St. Regious maiden
Who did sing this sad song years ago

Nevermore will my heart fill with gladness
As I stroll through the forest again
For to prison they've taken my lover
That's why my poor heart's full of pain

When in prison you're a-dying from sorrow
I hope you'll recall those past days
That together we spent in this valley
And the vows that we shared on its quay

Oh if I could but burn down that prison
To steal you away for awhile
They could carry me off to the gallows
And I'd go to my doom with a smile

When the moon is high in the heaven
And the mountains do gleam in its light
How often I'll dream of you, sweetheart
As I mourn there alone in the night

There will be a green grave in the forest
And people when passing that way
Will think of the St. Regious maiden
As she lies there alone in the clay

A shadow has crossed o'er the valley
Where once't only sunshine did reign
But wherever life's pathway may lead me
I shall ever remember our dream

In the future some day I will meet you
On the bright shore so far from this world
And there before God I will greet you
That's the dream of the St. Regious girl

JUST A FEW MORE DAYS

Not so long ago one morning
Mother called me to her bed
Then she threw her arms around me
Listen to the words she said,
"Darling I am going to leave you
But you'll not be left alone
Jesus will protect and shield you
After He has carried me home."

Just a few more days of sorrow
Just a few more days of pain
Just a few more days of cloud'ness
Just a few more days of rain
Then I'm going to live with Jesus
He has got a home prepared
Then I'll join the holy angels
Mother will be waiting there

Sometimes I am sorely tempted
Sometimes I am sorely tired
But to overcome I'm trying
Taking Jesus as my guide
Oh sometimes the path seems rugged
But it only makes me pray
And I know if I keep trying
I'll see my mother some sweet day

Just a few more days of sorrow
Just a few more days of pain
Just a few more days of cloud'ness
Just a few more days of rain
Then I'm going to live with Jesus
He has got a home prepared
Then I'll join the holy angels
Mother will be waiting there

BRING BACK MY BOY

Out in the cold world and far away from home
Somebody's boy is wandering alone
No one to guide him and keep his footsteps right
Somebody's boy is homeless tonight

Bring back my boy, my wandering boy
Far far away, wherever he may be
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
At their old home is waiting him there

Out in the hallway there stands a vacant chair
Yonder's the shoes my darling used to wear
Empty the cradle, the one that's loved so well
How I miss him there's no tongue can tell

Bring back my boy, my wandering boy
Far far away, wherever he may be
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
At their old home is waiting him there

Oh, could I see him and fold him to my breast
Gladly I'd close my eyes and be at rest
There is no other that's left to give me joy
Bring back my boy, my wandering boy

Bring back my boy, my wandering boy
Far far away, wherever he may be
Tell him his mother with faded cheeks and hair
At their old home is waiting him there

IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON

As we travel through the desert
Storms beset us by the way
But beyond the river Jordan
Lies a field of endless day

Farther on, still go farther
Count the milestones one by one
Jesus will forsake you never
It is better farther on

Oh my brother, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you
And your vigor to decay?

Farther on, still go farther
Count the milestones one by one
Jesus will forsake you never
It is better farther on

At my grave oh still be singing
Though you weep for one that's gone
Sing it as we once did sing it
It is better farther on

Farther on, still go farther
Count the milestones one by one
Jesus will forsake you never
It is better farther on

CHARLIE AND NELLIE

"Dear Nellie, since I left the city
I find I've changed my mind
I hope you won't think me untruthful
Or do me the least unkind.
I think we're both mistaken
I know you'll never suit me
I owe my heart to another
Of course, kind friends will agree.

Please send me my ring and pictures
Also my letters and books
I close with many kind wishes
Respectifly *(sic)* yours, Charlie Brooks."

"I heard all about it, dear Charlie
I knew it would end this way
I hope you will always live happy
With your loving little wife, Miss Gray.
Now here's your ring, dear Charlie
Don't give it to her, I pray
Unless you tell 'er t'was once mine
I've wore it one year today.
One year today, dear Charlie
So happy were we both
You vowed you'd never forsake me
But I found you untrue to your oath.

Here's your picture, dear Charlie
It's almost faded away
Because I kissed it so often
And this you can tell Miss Gray.
As far as your letters, dear Charlie
I burned them as they came
I fear by reading them over
Would cause our love to enflame.

I must say goodbye, dear Charlie
My letter is near an end
Remember I'm always and always
Forever and ever your friend!"

CUBAN SOLDIER

Far away in a Spanish dungeon
A Cuban soldier lay
Slowly dying from the torture
Inflicted day by day
He begged to send a message
But this kindness was denied
So he called his comrade to him
And told his story ere he died

When Cuba *(pronounced "Cubie")* gains her freedom
And the Spaniards cease to reign
There's a loved one on that island
I will never see again
Oh find her for me, comrade
And tell her you were by my side
And I bid you take this message
To a soldier's promised bride

'Tis the same old story, comrade
Love weeps when duty is done
When Cuba was struggling for her freedom
I was ordered to my gun
Though I'm a captain dying
The struggle will soon be o'er
Tell her I said to meet me
Where the soldiers fight no more

When Cuba gains her freedom
And the Spaniards cease to reign
There's a loved one on that island
I will never see again
Oh find her for me, comrade
And tell her you were by my side
And I bid you take this message
To a soldier's promised bride

THE HEART THAT WAS BROKEN FOR ME

There came from the skies
In the days long ago
The Lord with a message of love
The world knew Him not
He was treated with scorn
This wonderful Gift from above

They crowned Him with thorns
He was beaten with straps
He was wounded and nailed to the tree
But the pain in His heart
Was the hardest to bear
The heart that was broken for me

He came to His own
To his owners He loved
The sheep that had wandered astray
They heard not His voice
But the Friend of mankind
Was halted and driven away

They crowned Him with thorns
He was beaten with straps
He was wounded and nailed to the tree
But the pain in His heart
Was the hardest to bear
The heart that was broken for me

I will take up my cross
I will walk by His side
For the pathway of duty I see
I will follow my Lord
And abide in His heart
The heart that was broken for me

They crowned Him with thorns
He was beaten with straps
He was wounded and nailed to the tree
But the pain in His heart
Was the hardest to bear
The heart that was broken for me

YOU'RE NOTHING MORE TO ME

Tonight we part forever
You're nothing more to me
The chain that bound us is broken
Not a tear I'll shed for thee
Go break the heart of another
Just as you have broken mine
Go tell her that you love her
And call her fondly thine

Here, take this ring you gave me
Which was so dear to me
Go give it to another
It's nothing more to me
When you gaze upon the engraving
Will you think one time of me
You've broken my heart forever
Not a tear I'll shed for thee

Goodnight, goodbye forever
You're nothing more to me
You've broken my heart forever
Not a tear I'll shed for thee
I must say goodbye, my darling
Nevermore to meet again
I will ask of you a promise
Will you meet me up in Heaven?

STERN OLD BACHELOR

I am a stern old bachelor
My age is forty-four
I do declare I'll never live
With women anymore
I have a stove that's worth ten cents
A table worth fifteen
I cook my gruel in oyster cans
And keep my things so clean

Oh, little sod shanty
Little sod shanty give to me
For I'm a stern old bachelor
From matrimony free

When I come home at night
I smile and walk right in
I never hear a voice yell out
"I say, where have you been!?"
On a cold and stormy night
In my cozy little shack
I sing my songs and think my thoughts
With no one to talk back

Oh, little sod shanty
Little sod shanty give to me
For I'm a stern old bachelor
From matrimony free

I go to bed when e'er I please
And get up just the same
I change my socks three times a year
With no one to complain
At night when I'm in peaceful sleep
My snores can do no harm
I never have to walk the floor
With a baby in my arm

Oh, little sod shanty
Little sod shanty give to me
For I'm a stern old bachelor
From matrimony free

And when I die and go to Heaven
As all good bachelors do
I will not have to grieve for fear
My wife will get there too

Oh, little sod shanty
Little sod shanty give to me
For I'm a stern old bachelor
From matrimony free

LITTLE JOE

What will the birds do, Mother, in the spring
The little brown birds around my door
Will they fly from the trees and tap at my window
Asking why Joe wanders out no more?

What will the kitten do, Mother, all alone
Will it stop from its frolic for a day
Will it lie on its rug by the side of my bed
As it did before I went away?

Keep tied, dearest Mother, my poor little dog
I know that he'll (mourn for me too)
(Keep) him when old and useless he grows
Sleeping all the long summer through

Show him my coat, Mother, so he'll not forget
Little Master who will then be dead
Speak to him kindly and often of Joe
And pat him on his shaggy head

What will Thomas, the old gardener say
When you ask him for a flower for me
Will he give you a rose he has tended with care
The first, fairest bloom of the tree?

And you, dearest Mother, will miss me for awhile
Though in Heaven I'll no larger grow
Any kind angel will tell you at the gate
When you ask for your darling Little Joe

RECKLESS MOTORMAN

Yonder stands a reckless motorman
Who says his age is twenty-one
Standing by his main line motor
Saying, "Folks, what have I done?

Is it true I've killed my brakeman
Is it true that he is dying?
Oh, I tried to stop my motor
But I could not stop in time."

See the car stacked upon him
See him raise his weary head
See his sister standing by him
Crying, "Brother, are you dead?"

"Sister, sister, I am dying
Soon I'll be on yonder shore
Soon I'll have a home in Heaven
There'll be no braking anymore.

Go and tell my youngest brother
Take these words to an end
To never start the day a-braking
For his life is sure to end

Go tell my father who is weigh man
What he weighs to weigh it fair
There'll be no scales up in Heaven
To that meeting in the air."

YOU DENIED YOUR LOVE

Sad was the day when you went away
You broke my heart in the month of May
That little ring I gave to you
Was to show you, dear, my love was true

Sweet are the flowers of our friendship
That has bloomed our whole life through
But ne'er forget though you're far away
They're blooming in my heart today

You denied your love but you proved it so
You came to see me when the sun was low
You broke my heart, but you were kind
When you said, "Oh dear, you'll never be mine."

Oh let me tell you what love will do
If you love a boy that don't love you
They'll break your heart, they'll leave you alone
They'll roam the west so far from home

OH, TAKE ME BACK

Woke up this morning
And I could not keep from cryin'
Woke up this morning
And I could not keep from cryin'
My good gal left me
With a troubling mind

Oh, just look where
That evening sun has gone
Oh, just look where
That evening sun has gone
Gone down behind the mountain
And it won't be back till morn'

Oh, hand me
That long distance phone
Oh, hand me
That long distance phone
Gonna talk to my honey
All night long

Oh, take me back
And try me one more time
Oh, take me back
And try me one more time
And if I don't do
Then send me down the line

YOU ARE MY FLOWER

The grass is just as green
The sky is just as blue
The day is just as bright
The birds are singing too

You are my flower
That's blooming in the mountain for me
You are my flower
That's blooming there for me

The air is just as pure
The sunlight just as free
And nature seems to say
It's all for you and me

You are my flower
That's blooming in the mountain for me
You are my flower
That's blooming there for me

So wear a happy smile
And life will be worthwhile
Forget your tears
And don't forget to smile

You are my flower
That's blooming in the mountain for me
You are my flower
That's blooming there for me

When summertime has passed
And snow begins to fall
Just sing this song
And say to one and all

You are my flower
That's blooming in the mountain for me
You are my flower
That's blooming there for me

WHO'S THAT KNOCKIN' ON MY WINDOW

Who's that knockin' at my window,
Knock so loud and won't come in?
'Tis your own true-hearted lover
Rise you up and let him in

Go 'way, go 'way, don't wake my mother
For love's a thing she can't endure
She's been the ruin of many a lover
She'll be the ruin of many more

I've come to whisper in your ear, love
Do you think it any harm?
I've come to wean you of your mother
Pray trust yourself in your darling's arms!

Go 'way, go 'way, don't wake my father
For he is on his bed of rest
And on his breast he carries a weapon
(pronounced "wee-pon")
To kill the one that I love best

I wish I was some little sparrow
I'd circle like a turtle dove
I'd fly away to a lonely valley
And settle down in the land of love

THEY CALL HER MOTHER

There's a store by the road in the country
'Mong the hills where the evergreens grow
In that store by the road there's a woman
Who is different from others I know
Now her irony gray hair's turned to silver
And her kind eyes are ever soft and blue
Always she has a kind word for others
And a smile ever waiting for you

She's adored for her sunny disposition
By the women, the children and men
In all the neighboring hills they call her Mother
For she's really a mother dear to them
She is cheerful like the birds in the cedars
She is modest like the songs that they sing
In the hills nearby they call her Mother
For she's really a mother true to them

When the clouds hang low on the mountain
And the pines are bent low by the snow
Neighbors go to that store by the roadside
It's a place that they all love to go
Some go there to play cards at the table
Some just sit by the warm cheering fire
And dear Mother with kind disposition
Finds a way to make all happy there
She's adored for her sunny disposition
By the women, the children and men
In all the neighboring hills they call her Mother
For she's really a mother dear to them

COAL MINER'S BLUES

Some blues are just blues
Mine are the miner's blues
Some blues are just blues
Mine are the miner's blues
My troubles are coming
By three's and by two's

Blues and more blues
It's the coal black blues
Blues and more blues
It's the coal black blues
Got coal in my hair
Got coal in my shoes

These blues are so blue
They are the coal black blues
These blues are so blue
They are the coal black blues
For my place will cave in
And my life I will lose

You say they are blues
These old miner's blues
You say they are blues
These old miner's blues
Now I must have sharpened
These picks that I use

I'm out with these blues
Dirty coal black blues
I'm out with these blues
Dirty coal black blues
We'll lay off tomorrow
With the coal miner's blues

YOUNG FREDA BOLT

Amid the Blue Ridge Mountains
There lived a maiden fair
Who's life was pure as Heaven
Who's heart was free from care
She dreamed of love and romance
With heart so glad and free
No gloom within the future
Young Freda Bolt could see

Nearby lived Beauron Harmon
A boy she loved so well
And of these two young lovers
A story I will tell
'Twas late one Thursday evening
The stars were shining dim
That Beauron called his sweetheart
To come and go with him

He told her on tomorrow
That they would surely wed
But little was she thinking
He'd take her life instead
They motored to Bent Mountain
A place so dark and lone
And there her form so helpless
He placed beneath a stone

Away from home and mother
That Freda loved so well
The bitter pain and anguish
No mortal tongue can tell
Through tears she pled for mercy
But heeding not her cry
Young Harmon left his sweetheart
In agony to die

We think that God in Heaven
Must surely've heard her cry
And sent a band of angels
To linger very nigh
And bear her spirit over
To yonder's happy shore
Where dying comes, no never
And parting is no more

LITTLE POPLAR LOG HOUSE ON THE HILL

Now kind friends I want to tell you
Of a little country home
It is made of poplar logs upon the hill
There's where father died and left us
When we all were very young
And our mother kept us settled on the hill

When our day's work on the farm was done
She would gather us around
She would have us get down on our little knees
She would pray for God to keep us
Through the night until next day
In our little old poplar log house on the hill

Our father died a good man
Which we all would like to do
And I'm going there to see him some old day
When I get through with my singing
Lay my guitar by my side
Lord, I want to play in Heaven when I die

When our day's work on the farm was done
She would gather us around
She would have us get down on our little knees
She would pray for God to keep us
Through the night until next day
In our little old poplar log house on the hill

THE DYING MOTHER

On a cold winter eve as the snowflakes are fallin'
In a low humble cottage a poor mother lay
And although wracked with pain as she lie there contented
With the Savior her friend and peace with Him made

We will all meet again on that great judgement morning
The books will be open, the roll will be called
Oh how sad it will be if forever we're parted
While some rise to glory and others stand to fall

Oh that mother of yours has gone o'er the river
And you promised you'd meet her while knelt by her bed
As the death sweat rolled off and fell down on her pillow
Oh her memory still lives although she is dead

We will all meet again on that great judgement morning
The books will be open, the roll will be called
Oh how sad it will be if forever we're parted
While some rise to glory and others stand to fall

You remember the kiss and the last words she uttered
Oh the arms that embraced you are with you no more
As you stand by the grave teardrops fall on her casket
And we vowed there to meet her on that happy shore

We will all meet again on that great judgement morning
The books will be open, the roll will be called
Oh how sad it will be if forever we're parted
While some rise to glory and others stand to fall

BUDDIES IN THE SADDLE

One stormy day me and my buddy
Started on a roundup ride
The wind and dust blew hard around us
My buddy strayed far from my side

We were buddies in the saddle
We were buddies in our home
We were buddies herdin' cattle
We were buddies everywhere we roamed

I'll ne'er forget the day I found him
He was so weak he could not speak
I'll ne'er forget the smile he gave me
Then the poor boy fell asleep

I took him up in my saddle
And carried him home across the plain
My mother nursed him every moment
To try to make him well again

We were buddies in the saddle
We were buddies in our home
We were buddies herdin' cattle
We were buddies everywhere we roamed

I never had a pal so near me
He took the blame for everything
I'd die for him just any moment
And for me he'd do the same

But now my buddy's gone and left me
And it's so hard to struggle on
So hard to b'lieve that he has left me
I can't realize that he has gone

We were buddies in the saddle
We were buddies in our home
We were buddies herdin' cattle
We were buddies everywhere we roamed

HEAVEN'S RADIO

There's a wonderful invention
It's called the radio
You can hear it everywhere you chance to go
But the static in the air
Sometimes makes it hard to hear
But it is not so with Heaven's radio

Heaven's radio
On the other shore
For my precious Savior always listens in (listens in)
It's the same old radio
That was used a long time ago
For my precious Savior always listens in

Daniel in the lion's den
With his prayers did surely win
For my precious Savior always listens in (listens in)
And I know without a doubt
Honest prayers will bring you out
For my precious Savior always listens in

Heaven's radio
On the other shore
For my precious Savior always listens in (listens in)
It's the same old radio
That was used a long time ago
For my precious Savior always listens in

Well He set the Hebrews three
From the fiery furnace free
Yes my precious Savior always listens in (listens in)
He will rescue today
In that same old-fashioned way
For my precious Savior always listens in

Heaven's radio
On the other shore
For my precious Savior always listens in (listens in)
It's the same old radio
That was used a long time ago
For my precious Savior always listens in

BEAUTIFUL HOME

There's a beautiful home
Far over the sea
There are mansions of bliss
For you and for me
Oh the beautiful home
So wondrously fair
That the Savior for me
Has gone to prepare

There's a beautiful home (beautiful home)
Far over the sea (far over the sea)
There's a beautiful home (a beautiful home)
For you and for me (for you and for me)
Its glittering towers (glittering towers)
The sun outshine (the sun outshine)
That beautiful home (that beautiful home)
Someday shall be mine

In that beautiful home
A crown I shall wear
With the glorified throng
Their glories to share
But the joys of that home
Can never be known
Till the Savior we see
Upon His white throne

There's a beautiful home (a beautiful home)
Far over the sea (far over the sea)
There's a beautiful home (a beautiful home)
For you and for me (for you and for me)

Its glittering towers (glittering towers)
The sun outshine (the sun outshine)
That beautiful home (that beautiful home)
Someday shall be mine

THERE'LL BE NO DISTINCTION THERE

There will be no more sorrow on that heavenly shore
There'll be no wolves a-howlin' near the old cabin door
We will all be quite wealthy and there'll be
no more poor
When we all get together on that heavenly shore

There'll be no distinction there (over there)
There'll be no distinction there
For the Lord am just and the Lord am right
And we'll all be white in the heavenly light
There'll be no distinction there

In the same kind of raiment, in the same kind of shoes
We will all sit together in the same kind of pews
The white folks and the colored, the gentiles
and the Jews
They will all be so happy that they dassn't *(negro patios for "dare not)* refuse

There'll be no distinction there (over there)
There'll be no distinction there
For the Lord am just and the Lord am right
And we'll all be white in the heavenly light
There'll be no distinction there

They tell me up in Heaven we will all be as one
And we'll all sing together when the life crown is won
Our fathers and our mothers and sisters will be there
And they tell me up in Heaven no distinction there

There'll be no distinction there (over there)
There'll be no distinction there
For the Lord am just and the Lord am right
And we'll all be white in the heavenly light
There'll be no distinction there

GIVE HIM ONE MORE AS HE GOES

My sweetheart was a shy little miss
And one I fondly adore
And when you ask her for a kiss
She'll give you just one and no more

She'll give you just one and no more
She'll give you just one and no more
And when I ask her for a kiss
She'll give you just one and no more

Her dad was a feelin' old man
He always had a feeling for me
I can tell you when this feeling began
When his daughter I first went to see

I was bidding my sweetheart goodnight
In the usual manner, you know
When a voice from the house said, "Sic him, touse,
And give him one more as he goes!

And give him one more as he goes!
And give him one more as he goes!"
When a voice from the house said, "Sic him, touse,
And give him one more as he goes!"

It was over the garden wall
In a manner I'll tell you not slow
He exclaimed with a swear and his foot smote the air,
"And I'll give him one more as he goes!

I'll give him one more as he goes!
I'll give him one more as he goes!"
He exclaimed with a swear and his foot smote the air,
"And I'll give him one more as he goes!"

LONESOME FOR YOU DARLING

I am lonesome for you darling
Though from me you're far away
In a lonely little cottage
I am waiting day by day

Though you went away and left me
Left me alone in this old world
How it hurts me little darling
To hear you say those parting words

I can see you in the moonlight
Strolling down lover's lane
I know it's you I love my darling
Won't you take me back again

Do you think we could be happy
Do you think you could be true
To the one that's always loved you?
No one loves you as I do

Won't you take me back my darling
So I can prove my love to you?
If you'll accept me little darling
We will start our lives anew

I will take you back my darling
If you'll promise to be true
Let me look my little darling
In your loving eyes of blue

We are happy now together
In the moonlight all alone
And we'll settle down forever
In our little cottage home

BLACKIE'S GUNMAN

I was known as Blackie's gunman
The best of gunmen in the land
I could shoot the ace o' diamonds
With a draw from either hand
With the dice I had no equal
Some of them are with us now
Most of them are sadly sleepin'
'Neath the weeping willow bough

Many a cowboy's camp I played in
Left that night with all their gold
As a sport I was broken
As a sport I let it go
I once loved a girl named Nellie
How we loved no tongue can tell
But I know I'll never meet her
Oh, 'twas hard to say farewell

Her eyes were like the deep blue water
And her hair was golden curls
And her cheeks were crimson velvet
And her teeth were snow white pearls

Together we lived in a cottage
And our lives it was a dream
And the angels they watched o'er us
Made our lives one happy dream

YOU'VE GOT TO RIGHTEN THAT WRONG

You've got to righten that wrong some day
Years may pass but you can't get away
If you do wrong today, the price you must pay
You've got to righten that wrong some day

Do not lie or gossip on the folks whom you know
But do good to all while you may
If you smile to their face and frown when they go
You've got to righten that wrong some day

You've got to righten that wrong some day
Years may pass but you can't get away
If you do wrong today, the price you must pay
You've got to righten that wrong some day

You hear Jesus pleading to come to the fold
The time is flitting away
He will stick on your spirit and sweeten your soul
Why not righten each wrong today?

You've got to righten that wrong some day
Years may pass but you can't get away
If you do wrong today, the price you must pay
You've got to righten that wrong some day

MEETING IN THE AIR

You have heard of little Moses in the bulrush
You have heard of fearless David and his sling
You have heard the story told of dreaming Joseph
And of Jonah and the whale you often sing

There's going to be a meeting in the air
In that sweet sweet bye and bye
I'm going to meet you, meet you over there
In that home beyond the sky
The singing you will hear never heard by mortals ears
Will be glorious I do declare
And god's own Son will be the leading One
At that meeting in the air

There are many many others through the Bible
I should like to meet them all I do declare
Bye and bye the Lord will surely let us meet them
At that meeting in the air

There's going to be a meeting in the air
In that sweet sweet bye and bye
I'm going to meet you, meet you over there
In that home beyond the sky
The singing you will hear never heard by mortals ears
Will be glorious I do declare
And god's own Son will be the leading One
At that meeting in the air

MY HOME AMONG THE HILLS

Got a home in the hills
Of old Virginia I love still
And it stands near the lonesome pine
And I long to go back
To the vine-covered shack
Where I left that old mother of mine

I can still see her there
In the old rockin' chair
In my home among the hills
And I seem to hear her say,
"Why did you go away
From your home among the hills?"

The pine tree stands alone
Near my old Virginia home
And the silver-haired mother of mine
I can see her smiling face
In that old familiar place
In my home among the hills

I'm leaving here today
I'm going back to stay
In my home among the hills
How happy we will be
Near the lonesome pine tree
In my home among the hills

BLACK JACK DAVID

Black Jack David came riding through the woods
And he sang so loud and gaily
Made the hills around him ring
And he charmed the heart of a lady
And he charmed the heart of a lady

"How old are you my pretty little miss
How old are you my honey?"
She answered him with a silly little smile,
"I'll be sixteen next Sunday
I'll be sixteen next Sunday."

"Come go with me my pretty little miss
Come go with me my honey
I'll take you across the deep blue sea
Where you never shall want for money
Where you never shall want for money!"

She pulled off her high-heeled shoes
They were made of Spanish leather
She put on those low-heeled shoes
And they both rode off together
And they both rode off together

"Last night I lay on a warm feather bed
Beside my husband and baby
Tonight I lay on the cold cold ground
By the side of Black Jack David
By the side of Black Jack David."

LOOK AWAY FROM THE CROSS

Look away from the cross to that glittering crown
From your cares, weary ones, look away
There's a home for the soul where no sorrows can come
And their pleasure will never decay

Look away (weary ones, look away)
Look away (from the cross to the crown)
From the cross to that glittering (crown),
glittering crown .
Look away (weary ones, look away)
Look away (from the cross to the crown)
From the cross to that glittering crown

Though the burdens of life may be heavy to bear
And your crosses and trials severe
There's a beautiful hand that is beckoning, "Come!"
And no heartaches and sighin's are there

Look away (weary ones, look away)
Look away (from the cross to the crown)
From the cross to that glittering (crown),
glittering crown
Look away (weary ones, look away)
Look away (from the cross to the crown)
From the cross to that glittering crown

'Mid the conflicts, the battles, the struggles and strife
Bravely onward your journey pursue
Look away from the cross to that glittering crown
That's a-waitin', in Heaven for you

Look away (weary ones, look away)
Look away (from the cross to the crown)
From the cross to that glittering (crown),
glittering crown
Look away (weary ones, look away)
Look away (from the cross to the crown)
From the cross to that glittering crown

WE SHALL RISE

In that Resurrection morning when the trumpet
of God shall sound
We shall rise (hallelujah), we shall rise!
Then the saints will come rejoicing and no tears
will e'er be found
We shall rise (hallelujah), we shall rise!

A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle:* Hallelujah!
A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle:* Amen!
Sara: We shall rise. *Maybelle and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: In that Resurrection morning when these
prison bars are broken
Sara: We shall rise. *Maybelle and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: We shall rise!

In that Resurrection morning when the shade
of life has fled
We shall rise (hallelujah), we shall rise!
In the day of glory dawning when the sea gives
up its dead
We shall rise (hallelujah), we shall rise!

A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle:* Hallelujah!
A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle:* Amen!
Sara: We shall rise. *Maybelle and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: In that Resurrection morning when these
prison bars are broken
Sara: We shall rise. *Maybelle and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: We shall rise!

I shall see my blessed Savior who so freely died for me
We shall rise (hallelujah), we shall rise!
And our fathers and our mothers and our loved
ones we shall see
We shall rise (hallelujah), we shall rise!

A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle:* Hallelujah!
A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle:* Amen!
Sara: We shall rise. *Maybelle and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: In that Resurrection morning when these prison
bars are broken
Sara: We shall rise. *Maybelle and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: We shall rise!

A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle:* Hallelujah!
A.P.: We shall rise. *Sara and Maybelle*: Amen!
Sara: We shall rise. *Sara and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: In that Resurrection morning when these prison
bars are broken
Sara: We shall rise. *Maybelle and A.P.:* Hallelujah!
All: We shall rise!

I FOUND YOU AMONG THE ROSES

Once't again, dear, it's rose time, it's June time
All the flowers they bloom as of yore
And the robin's sweet song is singin'
As I walked here to greet you once more
A year has passed, dear, since we came here
This old love of ours to renew
And I found you among the roses
The day I come back to you

I found you among the roses
The day I come back to you
All my gladness was there in the garden so fair
'Twas the happiest moment I knew
Your lips were the color of roses
I craved them as flowers crave the dew
It was out here in your rose garden
Where I found you

I can 'member the kiss that you gave me
For your cheeks were like the rosebuds red
Was the kiss, dear, that meant to fore me
For all the harsh words I have said
Red roses a-blooming around me
I love every one of them too
For it was out here, in your rose garden
Where I found you

I found you among the roses
The day I come back to you
All my gladness was there in the garden so fair
'Twas the happiest moment I knew
Your lips were the color of roses
I crave them as flowers crave the dew
It was out here, in your rose garden
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'Twas the happiest moment I knew
Your lips were the color of roses
I crave them as flowers crave the dew
It was out here, in your rose garden
Where I found you

BEAR CREEK BLUES

Way up on Bear Creek
Watching the sun go down
Way up on Bear Creek
Watching the sun go down
It makes me feel like
I'm on my last go around

The water on Bear Creek
It tastes like cherry wine
The water on Bear Creek
It tastes like cherry wine
You can take one drink of it
You're drinkin' it all the time

If you stay on Bear Creek
You'll get like Jesse James
If you stay on Bear Creek
You'll get like Jesse James
You'll take two old pistols
And hold up that Bear Creek train

I'm going high, high
Upon some lonesome hill
I'm going high, high
Upon some lonesome hill
Look down on Bear Creek
Where my good gal used to live

I'LL NEVER FORSAKE YOU

I am so happy
That you love no other but me
All of my life
I've tried to win your love you see
And I still wonder
If you will be happy with me
When we are married
And taken you my wife to be

I have waited
So long for the words you've just said
I always thought
That you loved another instead
But you have told me
With your own sweet lips so red
And I am waiting
For the day when we shall wed

If you should ever
Forsake me my love I would pray
"Take me, my Maker
Up in Heaven where white angels stay
'Cause I could never
Go on living without you this way
If we have to part
I'd rather you'd take me today."

No no, I'll never
Forsake you, I'll always be true
And we'll be happy
Together because I love you
And when I think of us parting
Sweetheart, it runs through my head
If we can't be happy together
My love, I'd rather be dead!

BEAUTIFUL ISLE O'ER THE SEA

I will not be your sweetheart
I'll tell you the reason why
My mama's always told me
To pass a drunkard by

Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
There's someone waiting for me

Now young man I will tell you
If you want my heart, my hand
You'd better quit your drinking
And be a sober man

Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
There's someone waiting for me

Go prove yourself, be faithful
Go prove yourself, be true
And sometime in the future
Perhaps I'll marry you

Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
Beautiful isle o'er the sea, o'er the sea
There's someone waiting for me

IT'S A LONG LONG ROAD TO TRAVEL ALONE

I always thought that I'd like to roam
One day I started alone
Out in this old wide wicked world
Away from friends and home

It's a long, long road to travel alone
And when the day is gone
No place to pillow my head at night
Only on the cold, cold stone

I've travelled around from town to town
Now it's time that I settled down
I've had my fill of rambling around
And now I am homeward bound

One day a letter came to me
And this is what it read
"Come home, my boy, to the old homestead
Your father and mother is dead."

It's a long, long road to travel alone
And when the day is gone
No place to pillow my head at night
Only on the cold, cold stone

It's been a long road to travel alone
I wish I had never roamed
I thought I'd soon see my mother and dad
But now I am left alone

WHY DO YOU CRY, LITTLE DARLING

Why do you cry, little darlin'
Why are those tears in your eyes?
Why do you weep, little darlin'
Just when I say goodbye?
It makes me sad and lonely
To see you still so blue
What have I done, little darlin'
Have I been untrue to you?

'Cause you are called, little darlin'
To fight for your country true
There's many a poor girl just like me
Weeping for their sweethearts too
I tried so hard to be cheerful
But thought of all the long years
You might be gone, little darlin'
I could not keep back my tears

That's why I cry, little darlin'
Because you're goin' away
Leaving me all broken-hearted
To weep for you day after day
Every night I'll kneel by my bedside
And ask God to guide you each day
Back to your sweetheart that's waiting
And loves you more than I can say

Every night I'll kneel by my bedside
And ask God to guide you each day
Back to your sweetheart that's waiting
And loves you more than I can say

YOU TIED A LOVE KNOT IN MY HEART

You tied a love knot in my heart, dear
When you said you'd be my bride
Oh how well I remember
As we strolled side by side
Leaves were falling all around us
Roses withered on the ground
You tied a love knot in my heart, dear
That can never be unwound

The only thing that I have left now
Is this little string I found
With a little love knot in it
That she held tight in her hand
As I stood there by your bedside
As I looked into your eyes
You tied a love knot in my heart, dear
That can never be untied

There's a heart tonight that's lonely
There's a heart tonight that's sad
For God has took you from me
The best pal I ever had
She's gone to sing up in Heaven
God needed her there by His side
You tied a love knot in my heart, dear
That can never be untied

LONESOME HOMESICK BLUES

I've got the lonesome homesick blues
I've got them bad, babe, down in my shoes
I left someone there that I might lose
That's why I've got these old homesick blues

It makes me homesick to hear your name
And hold you, dear, in my arms again
I'm a-gonna ride that old lonesome train
To the one I left back in Maces Springs

You told me once, dear, you loved me so
And it's on my mind everywhere I go
I'll soon be knowing if it is so
Or has your love for me grow-n cold?

Oh listen to that old lonesome train
It's a-gonna carry me back again
To the one that told me their love was true
I'll spend the rest of my days with you

I've been away, babe, a long long time
Now I'm riding down this old railroad line
And the one I love there I hope to find
To ease this lonesome blue heart of mine

DARK AND STORMY WEATHER

Dark and stormy weather
It still inclines to rain
The clouds hangs over center
My love's gone away on the train

We met, loved and parted
I thought the world of you
You left me broken-hearted
To me you proved untrue

I'm leaving old Virginia
There's nothing here for me
I know you love another
In my grave I'd rather be

Dark and stormy weather
It still inclines to rain
The clouds hangs over center
My love's gone away on the train

You told me that you loved me
I believed just what you said
But now you love another
I wish that I were dead

Dark and stormy weather
It still inclines to rain
The clouds hangs over center
My love's gone away on the train

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH

As I sit alone tonight in the stillness of the night
I picture happy scenes of long ago
Of a maiden fair and bright who is sleeping there tonight
In the valley of the Shenandoah-Ry
It was in the month of June when the roses were in bloom
When I held her in my arms and softly said
"Darling in the coming spring I'll be coming back again
To the valley of the Shenandoah-Ry"

When I left her all alone in her Shenandoah home
She promised she'd be waiting there for me
But the angels came along and took her from our home
From the valley of the Shenandoah-Ry
It was in the month of June when the roses were in bloom
When I held her in my arms and softly said
"Darling in the coming spring I'll be coming back again
To the valley of the Shenandoah-Ry"

When the evening shadows fall in memory I recall
A pledge when I gave to her a ring
"Darling in the coming spring I'll be coming back again
To the valley of the Shenandoah-Ry"
It was in the month of June when the roses were in bloom
When I held her in my arms and softly said
"Darling in the coming spring I'll be coming back again
To the valley of the Shenandoah-Ry"

THE GIRL ON THE GREENBRIER SHORE

Was in the year of '92
In the merry month of June
I left my mother and a home so dear
For the girl I loved on the Greenbrier Shore

My mother dear, she came to me
And said, "Oh son, don't go!
Don't leave your mother and a home so dear
To trust a girl on the Greenbrier Shore."

But I was young and reckless too
And I craved a reckless life
I left my mother with a broken heart
And I choosed that girl to be my wife

Her hair was dark and curly too
And her loving eyes were blue
Her cheeks were like the red, red rose
The girl I loved on the Greenbrier Shore

The years rolled on and the months rolled by
She left me all alone
Now I remember what mother said
"Never trust a girl on the Greenbrier Shore!"

SOMETHING GOT A HOLD OF ME

When first I heard of the people who claimed
This old-time religion was real
I says, "I'll go down, take a look at the crowd
It's just so weak-minded I feel."

But something got a hold of me
Yes something got a hold of me
I went there to fight but on that night
There's something got a hold of me

I walked right down, peeped in at the door
And the Devil says, "Don't you go in!"
I says, "I'll go in for that will not hurt
And sit as far back as I can."

But something got a hold of me
Yes something got a hold of me
I went there to fight but on that night
There's something got a hold of me

About that time he got up to preach
And he looked right down upon me
He told everybody how mean I had been
Don't think he thought much of me

But something got a hold of me
Yes something got a hold of me
I went there to fight but on that night
There's something got a hold of me

They sang and shout, then they all clasped their hands
And they all got down on their knees
When the fire fell from Heaven it fell upon me
And then I fell to the floor

But something got a hold of me
Yes something got a hold of me
I went there to fight but on that night
There's something got a hold of me

So now I've learnt there's no need to doubt
That the old-time religion is real
I have a spirit I'll never forget
That something's got a hold of me

Yes something got a hold of me
Yes something got a hold of me
I have a spirit I'll never forget
That's something got a hold of me

FIFTY MILES OF ELBOW ROOM

Twelve hundred miles its length and breadth
The four square city stands
Its gem set walls of jasper shine
Not made with human hands
One hundred miles its gates are wide
Abundant entrance there
With fifty miles of elbow room
On either side to spare

When the gates swing wide on the other side
Just beyond the sunset sea
There'll be room to spare as we enter there
Room for you and room for me
For the gates are wide on the other side
Where the flowers ever bloom
On the right hand, on the left hand
Fifty miles of elbow room

Sometimes I'm cramped and crowded here
And long for elbow room
I want to reach for altitude
Where fairer flowers bloom
It won't be long 'til I shall pass
Into that city fair
With fifty miles of elbow room
On either side to spare

When the gates swing wide on the other side
Just beyond the sunset sea
There'll be room to spare as we enter there
Room for you and room for me
For the gates are wide on the other side
Where the flowers ever bloom
On the right hand, on the left hand
Fifty miles of elbow room

KEEP ON THE FIRING LINE

If you're in the battle for the Lord and right
Just keep on the firin' line
If you win the battle surely you must fight
So keep on the firin' line

Brother keep on the firin' line (firin' line)
Keep on the firin' line
Time is getting short, Jesus coming soon
Brother keep on the firin' line

There are many dangers everyone must face
If you die a-fighting there is no disgrace
With the Lord for cowards you will find no place
So keep on the firin' line

Brother keep on the firin' line (firin' line)
Keep on the firin' line
Time is getting short, Jesus coming soon
Brother keep on the firin' line

God can only use the soldiers He can trust
To keep on the firin' line
If you wear the crown bear the cross you must
So keep on the firin' line

Brother keep on the firin' line (firin' line)
Keep on the firin' line
Time is getting short, Jesus coming soon
Brother keep on the firin' line

Brother keep on the firin' line (firin' line)
Keep on the firin' line
Time is getting short, Jesus coming soon
Brother keep on the firin' line

THE WAVE ON THE SEA

Oh the waves on the sea how they roll
The chilly winds how they do blow
My own true love got drownded in the deep
And the ship never got to the shore

Oh the first on the deck was the porter of the ship
And a rough looking fellow was he
Says, "I care no more for my wife and my child
Than I do for the fish in the sea

Oh the waves on the sea how they roll
The chilly winds how they do blow
My own true love got drownded in the deep
And the ship never got to the shore

Well I left my dear darlin' a-grievin'
Well I left my dear darlin' a-grievin'
I left my dear darlin' grieving after me
For I never expect to see her anymore

Oh the waves on the sea how they roll
The chilly winds how they do blow
My own true love got drownded in the deep
And the ship never got to the shore

THE RAMBLING BOY

I was rich but a rambling boy
Through many a city I did enjoy
And there I married me a pretty little wife
And I loved here dearer than I loved my life

She was pretty, both neat and gay
She caused me to rob the road highway
I robbed it, yes I do declare
I made myself ten thousand there

Plenty dry goods for to carry me through
My pistol, sword, my money too
My forty-four, she never failed
My true love comes for to go my bail

My mother says she has no home
My sister says she's all alone
My wife's she's left in sad despair
With a broken heart and a baby fair

Now when I die don't bury me at all
Just place me away in alcohol
My forty-four laid by my feet
Please tell them I am just asleep

YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY YOU LET ME DOWN

You told me once, dear, I was true and kind
You told me then, love, that you were mine
But now you tell me that you were blind
You like your parties and good times
I'm sorry, darlin', 'cause you feel this way
What you told me truthful to my face
You found another to take my place
All dressed in diamonds, pearls and lace

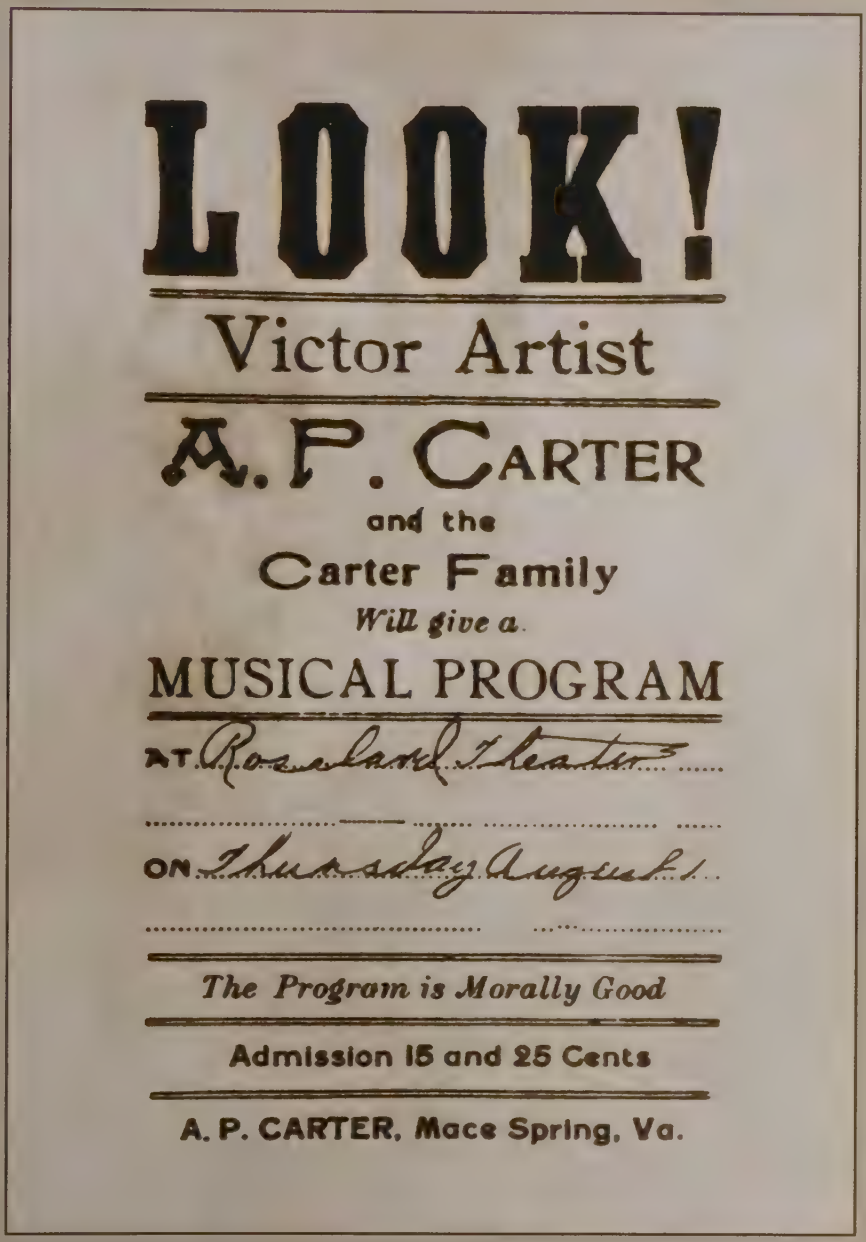
I'm sorry, darlin', 'cause you let me down
A truer love now you think you've found
But when I'm laid deep down in the ground
You're gonna be sorry you let me down

So now I've lost you but still have faith
That you will see the mistake you've made
And when you find, dear, that you are wrong
You'll ask forgiveness and come back home
I believed you, darlin', when you said to me
That we'd be happy, we'd be free
But now I've found, dear, a fault in thee
When we were wed, love, I could not see

I'm sorry, darlin', 'cause you let me down
A truer love now you think you've found
But when I'm laid deep down in the ground
You're gonna be sorry you let me down

THE Carter Family

THE DISCOGRAPHY BY TONY RUSSELL & RICHARD WEIZE


LOOK!

Victor Artist

A. P. CARTER

and the

Carter Family

Will give a

MUSICAL PROGRAM

AT Roseland Theatre

ON Thursday August 1

The Program is Morally Good

Admission 15 and 25 Cents

A. P. CARTER, Mace Spring, Va.

This discography is an updated chronological listing of their recordings. The exact format is as follows:

1. date;
2. location;
3. personnel;
4. discography opus number;
5. master number;
6. title;
7. original 78 RPM releases;
8. primary LP release & the Bear Family CD release;
9. composer/writer

MONDAY: AUGUST 1, 1927, (18:30-21:30); 408-10 State Street, 2nd & 3rd Floors, Bristol, Tennessee

A. P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

001.	BVE-39750-2	BURY ME UNDER THE WEEPING WILLOW (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21074; Bb B-6053 Mw M-7020	BCD 15865-1/7
002.	BVE-39751-2	LITTLE LOG CABIN BY THE SEA (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21074; Bb B-6271	BCD 15865-1/2
003.	BVE 39752-2	THE POOR ORPHAN CHILD (A. P. Carter)	Vi 20877; Mw M-7445	BCD 15865-1/3
004.	BVE 39753-2	THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN (A. P. Carter)	Vi 20937; Bb B-6176 Mw M-7021	BCD 15865-1/4

TUESDAY: AUGUST 2, 1927, (09:00-10:45); 408-10 State Street, 2nd & 3rd Floors, Bristol, Tennessee

SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

005.	BVE 39754-2	SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL (A. P. Carter)	Vi 20937; Mw M-7445	BCD 15865-1/5
006.	BVE 39755-1	THE WANDERING BOY (A. P. Carter)	Vi 20877; Mw M-7446	BCD 15865-1/6

WEDNESDAY: MAY 9, 1928, (13:45-16:10); Victor Studio 1, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar/steel guitar

007.	BVE 45020-2	MEET ME BY THE MOONLIGHT, ALONE (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23731; Bb B-5006 El 2011; Sr S-8174 Mw M-7149	BCD 15865-1/7
008.	BVE 45021-2	LITTLE DARLING, PAL OF MINE (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21638; Bb B-5301 El 2172; Sr S-3382 Mw M-4427	BCD 15865-1/8
009.	BVE 45022-1	KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21434; Bb B-1836; B-5006 El 1964; Sr S-3127 Mw M-4225	BCD 15865-1/9
010.	BVE 45023-2	ANCHORED IN LOVE (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40036; Bb B-5406 Sr S-3427 Mw M-4740	BCD 15865-1/10

THURSDAY: MAY 10, 1928, (09:00-12:15 & 13:15-16:00); Victor Studio 1, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

011.	BVE 45024-2	JOHN HARDY WAS A DESPERATE LITTLE MAN (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40190; Bb B-6033 Mw M-4741	BCD 15865-1/11
012.	BVE 45025-1	I AIN'T GOIN' TO WORK TOMORROW (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21517; Mw M-7019	BCD 15865-1/12
013.	BVE 45026-1	WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE? (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21638; Mw M-4228	BCD 15865-1/13
014.	BVE 45027-2	RIVER OF JORDAN (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21434; Bb B-5058 El 1984; Sr S-3143 Mw M-4430	BCD 15865-1/14
015.	BVE 45028-2	CHEWING GUM (A. P. Carter)	Vi 21517; Mw M-7019	BCD 15865-1/15
016.	BVE 45029-1	WILDWOOD FLOWER (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40000; Bb B-5356 Sr S-8437; Mw M-4432	BCD 15865-1/16
017.	BVE 45030-2	I HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE ME (BUT THE SAILOR ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA) (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40036; Bb B-5356 Sr S-8437; Mw M-4320 Mw M-4740	BCD 15865-1/17
018.	BVE 45031-2	FORSAKEN LOVE (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40000; Mw M-4734	BCD 15865-1/18

THURSDAY: FEBRUARY 14, 1929, (09:00-12:00 & 13:00-15:40); Victor Studio 1, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar/steel guitar

019.	BVE 49856-2	SWEET FERN (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40126; Bb B 5927 Mw M-4437	BCD 15865-1/19
020.	BVE 49857-1	MY CLINCH MOUNTAIN HOME (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40058; Bb B-5301 El 2172; Sr S-3382 Mw M-4432	BCD 15865-1/20
021.	BVE 49858-1	GOD GAVE NOAH THE RAINBOW SIGN (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40110; Bb B 5272 El 2146; Sr S-3853 Mw M-4427	BCD 15865-1/21
022.	BVE 49859-3	I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40089; Bb B-5122 El 2032; Sr S-3203 Mw M-4230	BCD 15865-1/22
023.	BVE 49860-2	LITTLE MOSES (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40110; Bb B-5924 Mw M-5010	BCD 15865-1/23
024.	BVE 49861-2	LULU WALL (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40126; Bb B-5927 Mw M-4437	BCD 15865-1/24
025.	BVE 49862-2	THE GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40150; Mw M-7021	BCD 15865-1/25

NEW ORTHOPHONIC VICTOR RECORDS

	Number	Size	List prc.
Can a Boy Forget His Mother? *with Orch.* — McCravy Brothers *What Are They Doing in Heaven?* — *McCravy Brothers*	V-40120	10	.75
Can't You Remember When Your Heart Was Mine? — Carolina Tar Heels *I'll Be Washed with Guitars, Harmonica* — *Carolina Tar Heels*	V-40219	10	.75
Careless Love *with Guitars* — Johnson Brothers *I Want to See My Mother* — *Johnson Brothers*	20940	10	.75

CAROLINA TAR HEELS—Vocal with Instrumental Trio

Carolina Tar Heels

Bring Me a Leaf	20545	I'm Going to Georgia	20544
Bulldog Down in Tennessee	20941	Lay Down Baby	V-40024
Can't You Remember	V-40219	My Home's Across the Mts.	V-40100
Good-Bye, My Bonnie	21193	My Mamma Scolds Me	21193
Hand in Hand	V-40177	Oh! How I Hate It	V-40077
Her Name Was Hula Lou	20545	Old Gray Goose	V-40177
I Don't Like the Blues	V-40053	Peg and Awl	V-40007
I'll Be Washed	V-40219	Roll On, Boys	V-40024
I Love My Mountain Home	20931	Rude and Rambling Man	V-40077
		Shanghai in China	20941
		Somebody's Tall and Handsome	V-40128
		There Ain't No Use Working	20544
		There's a Man Goin' Around	V-40053
		Train's Done Left Me	V-40128
		When Good Lord	20931
		Who's Gonna Kiss Your Lips	V-40100
		You Are a Little Too Small	V-40007

CAROLINA TWINS—with Guitar and Harmonica

Boarding House Bells Are Ringing	21575	Off to the War I'm Going	21363
Change in Business	V-40243	One Dark and Rainy Night	21575
Gal of Mine Took My Licker	V-40243	She Tells Me I Am Sweet	V-40123
I Sat Upon the River Bank	V-40098	When You Go A' Courtin'	V-40044
Mr. Brown, Here I Come	V-40098	Where Is My Mamma?	V-40044
New Orleans is the Town I Like Best	V-40123	Your Wagon Needs Greasing	21363

CARTER FAMILY—with Guitar and Autoharp

Carter Family

Anchored In Love	V-40036	Grave on Green Hillside	V-40150
Bring Back My Blue-Eyed Boy	V-40190	Homestead on the Farm	V-40207
Bury Me Under the Willow	21074	I Ain't Goin' to Work	21517
Chewing Gum	21517	I Have No One to Love Me	V-40036
Cyclone of Ryecove	V-40207	I'm Thinking To-night of My Blue Eyes	V-40089
Diamonds in the Rough	V-40150	John Hardy Was a Desperate Man	V-40190
Engine One-Forty-Three	V-40089	Keep On the Sunny Side	21434
Foggy Mountain Top	V-40058	Little Darling, Pal of Mine	21638
Forsaken Love	V-40000	Little Log Cabin	21074
God Gave Noah the Rainbow Sign	V-40110		

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FRIDAY: FEBRUARY 15, 1929, (09:30-12:00 & 13:30-16:00); Victor Studio 1, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar/steel guitar

026.	BVE 49864-2	DON'T FORGET THIS SONG (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40328; Mw M-7022	BCD 15865-2/1
027.	BVE 49865-2	THE FOGGY MOUNTAIN TOP (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40058; Mw M-4743	BCD 15865-2/2
028.	BVE 49866-2	BRING BACK MY BLUE-EYED BOY TO ME (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40190; Bb B-6271 Mw M-4741	BCD 15865-2/3
029.	BVE 49867-2	DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40150; Bb B-6033 Mw M-4434	BCD 15865-2/4
030.	BVE 49868-2	ENGINE ONE-FORTY-THREE (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40089; Bb B-6228 Mw M-4743	BCD 15865-2/5

FRIDAY: NOVEMBER 22, 1929, (14:30-17:00); Atlanta Women's Club, Atlanta, Georgia

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

031.	BVE 56566-1	THE HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40207; Mw M-7023	BCD 15865-2/6
032.	BVE 56567-3	THE CYCLONE OF RYE COVE (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40207; Mw M-7023	BCD 15865-2/7
033.	BVE 56568-3	MOTHERLESS CHILDREN (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23641; Bb B-5924 Mw M-5010	BCD 15865-2/8

SUNDAY: NOVEMBER 24, 1929, (09:00-13:30); Atlanta Women's Club, Atlanta, Georgia

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar/steel guitar

034.	BVE 56581-2	WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM IN DIXIELAND (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40229; Bb B-5716 Mw M-4544	BCD 15865-2/9
035.	BVE 56582-2	NO TELEPHONE IN HEAVEN (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40229; Bb B-5272 El 2146; Sr S-8853 Mw M-4430	BCD 15865-2/10
036.	BVE 56583-2	WESTERN HOBO (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40255; Bb B-6223 Mw M-7147	BCD 15865-2/11
037.	BVE 56584-1	CARTER'S BLUES (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23716; Bb B-6036 Mw M-5012	BCD 15865-2/12
038.	BVE 56585-3	WABASH CANNONBALL (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23731; Bb B-8350 Mw M-7444	BCD 15865-2/13

MONDAY: NOVEMBER 25, 1929, (09:00-13:00); Atlanta Women's Club, Atlanta, Georgia

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar/steel guitar

039.	BVE 56586-2	A DISTANT LAND TO ROAM (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40255; Bb B-5543 Mw M-7020	BCD 15865-2/14
040.	BVE 56587-2	JIMMIE BROWN THE NEWSBOY (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23554; Mw M-5027	BCD 15865-2/15
041.	BVE 56588-1	KITTY WALTZ (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40277; Bb B-5990 Mw M-4434	BCD 15865-2/16
042.	BVE 56589-2	FOND AFFECTION (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23585; Bb B-6176 Mw M-4744	BCD 15865-2/17

SATURDAY: MAY 24, 1930, (09:00-12:30 & 13:30-16:00); Auditorium, Memphis, Tennessee

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal autoharp guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal guitar steel guitar

043.	BVE 59979-1	THE CANNON-BALL (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40317; Bb B-6020 Mw M-4732	BCD 15865-2/18
044.	BVE 59980-2	THE LOVER'S FAREWELL (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40277; Bb B-6036 Mw M-5012	BCD 15865-2/19
045.	BVE 59981-2	THERE'S SOMEONE AWAITING FOR ME (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23554	BCD 15865-2/20
046.	BVE 59982-2	THE LITTLE LOG HUT IN THE LANE (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40328; Mw M-7022	BCD 15865-2/21
047.	BVE 59983-2	WHEN THE SPRINGTIME COMES AGAIN (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40293; Bb B-5122 El 2032; Sr S-3203 Mw M-4227	BCD 15865-2/22
048.	BVE 59984-2	WHEN THE WORLD'S ON FIRE (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40293; Bb 1826; B-5006 Bb 33-0537; El 1964 Sr S-3127; Mw M-4229	BCD 15865-2/23
049.	BVE 59985-2	I HAVE AN AGED MOTHER (A. P. Carter)	Mw M-7446	BCD 15865-2/24
050.	BVE 59986-2	DYING SOLDIER (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23641; Mw M-4735	BCD 15865-2/25
051.	BVE 59987-2	WORRIED MAN BLUES (A. P. Carter)	Vi V-40317; 27497 Bb B-6020; Mw M-4742	BCD 15865-2/26

MONDAY: NOVEMBER 24, 1930, (16:30-18:30); Auditorium, Memphis, Tennessee

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

052.	BVE 64705-2	LONESOME VALLEY (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23541; Bb B-6117 Mw M-4735	BCD 15865-3/1
053.	BVE 64706-2	ON THE ROCK WHERE MOSES STOOD (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23513; Bb B-6055 Mw M-4739	BCD 15865-3/2
054.	BVE 64707-2	ROOM IN HEAVEN FOR ME (arr. A. P. Carter)	Vi 23618; Bb B-5998 Mw M-4733	BCD 15865-3/8

TUESDAY: NOVEMBER 25, 1930, (14:00-18:00); Auditorium, Memphis, Tennessee

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar/steel guitar

055.	BVE 64714-2	LONESOME PINE SPECIAL (Sara Carter)	Vi 23716; Mw M-4737	BCD 15865-3/4
056.	BVE 64715-2	NO MORE THE MOON SHINES ON LORENA (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23523; Mw M-5027	BCD 15865-3/5
057.	BVE 64716-2	ON MY WAY TO CANAAN'S LAND (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-8167	BCD 15865-3/6
058.	BVE 64717-2	WHERE SHALL I BE? (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23523; Bb B-6055 Mw M-4229	BCD 15865-3/7
059.	BVE 64718-2	SOW 'EM ON THE MOUNTAIN (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23585; Bb B-5468 Mw M-4744	BCD 15865-3/8
060.	BVE 64719-2	DARLING NELLIE ACROSS THE SEA (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23513; Mw M-4789	BCD 15865-3/9
061.	BVE 64720-2	THE BIRDS WERE SINGING OF YOU (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23541; Bb B-6117 Mw M-4226	BCD 15865-3/10

MONDAY: MAY 25, 1931, (11:00-13:00 & 14:00-18:00); Charlotte, North Carolina

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

062.	BVE 69345-2	WEARY PRODIGAL SON (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23626; Mw M-7443	BCD 15865-3/11
063.	BVE 69346-2	MY OLD COTTAGE HOME (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23599; Bb B-6000 Mw M-5011	BCD 15865-3/12
064.	BVE 69347-1	WHEN I'M GONE (A. P. Carter)	Vi 28569; Bb B-6053 Mw M-4736	BCD 15865-3/13
065.	BVE 69348-2	SUNSHINE IN THE SHADOWS (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23626; Bb B-5468 Mw M-7148	BCD 15865-3/14
066.	BVE 69349-2	LET THE CHURCH ROLL ON (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23618; Mw M-4738	BCD 15865-3/15

TUESDAY: MAY 26, 1931, (09:00-12:30); Charlotte, North Carolina

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

067.	BVE 69350-2	LONESOME FOR YOU (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23599; Bb B-6000 Mw M-5011	BCD 15865-3/16
068.	BVE 69351-2	CAN'T FEEL AT HOME (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23569; Bb B-6257 Mw M-4736	BCD 15865-3/17

WEDNESDAY: JUNE 10, 1931; 500-block Main Street, Louisville, Kentucky

JIMMIE RODGERS: vocal duet; SARA CARTER: vocal duet; MAYBELLE CARTER: guitar

069.	BVE 69412-1	WHY THERE'S A TEAR IN MY EYE (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-6698; Mw M-7138	BCD 15540-4/10 BCD 15865-3/18
069A.	BVE 69412-3	WHY THERE'S A TEAR IN MY EYE (A.P. Carter)		LPM 2865; BCD 15865-11/21
070.	BVE 69413-2	THE WONDERFUL CITY (Jimmie Rodgers-Elsie McWilliams)	Bb B-6810; Mw M-7187	BCD 15540-4/11 BCD 15865-3/19

FRIDAY: JUNE 12, 1931, (09:20-12:00 & 15:00-17:00); 500-block Main Street, Louisville, Kentucky

JIMMIE RODGERS: vocal/dialog; A.P. CARTER: dialog; SARA CARTER: vocal/dialog/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/dialog/mandolin

JIMMIE RODGERS: vocal/dialog/guitar; A.P. CARTER: dialog; SARA CARTER: vocal/dialog/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: dialog*

071.	BVE 69427-3	JIMMIE RODGERS VISITS THE CARTER FAMILY (A. P. Carter)		Franklin Mint 84 BCD 15865-11/22
071A.	BVE 69427-4	JIMMIE RODGERS VISITS THE CARTER FAMILY (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23574; Mw M-4720	BCD 15540-4/15 BCD 15865-3/20
072.	BVE 69428-4	THE CARTER FAMILY AND JIMMIE RODGERS IN TEXAS* (Jimmie Rodgers)	Bb B-6762; Mw M-7187	BCD 15540-4/16 BCD 15865-3/21

TUESDAY: FEBRUARY 23, 1932, (13:30-17:30); Egleston Auditorium, Atlanta, Georgia

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

073.	BVE 71609-1	'MID THE GREEN FIELDS OF VIRGINIA (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23686; Bb B-5243 El 2126; Sr S-3326 Mw M-4737	BCD 15865-3/22
074.	BVE 71610-2	HAPPIEST DAYS OF ALL (A. P. Carter)	Vi 28701; Bb B-6106 Mw M-4738	BCD 15865-3/23
075.	BVE 71611-1	PICTURE ON THE WALL (D. Landress-C. E. Moody)	Vi 23686; 20-3259 El 2078; Sr S-3265 Bb B-5185; Mw M-4228	BCD 15865-3/24
076.	BVE 71612-1	AMBER TRESSES (A. P. Carter)	Vi 28701; Bb B-5185 Sr S-3265; Mw M-4788	BCD 15865-3/25

WEDNESDAY: FEBRUARY 24, 1932, (13:00-17:45); Egleston Auditorium, Atlanta, Georgia

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

077.	BVE 71613-1	I NEVER LOVED BU'T ONE (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23656; Bb B-6257 Mw M-4734	BCD 15865-4/1
078.	BVE 71614-1	TELL ME THAT YOU' LOVE ME (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23656; Bb B-5406 Mw M-4230	BCD 15865-4/2
079.	BVE 71615-1	WHERE WE'LL NEVER GROW OLD (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23672; Bb B-5058 El 1984; Sr S-3143 Mw M-4349; 4732	BCD 15865-4 3
080.	BVE 71616-2	WE WILL MARCH THROU'GH THE STREETS OF THE CITY (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23672; Bb B-5161 El 2058; Sr S-3242 Mw M-4336; M-4732	BCD 15865-4/4

WEDNESDAY: OCTOBER 12, 1932, (08:30-12:00 & 13:00-17:15); Victor Studio 2, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

081.	BS 59017-1	SWEET AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY TIME (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23761; Bb B-5096 El 2011; Sr S-3174 Mw M-4226	BCD 15865-4.5
082.	BS 59018-1	WILL THE ROSES BLOOM IN HEAVEN (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23748; Bb B-5161 El 2058; Sr S-3242 Mw M-7149 Vi unissued lost	BCD 15865-4/6
083.	BS 59019-2	ON A HILL LONE AND GRAY (A. P. Carter)		
084.	BS 59020-2	MY LITTLE HOME IN TENNESSEE (A. P. Carter)	CNV 102	BCD 15865-4/7
085.	BS 59021-2	THE SUN OF THE SOUL (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23776; Bb B-5543 Mw M-7148	BCD 15865-4/8
086.	BS 59022-1	IF ONE WON'T ANOTHER ONE WILL (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23761; Mw M-7444	BCD 15865-4/9
087.	BS 59023-2	BROKEN HEARTED LOVER (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23791; Mw M-4433	BCD 15865-4/10

THURSDAY: OCTOBER 13, 1932, (08:30-13:30); Victor Studio 2, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

088.	BS 59024-1	TWO SWEETHEARTS (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23791; Bb B-6106 Mw M-4433	BCD 15865-4 11
089.	BS 59025-1	THE WINDING STREAM (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23807; Mw M-7443	BCD 15865-4 12
090.	BS 59026-1	I WOU'LDN'T MIND DYING (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23807; Mw M-7358	BCD 15865-4 13
091.	BS 59027-1	THE SPIRIT OF LOVE WATCHES OVER ME (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23748; Bb B-5243 El 2126; Sr S-3326 Mw M-4227	BCD 15865-4/14
092.	BS 59028-2	THE CHU'RCH IN THE WILDWOOD (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23776; Bb B-5993 Mw M-4225	BCD 15865-4, 15

SATURDAY: JUNE 17, 1933, (13:00-16:00 & 16:00-19:00); Victor Studio 2, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

093.	BS 76278-1 BS 76701-1	GIVE ME ROSES WHILE I LIVE (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23821; Mw M-7356	BCD 15865-4 16
094.	BS 76279-1 BS 76702-1	I NEVER WILL MARRY (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-8350; Mw M-7356	BCD 15865-4-17
095.	BS 76280-1 BS 76703-1	ON THE SEA OF GALILEE (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23845; Mw M-7355	BCD 15865-4 18
096.	BS 76281-1 BS 76704-1	HOME BY THE SEA (A. P. Carter)	Mw M-7146; M-7357	BCD 15865-4/19
097.	BS 76282-1 BS 76705-1	WHEN THE ROSES COME AGAIN (A. P. Carter)	CNV 108	BCD 15865-4/20
098.	BS 76283-1 BS 76706-1	I LOVED YOU' BETTER THAN YOU' KNEW (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23835; Mw M-7357	BCD 15865-4/21
099.	BS 76284-1 BS 76707-1	THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23845; M-7358	BCD 15865-4 22
100.	BS 76285-1 BS 76708-1	SEE THAT MY GRAVE IS KEPT GREEN (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23835	BCD 15865-4 23
101.	BS 76286-1 BS 76709-1	THE OLD RUGGED CROSS (arr. A. P Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
102.	BS 76287-1 BS 76710-1	WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN? (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
103.	BS 76288-1 BS 76711-1	OVER THE GARDEN WALL (A. P. Carter)	Mw M-7354	BCD 15865-4-24
104.	BS 76289-1 BS 76712-1	GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN (A. P. Carter)	Vi 23821; Mw M-7354	BCD 15865-4/25
105.	BS 76290-1 BS 76713-1	SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL (A. P. Carter)	CNV 101	BCD 15865-4/26
106.	BS 76291-1 BS 76714-1	WILL MY MOTHER KNOW ME THERE? (arr. A. P. Carter)	Mw M-7355	BCD 15865-5-1
107.	BS 76292-1 BS 76715-1	FADED FLOWERS (A. P. Carter)		ACL1-0501; BCD 15865-5 2
108.	BS 76293-1 BS 76716-1	POOR LITTLE ORPHANED BOY (A. P. Carter)	CNV 101	BCD 15865-5 3

Some Carter Family records are so rare that copies have yet to be found. We have tried to include reproductions of all the labels for which the Carter Family recorded, and so, for illustrative purposes, we have used a label by another artist where we cannot locate the Carter Family original.

[illegible] MAY 8, 1934, (09:00-12:00 & 13:00-14:45); Victor Studio 2, [illegible] Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal autoharp guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

[illegible]	BS 89019-3	ON A HILL LONE AND GRAY (arr. A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5961; Mw M-4545	BCD 15865-5 4

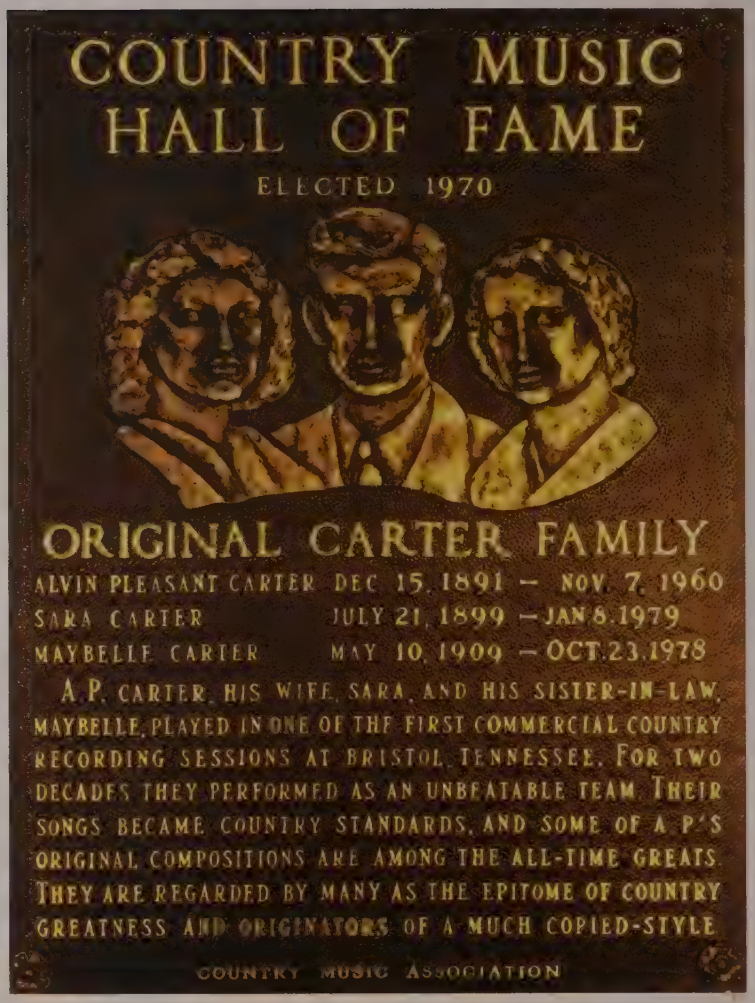
BREAK IN MASTER NUMBERS

109.	BS 83129-1	COWBOY JACK (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-8167; Mw M-4545	BCD 15865-5/5
110.	BS 83130-1	I'LL BE ALL SMILES TONIGHT (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5529; Mw M-4497	BCD 15865 5/6
111.	BS 83131-1	AWAY OUT ON THE OLD SAINT SABBETH (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5817; Mw M-4544	BCD 15865-5 7
112.	BS 83132-1	THE CUBAN SOLDIER (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
113.	BS 83133-1	DARLING LITTLE JOE (A. P. Carter)	CNV 102	BCD 15865-5/8
114.	BS 83134-1	HAPPY OR LONESOME (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5650; Mw M-4550	BCD 15865-5 9
115.	BS 83135-1	ONE LITTLE WORD (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5771; Mw M-4546	BCD 15865-5/10
116.	BS 83136-1	DARLING DAISIES (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5586; Mw M-4496 Mw M-7146	BCD 15865-5/11
117.	BS 83137-1	THE EAST VIRGINIA BLUES (A. P. Carter)	Vi 27494; Bb B-5650 Mw M-4550	BCD 15865-5/12
118.	BS 83138-1	WHAT DOES THE DEEP SEA SAY? (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued lost	
119.	BS 83139-1	LOVERS RETURN (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5586; Mw M-4496 Mw M-7147	BCD 15865-5/13
120.	BS 83140-1	IT'LL AGGRAVATE YOU'R SOUL (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5817; Mw M-4541	BCD 15865-5 14
121.	BS 83141-1	HELLO, CENTRAL! GIVE ME HEAVEN (arr. A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5529; Mw M-4497	BCD 15865-5/15
122.	BS 83142-1	I'M WORKING ON A BU'ILDING (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5716; Mw M-4541	BCD 15865-5/16
123.	BS 83143-1	YOU'VE BEEN FOOLING ME, BABY (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5771; Mw M-4548	BCD 15865-5 17

TUESDAY: DECEMBER 11, 1934, (10:00-12:00 & 13:00-16:30); Victor Studio 2, 114 North Fifth Street, Camden, New Jersey

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

124.	BS 87020-1	LONGING FOR OLD VIRGINIA (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5856; Mw M-5018	BCD 15865-5/18
125.	BS 87021-1	MARCH WINDS GOIN' TO BLOW MY BLUES ALL AWAY (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5990; Mw M-4548	BCD 15865-5/19
126.	BS 87022-1	THERE'LL BE JOY, JOY, JOY (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5911; Mw M-4547	BCD 15865-5/20
127.	BS 87023-1	HOME IN TENNESSEE (A. P. Carter)	CNV 104	BCD 15865-5 21
128.	BS 87024-1	ARE YOU TIRED OF ME, MY DARLING (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5956; Mw M-4546	BCD 15865-5/22
129.	BS 87025-1	I CANNOT BE YOUR SWEETHEART (A. P. Carter)	CNV 104	BCD 15865-5/23
130.	BS 87026-1	MY HEART'S TONIGHT IN TEXAS (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5908; Mw M-4549	BCD 15865-5/24
131.	BS 87027-1	BE CAREFUL BOYS, DON'T GO TOO FAR (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
132.	BS 87028-1	MY VIRGINIA ROSE (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
133.	BS 87029-1	THERE'S NO HIDING PLACE DOWN HERE (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5961; Mw M-4547	BCD 15865-5 25
134.	BS 87030-1	COWBOY'S WILD SONG TO HIS HERD (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5908; Mw M-4549	BCD 15865-5/26
135.	BS 87031-1	A LAD FROM OLD VIRGINIA (Sara Carter-Maybelle Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
136.	BS 87032-1	SAD AND LONESOME DAY (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
137.	BS 87033-1	THE EVENING BELLS ARE RINGING (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5856; Mw M-5018	BCD 15865-6/1
138.	BS 87034-1	THE LITTLE DOBE SHACK (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
139.	BS 87035-1	THE MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5956; Mw M-4542	BCD 15865-6/2
140.	BS 87036-1	TEXAS GIRL (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued/lost	
141.	BS 87037-1	I'LL BE HOME SOME DAY (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5911; Mw M-4548	BCD 15865-6/3
142.	BS 87038-1	FADED COAT OF BLUE (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5974; Mw M-4543	BCD 15865-6/4
143.	BS 87039-1	SAILOR BOY (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-5974; Mw M-4542	BCD 15865-6/5


COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME
ELECTED 1970
ORIGINAL CARTER FAMILY
ALVIN PLEASANT CARTER DEC 15, 1891 – NOV. 7, 1960
SARA CARTER JULY 21, 1899 – JAN 8, 1979
MAYBELLE CARTER MAY 10, 1909 – OCT. 23, 1978
A. P. CARTER, HIS WIFE, SARA, AND HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MAYBELLE, PLAYED IN ONE OF THE FIRST COMMERCIAL COUNTRY RECORDING SESSIONS AT BRISTOL, TENNESSEE. FOR TWO DECADES THEY PERFORMED AS AN UNBEATABLE TEAM. THEIR SONGS BECAME COUNTRY STANDARDS, AND SOME OF A. P.'S ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS ARE AMONG THE ALL-TIME GREATS. THEY ARE REGARDED BY MANY AS THE EPITOME OF COUNTRY GREATNESS AND ORIGINATORS OF A MUCH COPIED-STYLE
COUNTRY MUSIC ASSOCIATION

SUNDAY: MAY 5, 1935; ARC Studios, 1776 Broadway, New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

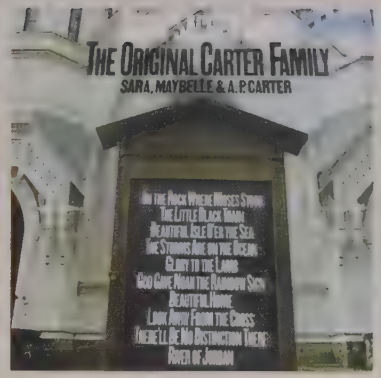
144.	17476-1	GLORY TO THE LAMB (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33465; Me M 13432 Or 8484; Pe 13155 Ro 5484; Vo/OK 03027 Cq 8529; Co 20268; 37669	BCD 15865-6/6
145.	17477-1	BEHIND THOSE STONE WALLS (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-09-51; Cq 8633	BCD 15865-6/7
146.	17478-1	SINKING IN THE LONESOME SEA (A. P. Carter)		Time Life TLCW 06 BCD 15865-11/23
146A.	17478-2	SINKING IN THE LONESOME SEA (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-12-68; Vo/OK 03160 Cq 8644; Co 20333; 37756	BCD 15865-6 8

MONDAY: MAY 6, 1935; ARC Studios, 1776 Broadway, New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

147.	17471-2	HE TOOK A WHITE ROSE FROM HER HAIR (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33462; Me M 13429 Or 8481; Pe 13152 Ro 5481; Cq 8580	BCD 15865-6/9
148.	17472-2	CAN THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN (BYE AND BYE) (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33465; Me M 13432 Or 8484; Pe 13155 Ro 5484; Vo/OK 03027 Cq 8529; Co 20268 Co 37669	BCD 15865-6/10
149.	17473-2	LET'S BE LOVERS AGAIN (A. P. Carter)	ARC 35-09-28; Vo/OK 04442 Cq 8539	BCD 15865-6/11
150.	17474-1	YOU'R MOTHER STILL PRAYS (FOR YOU, JACK) (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33462; Me M 13429 Or 8481; Pe 13152 Ro 5481; Cq 8580	BCD 15865-6/12
151.	17475-1	KISSING IS A CRIME (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-05-58; Cq 8643	BCD 15865-6/13

The New York City Photo Session



TUESDAY: MAY 7, 1935; ARC Studios, 1776 Broadway, New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

152.	17479-1	DON'T FORGET ME LITTLE DARLING (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-01-59; Vo/OK 04390 Cq 8636; Co 20235 Co 37636	BCD 15865-6/14
153.	17480-2	SAD AND LONESOME DAY (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-04-58; Cq 8735	BCD 15865-6 15
154.	17481-2	BY THE TOUCH OF HER HAND (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-09-59; Cq 8644	BCD 15865-6 16
155.	17482-2	EAST VIRGINIA BLUES No. 2 (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33463; Me M 13430 Or 8482; Pe 13153 Ro 5482; Cq 8535	BCD 15865-6/17
156.	17483-1	MY OLD VIRGINIA HOME (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-08-51; Cq 8633	BCD 15865-6/18
157.	17484-2	MY VIRGINIA ROSE IS BLOOMING (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-02-58; Vo/OK 05475 Cq 8691; 9663	BCD 15865-6/19
		BREAK IN MASTER NUMBERS		
158.	17489-2	MY TEXAS GIRL (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-09-59; Cq 8691	BCD 15865-6/20
159.	17490-2	NO OTHER'S BRIDE I'LL BE (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-08-69; Cq 8733	BCD 15865-6 21
160.	17491-2	GATHERING FLOWERS FROM THE HILLSIDE (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-01-59; Vo/OK 04390 Cq 8636; Co 20235 Co 37636	BCD 15865-6 22
161.	17492-2	GOSPEL SHIP (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-07-56; Cq 8692	BCD 15865-6/23
162.	17493-1	LITTLE BLACK TRAIN (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-07-62; Vo OK 03112 Cq 8815	BCD 15865-6/24

WEDNESDAY: MAY 8, 1935; ARC Studios, 1776 Broadway, New York City

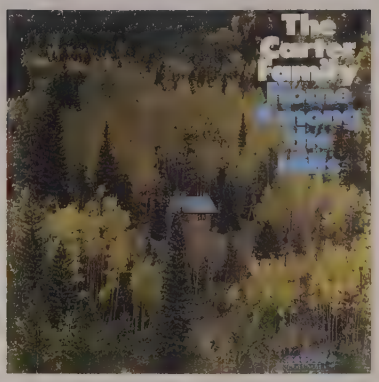
A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

163.	17498-1	KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-07-56; Cq 8692	BCD 15865-6 25
164.	17499-2	RIVER OF JORDAN (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33466; Me 13433 Cq 8485; Pe 13156 Ro 5485; Cq 8541	BCD 15865-6 26
165.	17500-1	LONESOME VALLEY (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-07-62; Vo/OK 03112 Cq 8815	BCD 15865-7 1
165A.	17500-2	LONESOME VALLEY (A. P. Carter)		Time Life TLCW 06 BCD 15865-11 24
166.	17501-1	GOD GAVE NOAH THE RAINBOW SIGN (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-11-59; Cq 8693	BCD 15865-7 2
167.	17502-1	SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-04-58; Cq 8733	BCD 15865-7/3
167A.	17502-2	SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL (A. P. Carter)		Time Life TLCW 02 BCD 15865-11/27
168.	17503-1	THE FATE OF DEWEY LEE (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33463; Me M 13430 Or 8482; Pe 13153 Ro 5482; Cq 8535	BCD 15865-7 4
169.	17504-2	WILDWOOD FLOWER (A. P. Carter)	ARC 5-11-65; Cq 8542	BCD 15865-7 5

THURSDAY: MAY 9, 1935; ARC Studios, 1776 Broadway, New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

170.	17505-1	SEA OF GALILEE (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33466; Me 13433 Cq 8485; Pe 13156 Ro 5485; Cq 8541	BCD 15865-7 6
171.	17506-1	DON'T FORGET THIS SONG (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-01-54; Cq 8734	BCD 15865-7 7
172.	17507-1	MY CLINCH MOUNTAIN HOME (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-08-69; Cq 8806	BCD 15865-7 8
173.	17508-2	THE STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-12-63; Vo/OK 03160 Cq 8806; Co 20333; 37756	BCD 15865-7/9
174.	17509-1	WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33464; Me M 13431 Or 8483; Pe 13154 Ro 5483; Vo/OK 02990 Cq 8540	BCD 15865-7/10
175.	17510-1	BROKEN HEARTED LOVER (A. P. Carter)	Ba 33464; Me M 13431 Or 8483; Pe 13154 Ro 5483; Vo OK 02990 Cq 8540	BCD 15865-7/11



FRIDAY: MAY 10, 1935; ARC Studios, 1776 Broadway, New York City

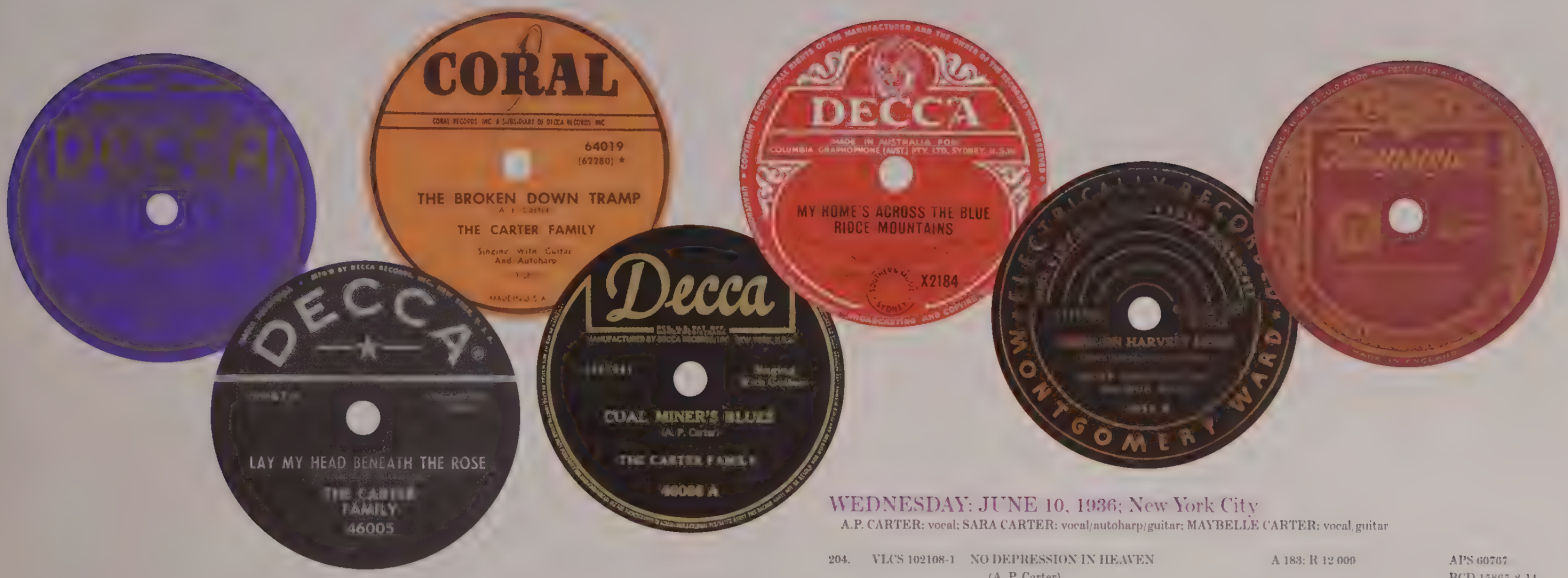
A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

176.	17519-1, 2	LITTLE DARLING PAL OF MINE (A. P. Carter)	ARC 5-11-65; Cq 8542	BCD 15865-7/12
177.	17520-2	THE HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-02-58; Vo/OK 05475 Cq 8735; 9668; Pe 16-101	BCD 15865-7/13
178.	17521-1	CANNON BALL BLUES (A. P. Carter)		Time Life TLCW 06 BCD 15865-11/25
178A.	17521-2	CANNON BALL BLUES (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-05-55; Cq 8816	BCD 15865-7/14
179.	17522-2	MEET ME BY THE MOONLIGHT ALONE (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-01-54; Cq 8734	BCD 15865-7/15
180.	17523-2	ON THE ROCK WHERE MOSES STOOD (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-11-59; Cq 8693	BCD 15865-7/16
181.	17524-2	LULU WALLS (A. P. Carter)	ARC 6-05-58; Cq 8643	BCD 15865-7/17
182.	17525-2	I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES (A. P. Carter)	ARC 35-09-23 Vo/OK 04442; Cq 8539	BCD 15865-7/18
183.	17526-1	WORRIED MAN BLUES (A. P. Carter)		Time Life TLCW 06 BCD 15865-11/26
183A.	17526-2	WORRIED MAN BLUES (A. P. Carter)	ARC 7-05-55; Cq 8816	BCD 15865-7/19

MONDAY: JUNE 8, 1936; Decca Studios, 50 West 57th Street, New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

184.	61128-A	MY DIXIE DARLING (A. P. Carter)	De 5240; 46086 Mw M-8000	BCD 15865-7/20
185.	61129-B	GIVE ME YOUR LOVE AND I'LL GIVE YOU MINE (A. P. Carter)	De 5318; Mw M-8001	BCD 15865-7/21
186.	61130-A	ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT? (A. P. Carter)	De 5240; Mw M-8000	BCD 15865-7/22
187.	61131-A	THE LAST MOVE FOR ME (A. P. Carter)	De 5386; Mw M-8002	BCD 15865-7/23
188.	61132-A	THE WAYWORN TRAVELLER (A. P. Carter)	De 5359; Mw M-8003	BCD 15865-7/24
189.	61133-A	JUST ANOTHER BROKEN HEART (A. P. Carter)	De 5254; Mw M-8004	BCD 15865-7/25
190.	61134-A	WHEN SILVER THREADS ARE GOLD AGAIN (A. P. Carter)	De 5304; Mw M-8005	BCD 15865-7/26
191.	61135-A	THERE'S NO ONE LIKE MOTHER TO ME (A. P. Carter)	De 5242; Mw M-8006	BCD 15865-8/1
192.	61136-A	IN A LITTLE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD (A. P. Carter)	De 5386; Mw M-8002	BCD 15865-8/2
193.	61137-A	JEALOUS HEARTED ME (A. P. Carter)	De 5241; 46005 Mw M-8007	BCD 15865-8/3
194.	61138-A	MY NATIVE HOME (A. P. Carter)	De 5241; Mw M-8007	BCD 15865-8/4
195.	61139-B	SWEET HEAVEN IN MY VIEW (A. P. Carter)	De 5318; Mw M-8001	BCD 15865-8/5



TUESDAY: JUNE 9, 1936, 50 West 57th Street; New York City

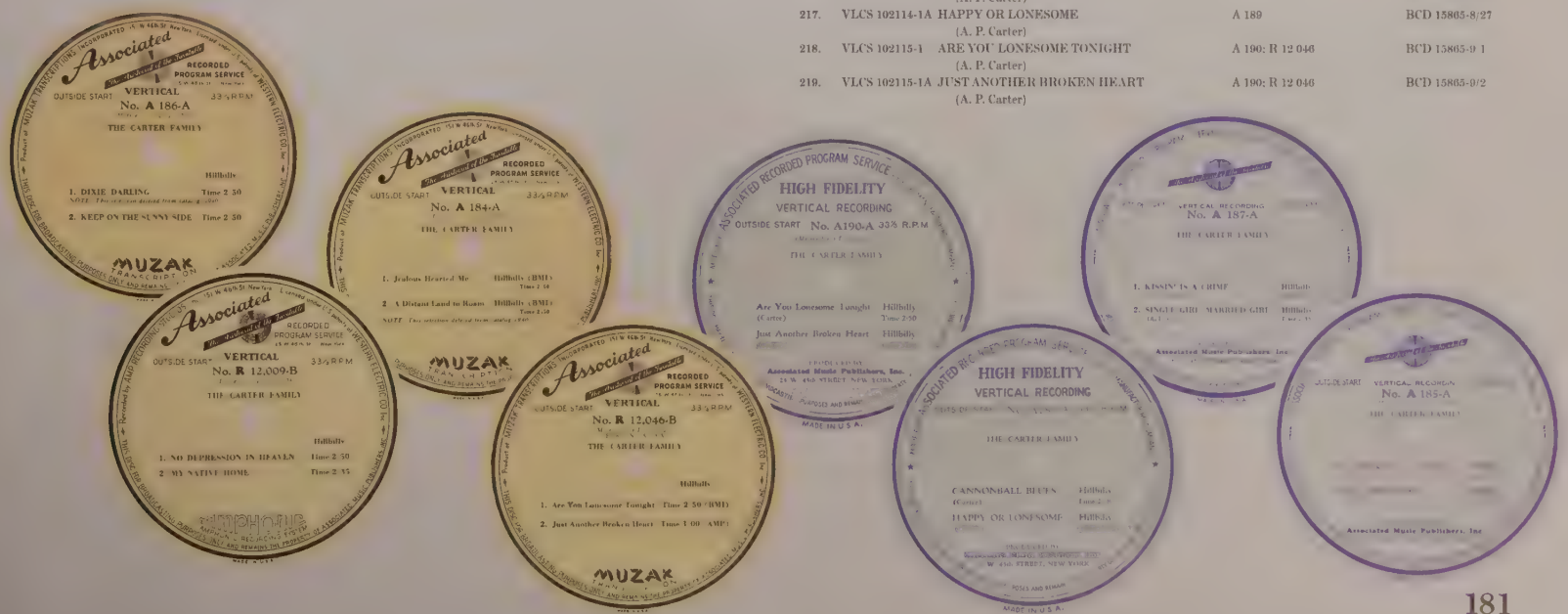
A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

196.	61140-A	NO DEPRESSION (A. P. Carter)	De 5242; Mw M-8006	BCD 15865-8/6
197.	61141-A	BONNIE BLUE EYES (A. P. Carter)	De 5304; Mw M-8005	BCD 15865-8/7
198.	61142-A	MY HONEY LOU (A. P. Carter)	De 5263; Mw M-8008	BCD 15865-8/8
199.	61143-A	IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES (A. P. Carter)	De 5359; Mw M-8003	BCD 15865-8/9
200.	61144-A	ANSWER TO WEEPING WILLOW (A. P. Carter)	De 5254; Mw M-8004	BCD 15865-8/10
201.	61145-A	YOU'VE BEEN A FRIEND TO ME (A. P. Carter)	De 5288; Mw M-8009	BCD 15865-8/11
202.	61146-A	WHERE THE SILVERY COLORADO WENDS ITS WAY (A. P. Carter)	De 5263; Mw M-8008	BCD 15865-8/12
203	61147-A	LAY MY HEAD BENEATH THE ROSE (A. P. Carter)	De 5288; 46005 Mw M-8009	BCD 15865-8/13

WEDNESDAY: JUNE 10, 1936; New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

204.	VLCS 102108-1	NO DEPRESSION IN HEAVEN (A. P. Carter)	A 183; R 12 009	APS 60767 BCD 15865-8 14
205.	VLCS 102108-1A	MY NATIVE HOME (A. P. Carter)	A 183; R 12 009	APS 60767; BCD 15865-8/15
206.	VLCS 102109-1	JEALOUS HEARTED ME (A. P. Carter)	A 184	APS 60767 BCD 15865-8 16
207.	VLCS 102109-1A	A DISTANT LAND TO ROAM (A. P. Carter)	A 184	BCD 15865-8 17
208.	VLCS 102110-1	I'M WORKING ON A BUILDING (A. P. Carter)	A 185	BCD 15865-8/18 BCD 15865-8/19
209.	VLCS 102110-1A	EAST VIRGINIA BLUES (A. P. Carter)	A 185	APS 60767
210.	VLCS 102111-1	MY DIXIE DARLING (A. P. Carter)	A 186	BCD 15865-8 20
211.	VLCS 102111-1A	KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE (A. P. Carter)	A 186	APS 60767 BCD 15865-8 21
212.	VLCS 102112-1	KISSIN' IS A CRIME (A. P. Carter)	A 187	BCD 15865-8 22
213.	VLCS 102112-1A	SINGLE GIRL, MARRIED GIRL (A. P. Carter)	A 187	BCD 15865-8/23
214.	VLCS 102113-1	LITTLE DARLING PAL OF MINE (A. P. Carter)	A 188	APS 60767; BCD 15865-8/24
215.	VLCS 102113-1A	LONESOME VALLEY (A. P. Carter)	A 188	APS 60767 BCD 15865-8 25
216.	VLCS 102114-1	CANNONBALL BLUES (A. P. Carter)	A 189	BCD 15865-8 26
217.	VLCS 102114-1A	HAPPY OR LONESOME (A. P. Carter)	A 189	BCD 15865-8/27
218.	VLCS 102115-1	ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT (A. P. Carter)	A 190; R 12 046	BCD 15865-9 1
219.	VLCS 102115-1A	JUST ANOTHER BROKEN HEART (A. P. Carter)	A 190; R 12 046	BCD 15865-9/2



THURSDAY: JUNE 17, 1937, 50 West 57th Street; New York City

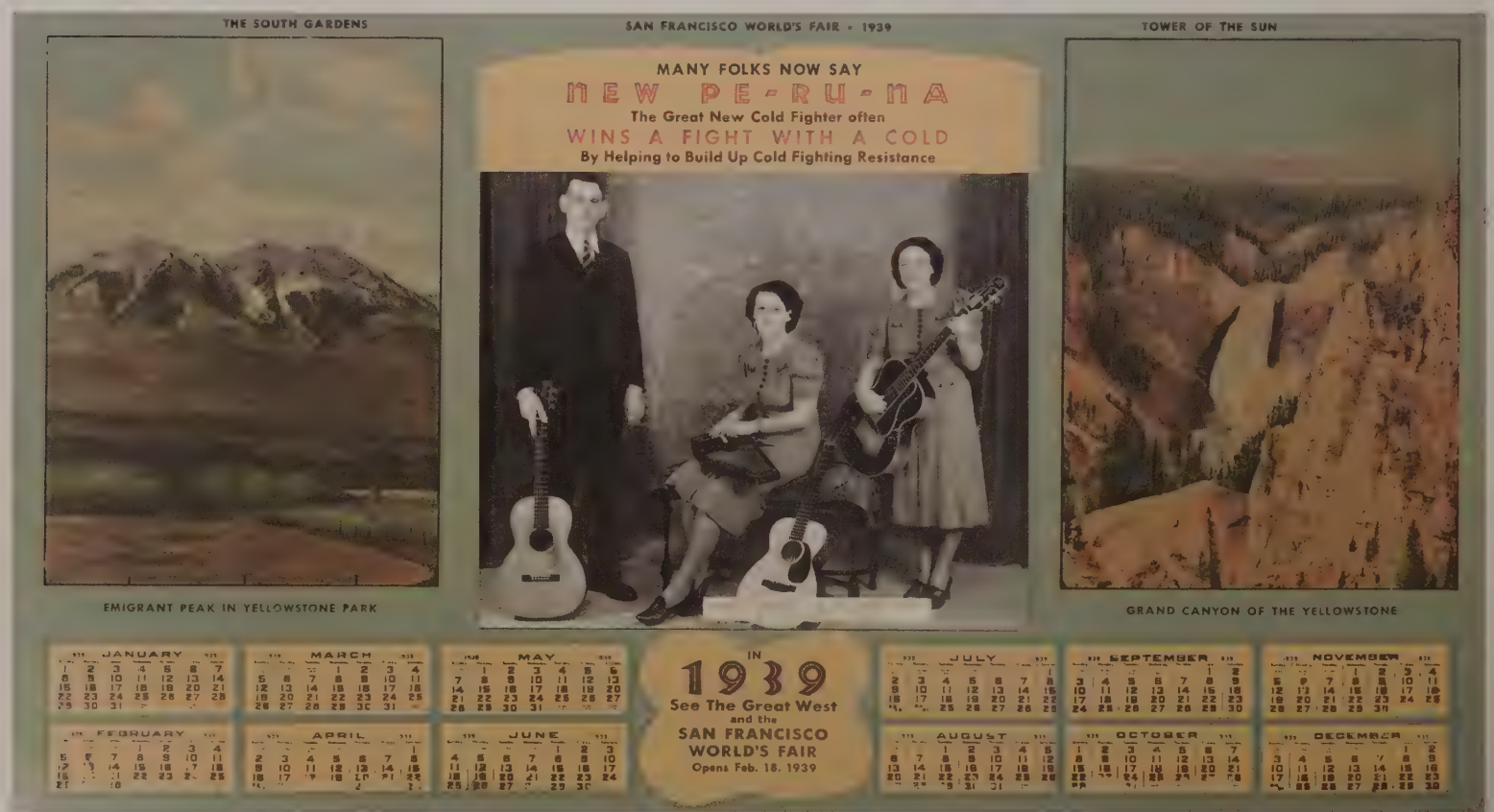
A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

220.	62280-A	THE BROKEN DOWN TRAMP (A. P. Carter)	De 5518; Cor 64019	BCD 15865-9/8
221.	62281-C	LOVER'S LANE (A. P. Carter)	De 5480; Mw M-8028	BCD 15865-9/4
222.	62282-A	HOLD FAST TO THE RIGHT (A. P. Carter)	De 5494; Mw M-8028	BCD 15865-9/5
223.	62283-A	LORD I'M IN YOUR CARE (A. P. Carter)	De 5494; Mw M-8028	BCD 15865-9/6
		BREAK IN MASTER NUMBERS		
224.	62290-C	FUNNY WHEN YOU FEEL THAT WAY (A. P. Carter)	De 5411; Mw M-8022	BCD 15865-9/7
225.	62291-C	IN THE SHADOW OF CLINCH MOUNTAIN (A. P. Carter)	De 5480; Mw M-8023	BCD 15865-9 8
226.	62292-A	HELLO STRANGER (A. P. Carter)	De 5479; Mw M-8027	BCD 15865-9 9
227.	62293-A	NEVER LET THE DEVIL GET THE UPPER HAND OF YOU (A. P. Carter)	De 5479; Mw M-8027	BCD 15865-9/10
228.	62294-A	WHEN THIS EVENING SUN GOES DOWN (A. P. Carter)	De 5467; Mw M-8026	BCD 15865-9 11
229.	62295-A	JIM BLAKE'S MESSAGE (A. P. Carter)	De 5467; Mw M-8026	BCD 15865-9 12
230.	62296-B	HONEY IN THE ROCK (A. P. Carter)	De 5452; Mw M-8024 Cor 64019	BCD 15865-9/13
231.	62297-A	LOOK HOW THIS WORLD HAS MADE A CHANGE (A. P. Carter)	De 5452; Mw M-8024	BCD 15865-9 14

FRIDAY: JUNE 18, 1937, 50 West 57th Street; New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

232.	62288-B	THE LITTLE GIRL THAT PLAYED ON MY KNEE (A. P. Carter)	De 5677	BCD 15865-9 15
233.	62289-A	YOU BETTER LET THAT LIAR ALONE (A. P. Carter)	De 5518	BCD 15865-9/16
		BREAK IN MASTER NUMBERS		
234.	62298-A	FAREWELL NELLIE (A. P. Carter)	De 5677	BCD 15865-9/17
235.	62299-C	THE ONLY GIRL (I EVER CARED ABOUT) (A. P. Carter)	De 5411; Mw M-8022	BCD 15865-9/18
236.	62300-A	GOODBYE TO THE PLAINS (A. P. Carter)	De 5532	BCD 15865-9/19
237.	62301-A	MY HOME'S ACROSS THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS (A. P. Carter)	De 5532	BCD 15865-9/20
238.	62302-A	DARK HAIRED TRUE LOVER (A. P. Carter)	De 5447; Mw M-8025	BCD 15865-9/21
239.	62303-A	HE NEVER CAME BACK (A. P. Carter)	De 5447; Mw M-8025	BCD 15865-9/22



WEDNESDAY: JUNE 8, 1938; WBT Studio, Charlotte, North Carolina

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

240.	64086-A	HAPPY IN THE PRISON (A. P. Carter)	De 5579; Mw M-8066	BCD 15865-9 23
241.	64087-A	WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY (A. P. Carter)	De 5579; Mw M-8066	BCD 15865-9/24
242.	64088-A	ST. REGIOU'S GIRL (A. P. Carter)	De 5649; Mw M-8067	BCD 15865-9/25
243.	64089-A	JUST A FEW MORE DAYS (A. P. Carter)	De 5632; Mw M-8068	BCD 15865-9/26
244.	64090-A	BRING BACK MY BOY (A. P. Carter)	De 5649; Mw M-8067	BCD 15865-10/1
245.	64091-A	IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON (A. P. Carter)	De 5692	BCD 15865-10 2
246.	64092-A	CHARLIE AND NELLIE (A. P. Carter)	De 5702	BCD 15865-10/3
247.	64093-A	CUBAN SOLDIER (A. P. Carter)	De 5662; Mw M-8069	BCD 15865-10 4
248.	64094-A	THE HEART THAT WAS BROKEN FOR ME (A. P. Carter)	De 5662; Mw M-8069	BCD 15865-10/5
249.	64095-A	YOU'RE NOTHING MORE TO ME (A. P. Carter)	De 5722	BCD 15865-10/6
250.	64096-A	STERN OLD BACHELOR (A. P. Carter)	De 5565; Mw M-8070	BCD 15865-10/7
251.	64097-A	LITTLE JOE (A. P. Carter)	De 5632; Mw M-8068	BCD 15865-10 8
252.	64098-A	RECKLESS MOTORMAN (A. P. Carter)	De 5722	BCD 15865-10/9
253.	64099-A	YOU DENIED YOUR LOVE (A. P. Carter)	De 5702	BCD 15865-10/10
254.	64100-A	OH, TAKE ME BACK (A. P. Carter)	De 5565; Mw M-8070	BCD 15865-10/11
255.	64101-A	YOU ARE MY FLOWER (A. P. Carter)	De 5692	BCD 15865-10/12
256.	64102-A	WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY WINDOW (A. P. Carter)	De 5612; Mw M-8071	BCD 15865-10/13
257.	64103-A	THEY CALL HER MOTHER (A. P. Carter)	De 5596; Mw M-8072	BCD 15865-10/14
258.	64104-A	COAL MINER'S BLUES (A. P. Carter)	De 5596; 46086 Mw M-8072	BCD 15865-10/15
259.	64105-A	YOUNG FREDA BOLT (A. P. Carter)	De 5612; Mw M-8071	BCD 15865-10/16

THURSDAY: OCTOBER 3, 1940; Wrigley Building, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

260.	C 3349-1	LITTLE POPLAR LOG HOUSE ON THE HILL (A. P. Carter)	OK 06078; Cq 9568 Co 20253; 37654	BCD 15865-10 17
261.	C 3350-1	THE DYING MOTHER (A. P. Carter)	Cq 9569	BCD 15865-10/18
262.	C 3351-1	BUDDIES IN THE SADDLE (Maybelle Carter)	Cq 9570	BCD 15865-10/19
263.	C 3352-1	HEAVEN'S RADIO (A. P. Carter)	OK 05931; Cq 9666	BCD 15865-10/20
264.	C 3353-1	BEAUTIFUL HOME (A. P. Carter)	Cq 9568	BCD 15865-10/21
265.	C 3354-1	THERE'LL BE NO DISTINCTION THERE (A. P. Carter)	OK 05982; Cq 9572	BCD 15865-10/22
266.	C 3355-1	GIVE HIM ONE MORE AS HE GOES (A. P. Carter)	Cq 9664	BCD 15865-10/23
267.	C 3356-1	LONESOME FOR YOU DARLING (A. P. Carter)	OK 05843; Cq 9575	BCD 15865-10/24
268.	C 3357-1	BLACKIE'S GUNMAN (A. P. Carter)	OK 06318; Cq 9570	BCD 15865-10/25

FRIDAY: OCTOBER 4, 1940; Wrigley Building, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal guitar

269.	C 3358-1	YOU'VE GOT TO RIGHTEN THAT WRONG (A. P. Carter)	OK 05982; Cq 9867	BCD 15865-10 26
270.	C 3359-1	MEETING IN THE AIR (A. P. Carter)	OK 05931; Cq 9666	BCD 15865-10 27
271	C 3360-1	MY HOME AMONG THE HILLS (A. P. Carter)	OK 06078; Cq 9867 Co 20253; 37654	BCD 15865 10 28
272.	C 3361-1	BLACK JACK DAVID (A. P. Carter)	OK 06318; Cq 9574	BCD 15865-11 1
273.	C 3362-1	LOOK AWAY FROM THE CROSS (A. P. Carter)	OK 06080; Cq 9572; 9865	BCD 15865-11 2
274.	C 3363-1	WE SHALL RISE (A. P. Carter)	OK 06080; Cq 9664	BCD 15865 11 3
275.	C 3364-1	I FOUND YOU AMONG THE ROSES (A. P. Carter)	Cq 9575	BCD 15865 11 4
276.	C 3365-1	BEAR CREEK BLUES (A. P. Carter)	Cq 9574	BCD 15865 11 5
277.	C 3366-1	I'LL NEVER FORSAKE YOU (A. P. Carter)	OK 05843; Cq 9569	BCD 15865-11 6
278	C 3367 1	BEAUTIFUL ISLE O'ER THE SEA (A. P. Carter)	Pe 16-102	BCD 15865-11 7
279.	C 3368-1	IT'S A LONG LONG ROAD TO TRAVEL ALONE (A. P. Carter)	Cq 9665	BCD 15865-11 8

TUESDAY: OCTOBER 14, 1941 (10:00-13:05); Victor Studio 2, 153-161 East 24th Street, New York City

A.P. CARTER: vocal; SARA CARTER: vocal/autoharp/guitar; MAYBELLE CARTER: vocal/guitar

280.	BS 066780-1	WHY DO YOU CRY, LITTLE DARLING (Maybelle Carter)	Bb 33-0502	BCD 15865-11 9
281.	BS 066781-1	YOU TIED A LOVE KNOT IN MY HEART (Maybelle Carter)	CNV 105	BCD 15865-11/10
282.	BS 066782-1	LONESOME HOMESICK BLUES (Maybelle Carter)	Bb 33-0502	BCD 15865-11 11
283.	BS 066783-1	WABASH CANNONBALL (A. P. Carter)	Vi unissued lost	

BREAK IN MASTER NUMBERS

284.	BS 067991-1	DARK AND STORMY WEATHER (A. P. Carter)	Bb-B 8868	BCD 15865-11 12
285.	BS 067992-1	IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-8868	BCD 15865-11 13
286.	BS 067993-1	THE GIRL ON THE GREENBRIER SHORE (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-8947	BCD 15865-11-14
287.	BS 067994-1	SOMETHING GOT A HOLD OF ME (A. P. Carter)	Bb B-8947	BCD 15865-11 15
288.	BS 067995-1	FIFTY MILES OF ELBOW ROOM (Sara Carter)	Bb B-9026	BCD 15865-11/16
289.	BS 067996-1	KEEP ON THE FIRING LINE (Sara Carter)	Bb B-9026	BCD 15865-11 17
290.	BS 067997-1	THE WAVE ON THE SEA (A. P. Carter)	Bb 33-0512	BCD 15865-11 18
291.	BS 067998-1	THE RAMBLING BOY (A. P. Carter)	Bb 33-0512	BCD 15865-11-19
292.	BS 067999-1	YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY YOU LET ME DOWN (Maybelle Carter)	CNV 105	BCD 15865 11 20

The A.P. Carter Family, Hiltons, Virginia, 1950

A.P. in front of his grocery store.

Hiltons, Virginia, c. 1950.
from left: Nancy Carter, Sara, James Jett,
A.P., Milan Millard, Janette (kneeling)

Hiltons, Virginia.
from left: Sara, A.P., Janette

Hiltons, Virginia.
from left: Sara, Joe, Janette, A.P., Gladys.

Sara

Hiltons, Virginia, 1956
Sara and A.P.

A.P.'s grocery store.
From left: A. P., Sara, Janette.

Hiltons, Virginia, 1955.
Sara, and A.P.

A.P. Carter Home
From left: A. P., Sara, Janette.

A.P., 1956

A.P. at his homeplace in Hiltons, Virginia, 1958.

A.P. at his homeplace in Hiltons, Virginia, 1958

A.P.'s grocery store

A.D. at his homeplace in Milton, Virginia, 1958

A.P.
with a friend

Hiltons, Virginia
from left: Juanita, Sara, Gladys

A.P. with his grandchildren at his homeplace in Hiltons, Virginia, 1959.
from left: Rita, Dale, Lisa, Connie.

Sara and her second husband Coy Bayes visit Hank Williams.

A.P. with Gladys at his homeplace in Hiltons, Virginia, 1959.

A.P. Carter's homeplace in Hiltons, Virginia.

A.P. with Gladys at his homeplace in Hiltons, Virginia, 1959.

Mt. Vernon United Methodist Church, Hillsboro, Virginia.
Home church of A.P. his parents, and children
(the 5th generation of Carter Family children attend Mt. Vernon).

The Phipps Family visits the Carter Family, 1954

A.P. watches A.L. Phipps and his children

A.L. and Kathleen Phipps
visit the Carters, Hilltop, Virginia, 1954
from left: A.P., Anna,
Juanita, Kathleen and A.L. Phipps

A.L. and Kathleen Phipps
with the Carters,
Hillman, Virginia, 1954,
from left:
A.P., Jennette, Kathleen Phipps,
Anna, A.L. Phipps.

A.L. and Kathleen Phipps
with the Carters,
Hillman, Virginia, 1954,
from left:
Nilon, Millard, Sara,
Glendon, A.P. with A.L. Phipps.

The Acme Recording Session, Bristol, Tennessee, 1956

The Acme promotion photo
formats, for D.D. and Lora.

from left
A.P., Sara, Joe, Janette and Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers.

from left A.P., Sara, Janette

from left A.P., Janette, Sara

from left: H. D. Stone,
Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers, Joe, and Jimmie

from left: Joe, Kane,
Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers, Jimmie, and H. D.

Sara and Maybelle, in the 1960s and 1970s

Maybelle and Sara with Burl Ives at the Country Music Hall of Fame

Nashville, Tennessee
Sara and Maybelle.

Sara in the late 1960s.

Maybelle in the early 1970s

Mother's Day, 1977
Sara and Maybelle

Maybelle

The next Generation – Nashville, Tennessee

Two Generations
from left:
June, Sara, Anita,
Maybelle, and Helen.

Maybelle's Carter Sisters
from left: Anita,
June, and Helen.

The Carter Sisters
from left:
Anita, June, Helen.

from left:
Maybelle, Anita, June, and Helen.

from left: Johnny, Magdalena, Lena, Jane, Anita, Anne, Carlos

from left: Anita, Maybelle, Helen, and June

The Four Harden Sisters
from left: Maybelle, Anita, June, and Helen

Hendersonville, Tennessee, 1960s.
Johnny Cash with Anita, Helen, Maybelle, June and Sara.

The next Generation — Maces Springs, Virginia

Janette and Joe, 1965.

Glenda, 1951

Janelle, 1951

The Carter Family Fold, 1980s.
Joe and Janette.

Janette, Averett College, Virginia.

Janette and Sara in front of the
A.P. Carter store, 1975.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The annotations to this set have been drawn from a number of sources, published and unpublished. First and foremost, we must thank the children of the Carter Family: Janette and Joe, of Maces Spring; June Carter Cash, of Nashville; and Helen and Anita Carter, of Nashville. All gave generously of their time, and Janette was especially gracious in opening to us the A.P. Carter museum, and acting as a guide for the Poor Valley area.

Books written by both Janette 'Living with Memories' and June 'Among my Klediments, From the Heart' have also offered important insights. Flo Wolfe and the staff of the Carter Fold and A.P. Carter museum shared material and memories.

A special debt of gratitude is owed two of America's premier singers and collectors, Bill Clifton and Mike Seeger; they, along with Janette Carter, graciously spent the time to review the manuscript and point out errors or confusions, and drew upon their personal memories of the Carters for insights and comments.

The first scholar to interview Sara and Maybelle was the dean of Carter Family scholarship, Ed Kahn. His work over the years has appeared in numerous publications and liner notes, and as his 1970 dissertation, 'The Carter Family: A Reflection of Changes in Society' (UCLA, 1970). Another key early source is 'The Carter Family: Old-Time Music Booklet No. 1,' edited by Tony Russell and published in London in 1973. This contains the first comprehensive Carter Family discography, as well as articles on Lesley Riddle and the Carters. Russell also authored a booklet on the Carter Family for Time-Life Records in 1982. Another early book is Michael Orgill's 'inspirational' biography, 'Anchored in Love' (1975), which appears to have drawn on new original interviews with Sara and Maybelle.

For information about the song histories, I have been able to draw on the research of the late Guthrie T. Meade, whose knowledge of 19th-century pop music publications was second to none. I have also been helped by the late Harlan Daniel, with his encyclopedic knowledge of gospel music, and by Peggy Bulger, who did one of the first theses on Carter Family repertoire. The sheet music and songster data base at the Center for Popular Music at Middle Tennessee State University allowed me to locate many 19th-century titles. I have also drawn on research by Archie Green, Kip Lornell, W. K. McNeil, Norm Cohen, Dorothy Horstman, Judith McCulloh, Brad McCuen, Lori Briggs, Bob Oermann, David Freeman, and others. Mike Seeger, who travelled with Maybelle in the 1960s, has kindly shared his memories of her. Mike also was instrumental in finding and interviewing Lesley Riddle, and to Barry O'Connell, who published a lengthy set of liner notes to accompany a CD set of Riddle's home recordings.

We are also grateful to the staffs of The Southern Folklife Collection at UNC, The Country Music Hall of Fame Library and Archives at Nashville, The Archives of Appalachia at Johnson City, and the Center for Popular Music at MTSU. We are also pleased to acknowledge the assistance of Paul Wells, Bruce Nemerov, Stacey Wolfe, Lisa Williams, Chris Skinker, Richard Spottswood, Nolan Porterfield, Henry Young, Ann Goode Cooper, and others. Many of the quotes from Sara or Maybelle are drawn from various interviews on file at the Country Music Hall of Fame or The Southern Folklife Collection. As far as I know, no one ever taped a formal interview with A.P., but Kentucky gospel singer A.L. Phipps preserved several concert tapes of A.P. singing with the Phipps Family and briefly discussing his music.

CHARLES K. WOLFE
Murfreesboro, Tennessee, June 2000

CD 1

1. Bury Me Under The Weeping Willow
2. Little Log Cabin By The Sea
3. The Poor Orphan Child
4. The Storms Are On The Ocean
5. Single Girl, Married Girl
6. The Wandering Boy
7. Meet Me By The Moonlight, Alone
8. Little Darling, Pal Of Mine
9. Keep On The Sunny Side
10. Anchored In Love
11. John Hardy Was A Desperate Little Man
12. I Ain't Goin' To Work Tomorrow
13. Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone?
14. River Of Jordan
15. Chewing Gum
16. Wildwood Flower
17. I Have No One To Love Me
    (But The Sailor On The Deep Blue Sea)
18. Forsaken Love
19. Sweet Fern
20. My Clinch Mountain Home
21. God Gave Noah The Rainbow Sign
22. I'm Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes
23. Little Moses
24. Lulu Wall
25. The Grave On The Green Hillside

CD 2

1. Don't Forget This Song
2. The Foggy Mountain Top
3. Bring Back My Blue-Eyed Boy To Me
4. Diamonds In The Rough
5. Engine One-Forty-Three
6. The Homestead On The Farm
7. The Cyclone Of Rye Cove
8. Motherless Children
9. When The Roses Bloom In Dixieland
10. No Telephone In Heaven
11. Western Hobo
12. Carter's Blues
13. Wabash Cannonball
14. A Distant Land To Roam
15. Jimmie Brown The Newsboy
16. Kitty Waltz
17. Fond Affection
18. The Cannon-Ball
19. The Lovers' Farewell
20. There's Someone Awaiting For Me
21. The Little Log Hut In The Lane
22. When The Springtime Comes Again
23. When The World's On Fire
24. I Have An Aged Mother
25. The Dying Soldier
26. Worried Man Blues

CD 3

1. Lonesome Valley
2. On The Rock Where Moses Stood
3. Room In Heaven For Me
4. Lonesome Pine Special
5. No More The Moon Shines On Lorena
6. On My Way To Canaan's Land
7. Where Shall I Be?
8. Sow 'Em On The Mountain
   (Reap 'Em In The Valley)
9. Darling Nellie Across The Sea
10. The Birds Were Singing Of You
11. Weary Prodigal Son
12. My Old Cottage Home
13. When I'm Gone
14. Sunshine In The Shadows
15. Let The Church Roll On
16. Lonesome For You
17. Can't Feel At Home
18. Why There's A Tear In My Eye
    (with Jimmie Rodgers)
19. The Wonderful City
    (with Jimmie Rodgers)
20. Jimmie Rodgers Visits
    The Carter Family
21. The Carter Family
    And Jimmie Rodgers In Texas
22. 'Mid The Green Fields Of Virginia
23. Happiest Days Of All
24. Picture On The Wall
25. Amber Tresses

CD 4

1. I Never Loved But One
2. Tell Me That You Love Me
3. Where We'll Never Grow Old
4. We Will March Through The Streets Of The City
5. Sweet As The Flowers In May Time
6. Will The Roses Bloom In Heaven
7. My Little Home In Tennessee
8. The Sun Of The Soul
9. If One Won't Another One Will
10. The Broken Hearted Lover
11. Two Sweethearts
12. The Winding Stream
13. I Wouldn't Mind Dying
14. The Spirit Of Love Watches Over Me
15. The Church In The Wildwood
16. Give Me Roses While I Live
17. I Never Will Marry
18. On The Sea Of Galilee
19. Home By The Sea
20. When The Roses Come Again
21. I Loved You Better Than You Knew
22. This Is Like Heaven To Me
23. See That My Grave Is Kept Green
24. Over The Garden Wall
25. Gold Watch And Chain
26. School House On The Hill

CD 5

1. Will My Mother Know Me There?
2. Faded Flowers
3. Poor Little Orphaned Boy
4. On A Hill Lone And Gray
5. Cowboy Jack
6. I'll Be All Smiles Tonight
7. Away Out On The Old Saint Sabbeth
8. Darling Little Joe
9. Happy Or Lonesome
10. One Little Word
11. Darling Daisies
12. The East Virginia Blues
13. Lovers Return
14. It'll Aggravate Your Soul
15. Hello, Central! Give Me Heaven
16. I'm Working On A Building
17. You've Been Fooling Me, Baby
18. Longing For Old Virginia
19. March Winds Goin' To Blow My Blues All Away
20. There'll Be Joy, Joy, Joy
21. Home In Tennessee
22. Are You Tired Of Me, My Darling
23. I Cannot Be Your Sweetheart
24. My Heart's Tonight In Texas
25. There's No Hiding Place Down Here
26. Cowboy's Wild Song To His Herd

CD 6

1. The Evening Bells Are Ringing
2. The Mountains Of Tennessee
3. I'll Be Home Some Day
4. Faded Coat Of Blue
5. Sailor Boy
6. Glory To The Lamb
7. Behind Those Stone Walls
8. Sinking In The Lonesome Sea
9. He Took A White Rose From Her Hair
10. Can The Circle Be Unbroken (Bye And Bye)
11. Let's Be Lovers Again
12. Your Mother Still Prays (For You, Jack)
13. Kissing Is A Crime
14. Don't Forget Me Little Darling
15. Sad And Lonesome Day
16. By The Touch Of Her Hand
17. East Virginia Blues No. 2
18. My Old Virginia Home
19. My Virginia Rose Is Blooming
20. My Texas Girl
21. No Other's Bride I'll Be
22. Gathering Flowers From The Hillside
23. Gospel Ship
24. The Little Black Train
25. Keep On The Sunny Side
26. River Of Jordan

CD 7

1. Lonesome Valley
2. God Gave Noah The Rainbow Sign
3. Single Girl, Married Girl
4. The Fate Of Dewey Lee
5. Wildwood Flower
6. Sea Of Galilee
7. Don't Forget This Song
8. My Clinch Mountain Home
9. The Storms Are On The Ocean
10. Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone
11. Broken Hearted Lover
12. Little Darling Pal Of Mine
13. The Homestead On The Farm
14. Cannon Ball Blues
15. Meet Me By The Moonlight Alone
16. On The Rock Where Moses Stood
17. Lulu Walls
18. I'm Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes
19. Worried Man Blues
20. My Dixie Darling
21. Give Me Your Love And I'll Give You Mine
22. Are You Lonesome Tonight?
23. The Last Move For Me
24. The Wayworn Traveler
25. Just Another Broken Heart
26. When Silver Threads Are Gold Again

CD 8

1. There's No One Like Mother To Me
2. In A Little Village Churchyard
3. Jealous Hearted Me
4. My Native Home
5. Sweet Heaven In My View
6. No Depression
7. Bonnie Blue Eyes
8. My Honey Lou
9. In The Shadow Of The Pines
10. Answer To Weeping Willow
11. You've Been A Friend To Me
12. Where The Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way
13. Lay My Head Beneath The Rose
14. No Depression In Heaven
15. My Native Home
16. Jealous Hearted Me
17. A Distant Land To Roam
18. I'm Working On A Building
19. East Virginia Blues
20. My Dixie Darling
21. Keep On The Sunny Side
22. Kissin' Is A Crime
23. Single Girl, Married Girl
24. Little Darling Pal Of Mine
25. Lonesome Valley
26. Cannonball Blues
27. Happy Or Lonesome

CD 9

1. Are You Lonesome Tonight
2. Just Another Broken Heart
3. The Broken Down Tramp
4. Lover's Lane
5. Hold Fast To The Right
6. Lord I'm In Your Care
7. Funny When You Feel That Way
8. In The Shadow Of Clinch Mountain
9. Hello Stranger
10. Never Let The Devil Get The Upper Hand Of You
11. When This Evening Sun Goes Down
12. Jim Blake's Message
13. Honey In The Rock
14. Look How This World Has Made A Change
15. The Little Girl That Played On My Knee
16. You Better Let That Liar Alone
17. Farewell Nellie
18. The Only Girl (I Ever Cared About)
19. Goodbye To The Plains
20. My Home's Across The Blue Ridge Mountains
21. Dark Haired True Lover
22. He Never Came Back
23. Happy In The Prison
24. Walking In The King's Highway
25. St. Regious Girl
26. Just A Few More Days

CD 10

1. Bring Back My Boy
2. It Is Better Farther On
3. Charlie And Nellie
4. Cuban Soldier
5. The Heart That Was Broken For Me
6. You're Nothing More To Me
7. Stern Old Bachelor
8. Little Joe
9. Reckless Motorman
10. You Denied Your Love
11. Oh, Take Me Back
12. You Are My Flower
13. Who's That Knockin' On My Window
14. They Call Her Mother
15. Coal Miner's Blues
16. Young Freda Bolt
17. Little Poplar Log House On The Hill
18. The Dying Mother
19. Buddies In The Saddle
20. Heaven's Radio
21. Beautiful Home
22. There'll Be No Distinction There
23. Give Him One More As He Goes
24. Lonesome For You Darling
25. Blackie's Gunman
26. You've Got To Righten That Wrong
27. Meeting In The Air
28. My Home Among The Hills

CD 11

1. Black Jack David
2. Look Away From The Cross
3. We Shall Rise
4. I Found You Among The Roses
5. Bear Creek Blues
6. I'll Never Forsake You
7. Beautiful Isle O'er The Sea
8. It's A Long Long Road To Travel Alone
9. Why Do You Cry, Little Darling
10. You Tied A Love Knot In My Heart
11. Lonesome Homesick Blues
12. Dark And Stormy Weather
13. In The Valley Of The Shenandoah
14. The Girl On The Greenbrier Shore
15. Something Got A Hold Of Me
16. Fifty Miles Of Elbow Room
17. Keep On The Firing Line
18. The Wave On The Sea
19. The Rambling Boy
20. You're Gonna Be Sorry You Let Me Down
21. Why There's A Tear In My Eye (& Jimmie Rodgers) (alt)
22. Jimmie Rodgers Visits The Carter Family (alt)
23. Sinking In The Lonesome Sea (alt)
24. Lonesome Valley (alt)
25. Cannon Ball Blues (alt)
26. Worried Man Blues (alt)
27. Single Girl, Married Girl (alt)

CD 12

1. Sara & Maybelle Carter Interview, April 24, 1963
2. The Ship That Never Returned
3. Jesse James
4. I Was Born 4000 Years Ago
5. I'm Leaving You

Mother Maybelle Carter Interview

6. Re Autoharp/Fingerpicking/Allie Lee Intro
7. Her Favorite Guitar Pickers
8. The First Grand Ole Opry Appearance
9. How The Maybelle Style Developed
10. Thank You's From Musicians
11. Do You Still Have Your Original Guitar?
12. An Autoharp Discussion
13. The Wildwood Flower Discussion
14. The Floyd Cramer Reference
15. The Kids Dig That Style/The College Audience
16. How Many Songs Did You Record in Your Career?
17. The Early Recording And Radio Background
18. Early Record Sales
19. Discussion About A.P. And Sara Carter

Other Carter Family Recordings on CD

SARA & MAYBELLE CARTER
Sara & Maybelle — BCD 15471 AH

ANITA CARTER
Ring Of Fire — BCD 15434 AH

JUNE CARTER & JOHNNY CASH
It's All In The Family — BCD 16132 AR

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WILF CARTER
Cowboy Songs — BCD 15939 HI
8-CD boxed set (LP-Size) with 48-page-book

JIMMIE DAVIS
Nobody's Darlin' But Mine — BCD 15943 EI
5-CD boxed set (LP-Size) with 24-page-book

JIMMIE DAVIS
You Are My Sunshine — BCD 16216 EI
5-CD boxed set (LP-Size) with 28-page-book

GOEBEL REEVES
Hobo's Lullaby — BCD 15680 AH

TEX RITTER
Blood On The Saddle — BCD 16216 EI
5-CD boxed set (LP-Size) with 44-page-book

HANK SNOW
The Yodelling Ranger — BCD 15587 EI
5-CD boxed set (LP-size) with 48-page book

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Songs Of The Prairie — BCD 15710 EI
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The late Anita Carter, The late Helen Carter, June Carter, Johnny Cash

* * *

A Note on Sound Quality

Since launching our CD line, Bear Family has made a sustained commitment to quality at every level. This boxed set contains transfers from acetates, factory metal work or commercial discs which may exhibit varying degrees of inherent surface noise. While clicks and background noise can be reduced by noise reduction systems such as CEDAR and No-Noise, it is often at the expense of the integrity of the original recording. We use such systems very discreetly, often eliminating or reducing defects in the original programmes. In the case of very old recordings or 'demo' acetates, which may be well worn, you may find the surface noise obtrusive. Be assured that we have used the best available source.

Please note that listening to vintage recordings on headphones will exaggerate tape hiss and other analogue defects.

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from left:
A.P., Ezra, Maybelle, Anita, June, Helen, Sara, Flo Millard (A.P. and Sara's granddaughter), Gladys Carter Millard, Margaret Addington (Maybelle's mother) and Joe.

37°00′
119
Pardee
W I S E
Cranes Nest
Lynch
Roda
Dunbar
Wise
Bond
Town
Toms
160
78
Stonega
Norton
Tacoma
Andover
12
10
ALT 58
Coe-burn
Appalachia
Blackwood
Camp Rock
Flat Woods
Exeter
68
Big Stone Gap
High Knob
Keokee
E. Stone Gap
Scott
72
Leona Mines
23
Wise Lake
Dungannon
NAT. FOR.
Wood
Clinch
21
14
Jasper
Verdi
25
Dryden
Mabe
Ft. Blackmore
Woodway
MTN
Duffield
Sunbright
Nicke
Dot
14
Natural Tunnel
65
Wayland
Hill
Snow-flake
71
Stickley-ville
Pattonsville
Clinchport
Hiltons
Maces Spr.
12
Gate City
Fairview
Speers Fy.
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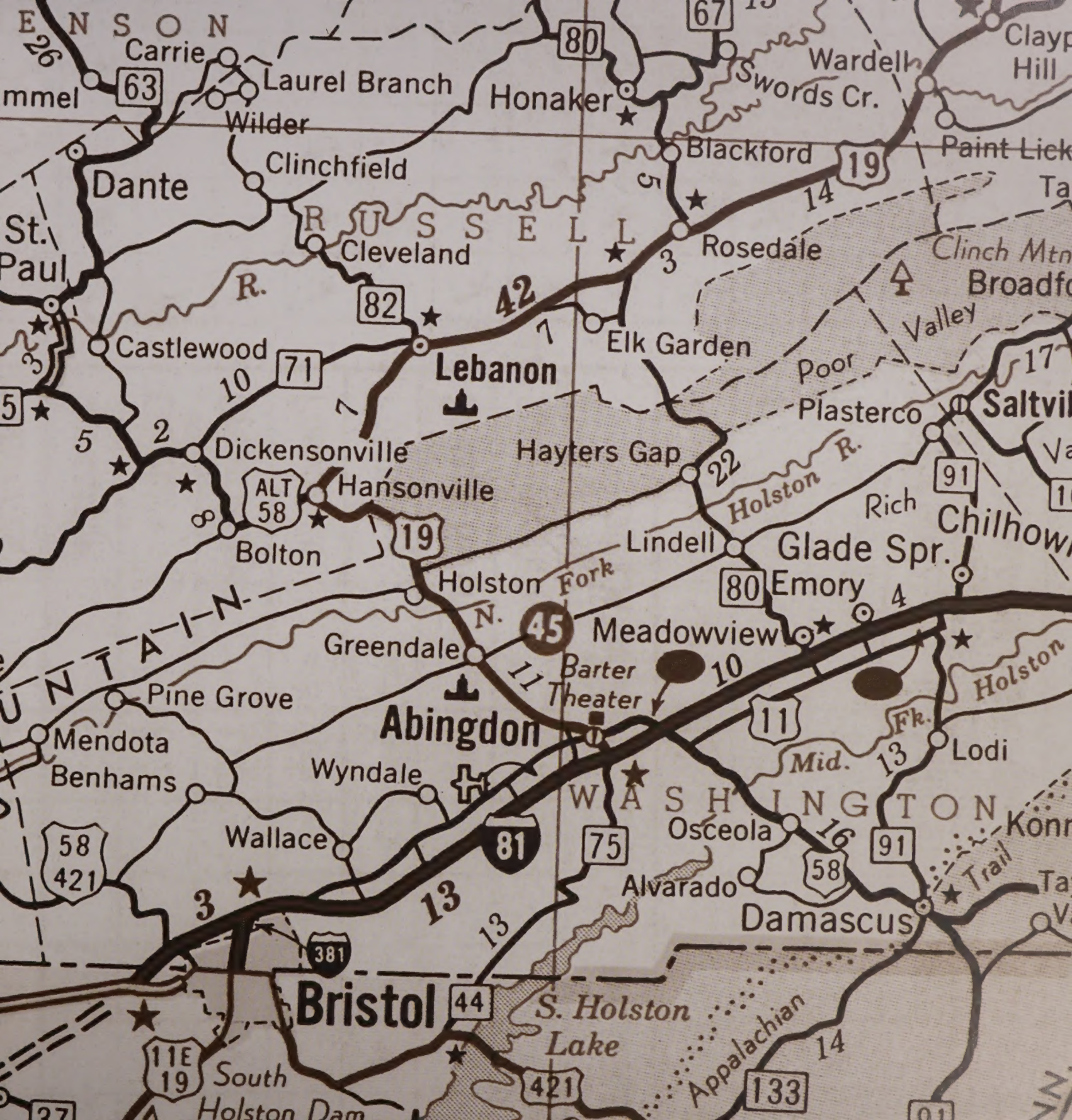
22
Brun
6
Lynn Gardens
CLINCH
Kingsport
Church Hill
94
19
Blount



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